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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Woburn Journal.

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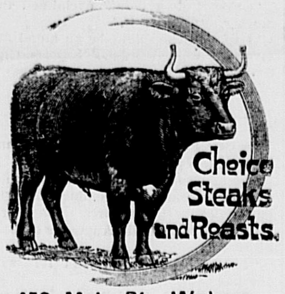

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On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,
From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.
House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.
6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

--SUNDAYS.--
Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
261	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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The Nonsense of Love

It Is the Babyhood of Married Life

By EDITH CARTRIGHT

They had lived in neighboring places from childhood. She was high strung, he self composed. Notwithstanding her propensity to explode easily they got on very well till they became engaged; then she began to doubt whether she loved him well enough to marry him. Though he was not an impassioned lover, he seemed so well satisfied with the prospect of possessing her that she did not trouble herself in the slightest about his love for her. She was all the while thinking about herself. Her idea of love was that it was a condition which changed one's nature completely, just as it has been claimed a severe fever will give one a new system—whatever that means. Therefore she was continually looking for this newborn something called love. At one time she would think she felt it, at another time doubted that she did and still another was sure that she did not.

Her lover did not trouble himself as to how he felt. She and he had been companionable for years, and he considered it very natural that they should continue their intimacy by entering into the bonds of matrimony. He had been used to giving her a free rein and as soon as they became engaged found her much more skittish than she had been before. Nevertheless her doubts, as she called them, caused him some anxiety lest she work herself up to a condition in which she would do something foolish. She might break the engagement, at least temporarily; the fact would become known, and their affairs would be discussed by others.

What he feared at last came to pass. One day she sent for him, and when he appeared she said to him:

"You know, Will, I have often told you that there was a question in my

HE DREW HER TO HIM AND PUT AN ARM AROUND HER WAIST.

mind as to whether I love you well enough to marry you. For a week I have been subjecting my feelings to a rigid examination."

"What kind of a process is that?" he interrupted.

"Why, I have been looking within myself with a view to determining"—

"How do you look within yourself? Do you use some kind of a glass?"

"How absurd! I have simply thought about you with a view to determining by my feelings whether"—

"I see—whether you want to marry me or not."

"Just so."

"Well, go on."

His matter of fact way of receiving the important information she intended to impart did not please her. Nevertheless she controlled an impulse to say something spiteful. His coolness only caused her to make the announcement more decidedly.

"After a great deal of thought and testing my feelings in various ways I have come to the conclusion that the interest I have in you is merely friendship. It is not genuine love."

"I don't quite understand. You will aid me to do so by telling me what you consider love to be—I mean love between the sexes."

"What I consider love to be?" she repeated thoughtfully. "Why, love is a spiritual condition whereby we are drawn forcibly to another person."

"Affects the heart?"

"Certainly! It pertains exclusively to the heart."

"Appeals to the soul?"

"Of course. It is between two souls."

"Affects our sympathies?"

"It is entirely a matter of sympathy."

"How about the liver?"

She gave him one look of concentrated scorn and swept out of the room. He waited awhile for her to return, but since she did not he took up a book and began to read. When the shock of his brutality, as she considered it, had worn off it occurred to her that she had better return and finish his dismissal. Coming into the room, retaining the severe look she had worn when she left it, she said:

"If anything was needed to convince me that you and I are entirely unfitted for each other it was the discovery that you have no sentiment whatever, and I do not believe you are capable of feeling what I consider love to be. No one in love would have reduced it to an absurdity."

"Perhaps you are right," he replied, laying down the book. "I'm inclined to be matter of fact. I don't think I have any more sentiment in me than a jellyfish. At any rate I must make the best of what you have told me. The only thing that remains for us to do is to settle the manner of our announcing to the world that we have made a mistake."

"That you have made a mistake, you mean."

"I?"

"Yes. I was perfectly content to continue to be friends. It was you who began the matter of placing our relationship on another basis."

"Will you kindly explain how it could have got on to another basis except through me? I was not aware that girls offered love and marriage."

"I didn't send for you to explain things, but to make an announcement."

"Very well. Will you make another announcement to the world that you have broken our engagement?"

"I suppose it will be my part to do so."

"When?"

She thought a moment before replying to this, then answered by a question:

"Are you in a hurry?"

"Not at all, but I don't see how we are to conduct ourselves before our friends and acquaintances in the meanwhile. We can't act like an engaged couple when we're not engaged."

"When would you prefer to have me announce the break between us?"

"I think it had better be done at once. We are to dine tomorrow evening at my aunt's, she having kindly shown her approval of our engagement by the invitation. It will be not only embarrassing to partake of her bounty under the circumstances, but we'll not be treating her fairly. Even if she knows that we are disengaged we had better not dine together with her as parted lovers."

At this the lady was much disconcerted. She made no reply. She was thinking hard.

"I don't see," she said presently, "how we can be parted lovers when there has never been any love on your side."

"Well, I like that! I thought you sent for me to tell me that there is none on your side."

"You are very illogical, or, rather, you descend to sophistry. Haven't you proved that you are incapable of love by speaking of it contemptuously?"

"It seems to me we are getting off the subject. It is for us to determine what we shall do about the announcement of the break between us."

"Well?"

"Owing to my aunt's invitation, it seems to me that she at least should be told at once."

"You are in a terrible hurry."

"Not at all. I simply desire to avoid embarrassment, besides treating my aunt badly."

"Well, since you have ceased to love me"—

"Nonsense!"

"Do you mean that you feel for me that"—

"Sentimental nonsense you call love? Of course I do. Lovers are nothing but children when the fit is on them. But it doesn't last. Many a girl has lost a good husband and made an old maid of herself by examining her feelings as you have done. Such feelings are too volatile to stand such tests, and they are after all simply preliminary. Everything is a development or decay. Love is sometimes suddenly born, but it has its babyhood, its childhood, its youth. If it lives through the diseases common to these it passes on to the main part of its life, marriage, which taken altogether is an entirely different love from that which in the beginning seems to be all of it. The love of a couple who have lived long together does not appeal to the imagination as the love of young lovers."

"For heaven's sake don't get back to what it appeals to, or you will again show that brutality which so horrified me. Indeed, when I think of it, I've a mind to"—

"Don't."

He drew her to him and put an arm around her waist.

"After all," he said, "perhaps we'd better not say anything to my aunt or any one else about a break—we might regret it."

"There's no need to speak of it if you're sure of yourself."

"How sure of myself?"

"That you love me well enough to marry me."

"Why I thought you were the one who doubted yourself?"

"Not at all. It was this way: I couldn't understand how so matter of fact a man could love anybody. I couldn't love you if you didn't love me, could I?"

"Why, of course you couldn't."

There was that stillness which comes between two lovers when they feel too deep for utterance, though it was broken by certain sounds produced by a contact of lips.

"Are you sure you won't have a relapse as to your feelings?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you sure you won't have more of them?"

"I haven't had one yet."

"Neither have I—I only thought I had."

"Tell me you love me."

"I have told you so a thousand times."

"Well, tell me ten thousand times."

Breakfast In Paradise.

A cantaloupe for breakfast (while 'tis hot),
Two loose boiled eggs, toast, coffee—one large pot—
And thou to serve them in an airy flat—
Ah, paradise were surely such a spot!
—Chicago Daily News.

Brute.

He—I forgot something.

His Wife (pouting)—You forgot to kiss me.

He—Yes, but I came back for my umbrella.—New York World.

HOW NATURE REPAYS.

The Loss of One Sense Seems to Bring Added Power to the Others.

When the third question put to the girl who was tinting a customer's hair a fashionable shade elicited no reply the woman turned to the manager of the beauty shop and said: "What is the matter with that girl, anyhow? Is she deaf?"

"Very nearly," said the manager.

"How does she hold her place?" said the woman. "It seems to me that a person employed in a place like this stands in need of her five senses."

"That is just what they do not need," was the reply. "If one sense is lacking the other four make up for the deficiency and become the more valuable because more acute. Your hairdresser cannot hear, but her sight is marvelous. She can detect a gray hair half a block away, and her gift for shading and matching colors amounts to real genius. No woman with all her faculties is so consummate an artist as she is in touching up a difficult head of hair. When you are ready for massage I shall bring you a blind girl. All her art is centered in her finger tips. She can find and smooth away wrinkles that less sensitive fingers would not discover. Another deaf girl in the establishment is particularly sensitive to scents and is invaluable in mixing and applying perfumes. The manager in a place of this kind needs her five senses and as many more as nature can provide, but for her assistants elimination and concentration are desirable."—New York Press.

SWISS WRESTLERS.

Curious Contests In Which They Display Marvelous Strength.

Wrestling seems to be an international sport, but one of the most curious styles to be seen is probably that of the Swiss. There is generally an immense meeting of the wrestlers every year, called the "swingerfest," meaning literally the "festival of swinging," and to this festival come the mountain men from all parts of Switzerland.

It takes place in an immense arena, generally four or six couples wrestling at the same time, with stands around for the audience. The men who are wrestling each wear a pair of short knickers, very loosely worn, and made of some stout material, with a leather belt at the top to strap it on round the waist, over their costume, and the idea is to catch their opponents by these knickers and throw them. Both shoulders must touch the ground, and the men are not allowed to hold their opponents except by the knickers.

Of course it is mainly a question of brute strength, and on nearly all occasions the mountain men prove the better of the townsmen. Very often a man will throw his opponent clean over his shoulder through the air, and when one considers that this must be done only by gripping a piece of sailcloth or such like material in either hand, at the height of a man's loins, some idea can be gathered of the marvelous strength shown on these occasions.

Value of Friendship In Business.

The salesman who was formerly intent on getting orders by means of the "happy days" system of cigars and drinks now courts the friendship of his customers on utilitarian lines. He tries to make suggestions that will be of use. He essays an idea or drops a piece of news intended to do the customer some good. Not infrequently an expert salesman will study the methods of a customer and even the methods in use in his establishment before approaching him, so as to be in a position to talk intelligently on his needs and perhaps spring a new idea that will attract attention. Then the customer is liable to be indebted to him in a friendly way, which is the better way of securing a man's business and holding it. —Hrolf Wisby in Leslie's.

A Misunderstood Toast.

Even a toast is liable to be misunderstood. Mr. Hackwood in his book "Good Cheer" refers to an anecdote preserved in Notes and Queries "which tells that during the short lived peace of Amiens (1802) the chairman at one of the city banquets proposed the toast of 'the health of the three present consuls,' which the toastmaster took up in his stentorian accents and by mistake or a happy inspiration translated into 'the health of the three per cent consols.' The company, we are told, honored the toast with great enthusiasm." —London Standard.

A Different Kind.

Wife (anxiously)—I do wish you were in some other work, dear. I am in constant fear that you will touch a charged wire at the shop. Hub—Oh, the charged wire at the shop doesn't bother me. What I have more dread about is the charged account at the store.—Boston Transcript.

Both Fond of Money.

Whitaker Wrong—Won't you lend me even a fiver, then? Well, I must say you're thundering fond of your money. Cautious Friend—Yes; that's where the difference is between you and me. Whitaker Wrong—How do you mean? Cautious Friend—Why, I'm fond of my money, and you're fond of other people's.—London Tit-Bits.

Stung Himself.

"Pink, I'm afraid you are wasting your time brushing my hat. I don't seem to have anything smaller than a ten dollar bill."

"I kin change dat all right, boss."

"Then you don't need the tip. So long, Pink."—Chicago Tribune.

Profit and Loss.

"So Dibble is playing golf for his health?"

"Yes."

"Any improvement?"

"His health is better, but his language is worse."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Not Always Discoverable.

The trouble with the psychological moment is that it wears gum shoes and mufflers and often gets by you.—Atchison Globe.

HENRY BELL'S COMET.

The First Steamer That Plied For Hire In Great Britain.

Among the curiosities of advertising may surely be placed the first advertisement of the first steamer that plied for hire in Great Britain—namely, Henry Bell's Comet. Thus ran the advertisement in the Glasgow Courier of 1812:

"Steam passage boat, the Comet, between Glasgow, Greenock and Helensburg. For passengers only. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the power of wind, air and steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays about midday or at such time thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the morning to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety and speed of this vessel require only to be proved to meet the approbation of the public, and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present 4 shillings for the best cabin and 3 shillings for the second, but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel."

What would poor neglected Henry Bell have said could he have seen his humble little Comet, of whose elegance, comfort and speed he was so proud, alongside a modern ocean racer or one of the latest palatial river steamers of the Clyde or Thames, all so well advertised?—Chambers' Journal.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Changes In Plumage That Are Puzzling to the Novice.

Most every one in America is acquainted with the goldfinch, but many people know the bird by the name of lettuce bird on account of its bright yellow color. Goldfinch is a very appropriate name, as the bright yellow of the male when he is in breeding plumage is like burnished gold. The female goldfinch is more modestly dressed than her mate. The changes in plumage of the male are very interesting and to the novice somewhat puzzling.

Until the student becomes acquainted with the bird he may wonder why he sees no males during the winter. The truth is at this season the flocks of supposed female goldfinches are really of both sexes, the male bird having assumed in the previous fall, usually by the end of October, a plumage closely resembling that of the female and young bird of the year. The male retains this inconspicuous dress until late in February, when one can notice a gradual change taking place in some of the birds.

This renewal of feathers is actively continued through March and April, and by May 1 our resplendent bird is with us again. The song period with the male goldfinch continues as long as he wears his gold and black livery, for it commences as early as the middle of March and ends late in August.

A Successful Interview.

The late Arthur McEwan when he was working on a San Francisco newspaper was attracted by the activities of a politician who was vulgar, illiterate and hideously ungrammatical in his method of expression. McEwan looked up this man and had a talk with him. Then he went back to the office and wrote the interview in the most perfect English, brilliant, polished and crammed the story full of classical allusions, quotations and big words. It was a most scholarly production, and McEwan considered the satire great. Next day McEwan had a call from the politician. "I wanter thank yez for that interview," he said. "It's bully. Just what I said. You must be a grand shorthand reporter."—Saturday Evening Post.

ARIZONA BRONCHOS.

Like the Little Girl With a Curl In the Center of Her Forehead.

When the Arizona broncho wishes to be safe for you and for himself he is the safest thing in the world, and when he wishes to be unsafe life is a merry chance.

I went up and down trails in Arizona which were almost perpendicular and rough and stone strewn too. But there was little danger, for the broncho has, not the "ten pound," but the "thousand pound" look. His nose is to the ground, his eyes fastened on the trail, his footstep the most beautifully careful thing the mind can conceive. One foot placed before the other eases and preserves the balance, adjusts the weight for another, and all this wonderful machinery of equipoise, stability and safety you feel working under you like a delicate machine.

Yet this sage pioneer of the trail, with his meticulous care of you and himself, was just a wild range pony, hunted down by the range rider, driven, coaxed or duped into a corral, broken, saddled, bridled and ridden all in one hour; wrenched out of his wildness, having his heart broken and made into a slave while you would eat your breakfast.

He is not a beauty; he is just a mongrel. But his legs and his feet are made of iron and steel, and the work he does over awful trails, in a rough and ragged country, strewn with stones and flints and bowlders and lava and scrub, week after week, month after month and year after year, would spoil the legs of a thoroughbred in three days.—Gilbert Parker in August Metropolitan.

Well Named.

Sightseer—Why do you call this "Aviation Inn?"

Rufus—Y' ought t' see the flies around here in summer.—New York Globe.

Uses of Adversity.

Success is sweet and soothing,
A drowsy draft to sup.
Mistakes are the alarm clocks
Which compel us to wake up.
—Washington Star.

WAVES OF LIGHT.

They Vary In Length and on That Account Vary In Color.

OUR SUNLIGHT IS PURE WHITE

The Arc Light Is Its Closest Rival, With Its 10,000 Candle Power Per Inch—The Way a Human Being With X Ray Eyes Would Be Handicapped.

Light travels at a speed of 186,000 miles a second. The source of all light, except the light from fireflies and their kin, is a substance raised to a temperature sufficient to set up waves in the surrounding ether. Light waves vary in length between 1-33400 and 1-65000 of an inch, the first being extreme red and the second being extreme violet. Rays of white light have a length of 1-45000 of an inch. The sun is a great mass of white hot matter.

In an arc lamp it is the white hot particles of carbon floating between the two electrodes which produce light. In the incandescent lamp it is the hairpin filament inside the glass globe which, when heated by electricity, gives off light waves. In gas and oil lamps light is produced by the heated particles of carbon in the flame above the wick or mantle. The eye can stand without tiring a brilliancy of about five candlepower per square inch of surface. The ordinary candle flame gives from two to three candlepower per square inch, while the sun at zenith gives 600,000 candlepower per square inch. The arc light ranks next to sunlight, with 10,000 candlepower per inch and the best tungsten filament incandescents give about 1,000 candlepower.

The prism shows us that white light is composed of a happy blend of all the colors of the spectrum. The sun gives the only pure white light, with the arc lamp a close second, and the metal filament incandescents taking third place. Sky light, such as comes from the north on a clear day, is bluish white. Gas mantles give a greenish light, open flame a yellow light and kerosene an orange light.

In the dark no color exists. The color of light depends upon the length of the waves. The light source which we know as red gives off only waves of a length to produce that particular color. A body appears red because its surface absorbs all the other waves and reflects the red waves back into the eye. A thing looks black when it is capable of absorbing all the colors at once.

Light rays, being in active motion, produce heat when they meet with resistance in their path. This is why black clothing is warmer in summer than white clothing, the resistance being on the surface of the white clothing and nearer the skin when we wear black.

The eyes have only a certain range, weak enough at best. As we all know, there are times when all appears black to us and yet animals can see. The trouble is the faint light rays move too slowly to be registered on the human retina. The X ray has proved beyond a doubt that there are light rays which move too fast for human eyes to register. This light penetrates books, wood, paper and even human flesh.

With the X rays to assist our eyes we can see the bones in our arm without bothering to remove our shirt. But a man with X ray eyes would be sadly handicapped in this world, for he could see nothing but solids, such as earths and metals, and would be unable to see a board fence at all. To us all is darkness beyond what our eyes will register.

Light rays themselves are invisible. When they move through the ether alone our eyes cannot see them; consequently all is total darkness. But when they meet with the resistance of our atmosphere, producing heat, they register on the retina, and, behold, we can see. As the atmosphere thins rapidly as we go upward, so, in proportion, the air resistance diminishes, and consequently the heat of the sun seems to grow less. This explains why the tops of very high mountains are always covered with snow.—New York Press.

Simple Directions.

They were telling stories of the late Andrew Lang in one of the clubs the other night.

One man told a story of a dinner invitation given by Mr. Lang. He was staying in Marlowes road, Earl's court, a street away at the end of that long Cromwell road, which seems to go on forever. The guest was not very sure how to get to Marlowes road, and Lang very kindly explained.

"Walk right along Cromwell road," he said, "till you drop dead, and my house is just opposite!"—London Answers.

At the Musicale.

"How did you like Miss Kazozzle's aria at the musicale last night?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"I didn't notice it," replied Mrs. Gottalotte, "but I thought them back earrings she had on looked kind of cheap."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Something Wrong.

Mrs.—Am I still "the star of your life," as I was when you used to write love letters to me? Mr.—Of course, dear. Mrs.—I don't seem to be drawing a star salary, though.

Action from youth, advice from middle age, prayers from the aged.—Hesiod.

Little Pitchers.

Willie—Uncle Jack, did you choke on that cake batter ma made yesterday? Rich Old Uncle—Good heavens, no, child! What put such an extraordinary idea into your head? Willie—Why, I heard pa tell ma he made you cough up the dough.—Exchange.

A little sunshine set aside for a rainy day is better than an umbrella.—Youth's Companion.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
Residence 280.
FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1912

LIBERTY AND LICENSE.

If Mr. William D. Haywood is as shrewd a tactician as he is credited with being, he will put the soft pedal on all this talk by I. W. W. members of storming the Salem Court House and rescuing the three Italians on trial there on the charge of being accessories to a murder in Lawrence; likewise will he discourage "demonstrations" against the "long continued imprisonment of Ettor Giovanitti."

The merits of the original controversy are more or less clouded by partisan statements, and there seems to be ground for belief that many of these foreign workers in the Lawrence Mills were inveigled there by highly-colored promises. Because of this belief, there was a general feeling of sympathy for them at the time of the strike.

There are two points in the present issue that are worth keeping in mind, however. The first is that Ettor and Giovanitti's "long-continued imprisonment" is the result of their own pleas for continuances, as voiced by their own attorneys on two different occasions when the district attorney announced his readiness to proceed with the trial of these cases.

This is admitted by the attorneys for the defence. It is formally announced by Gov. Foss, after a conference with the attorneys for both sides. How futile and insincere, then, this appeal to the passions and prejudices of foreigners ignorant of the laws and customs of this country, and of this basic fact.

And what shall be said and done to men who incite such a movement if this appeal to ignorance and prejudice leads to such an attempted jail delivery as is threatened. Wouldn't they be accessories too if such a threatened jail delivery were seriously attempted?

Free speech is highly desirable, but there can be speech that is too free. The line that separates liberty from license is a pretty narrow one. Where is the liberty of the working people of Lawrence who refused to join in this "demonstration" against this "long continued imprisonment of Ettor and Giovanitti," and who, because of this refusal were assaulted on their way to work?

We are just awakening to the fact that there has been a good deal of maudlin twaddle about this Lawrence strike. It is high time to look at the facts sanely, and unpartially. It is well to be sympathetic for the welfare of working people, but this sympathetic strike in behalf of an untruth and these threats of jail deliveries deserve the severest rebuke, and we should not cry out about brutality if the Lawrence police are compelled to pound a few ideas in or out of the heads of some of these malcontents.

IDOLS WITH CLAY FEET.

There are indications of a slump in the Bull Moose enthusiasm. If it is proved that it's idol has clay feet, (and the senatorial inquiry seems to forshadow that,) its all off.

Treasurer Sheldon of the Republican National Committee testifies that the Standard Oil Company contributed $100,000 to the Roosevelt campaign and that J. P. Morgan, W. C. Frick and other "plutes" also gave $100,000 each. In the face of all this, if it is accepted at par, Candidate Roosevelt's letter to Chairman Cortelyou, ordering such contributions returned, seems to lose something of its special significance.

On top of it all copies of the letters of the late E. H. Harriman are produced to show that instead of Mr. Harriman asking to be invited to the White House to consult President Roosevelt, the initiative was taken by Roosevelt himself.

It is well to suspend judgment but if it should prove to be necessary to make an addition to the Ananias Club, all this righteous enthusiasm will collapse like a hot air balloon.

WAKEFIELD OBJECTS.

Wakefield objects to the establishment of a patent leather shop in its midst. Nor is she to be blamed. The recent catastrophe at North Woburn illustrates the possibility of danger from fire, and the free odors on "mixing days" are not those of Araby the blest.

If leather manufacturers are long-headed and wise they will get together and endeavor to mitigate some of these nuisances. We are a patient people and somewhat proud of Woburn's historic position as a leather town, but there are limits to patience as a virtue and these limits have been overstepped on occasions, unless we misread the temper of the people. Unless something is done pretty soon, the issue will be sharply defined right here at home.

HEARST LETTERS FAKES?

There is no doubt the Standard Oil Company has been a meddler in politics, but, if the revelations of Collier's Weekly are well-founded, the Hearst letters are largely forgeries.

The letters were supposed to have been stolen from the president of the Standard Oil Company John D. Archbold, and apparently implicated Mr. Archbold in various enterprises such as securing the appointments of judges and other functionaries.

Now comes Collier's Weekly, which doesn't like Mr. Hearst and shows pretty conclusively that the particular typewriter type used in these letters had not been manufactured at the time these letters were supposed to have been written.

This takes the wind out of the Hearst charges, if substantiated. The burden of proof is on him, and there is a presumption that he has been imposed upon. It is not exactly uncharitable to conclude that a person who will steal letters for a price may be able to bring himself to forging a few, providing the market is brisk.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Maude H. Littlefield—Music.
W. G. Snow—Rogers Brothers.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Book Lost.
Edison Elec. Illum. Co.—Electric Show.

— Last year Massachusetts naturalized almost five thousand aliens.

— The North Woburn Congregational church will hold its second entertainment on the evening of Oct 8.

— The line storm failed to appear in September, the month when it is expected.

— The first beet sugar produced in America was at Northampton, Mass. in 1837.

— This evening the King's Daughters will meet with Miss Minnette Dow 12 Court street.

— Miss Esther Beau of Montvale avenue entertained the Briganitas Club last Monday evening.

— John Tenney left Monday for Pasadena, California to become private secretary for Mr. John Henry.

— Mrs. F. F. Putney of Georgia is visiting her mother, Mrs. Dimmick and her sister, Mrs. Fred Brown of Arlington Road.

— Mr. Harry Parker went to New York city early this week and while there will call on old friends from Woburn.

— The hunting season is on and probably many Woburn hunters are preparing for a trip to the Maine woods.

— Miss Fannie Carswell of Pleasant street has returned to her home from Marblehead where she spent the summer.

— Many of the High School boys have ordered their uniforms and soon all will be in full military dress, ready for practice.

— Mr. George Buchanan of Bennett street and Church avenue has been visiting relatives and friends in Haverhill and Amesbury this week.

— Mr. Eugene Place, Donald Fowle and Charles Trull, students at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, resumed their studies this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Harold K. Munroe left last Monday for the West. Mr. Munroe is a graduate of Technology '06, and is in business at Tacoma.

— Mr. Carl Dunberry of Woburn sailed for Rome, Italy, last Saturday to enter the American College in that city as a student to prepare for the priesthood.

— The Wilmington Grange held their Fair on Tuesday and Wednesday Oct. 1st and 2nd. There was a large attendance no pains having been spared to make it a success.

— The Ladies Charitable Reading Society of the First Congregational church held their monthly meeting last Wednesday afternoon. Supper was served at the usual hour.

— Mr. Miller of the Boston Branch is again at his post of duty, after a very pleasant trip to Philadelphia and Washington having time to visit many places of interest in both cities.

— It is expected that Miss Jane Addams will deliver the principal address at a meeting of the Women's Progressive party of Massachusetts to be held in Tremont Temple on the evening of Oct. 30.

— The Seventy-seventh anniversary of the Woburn Phalanx will be observed on Oct. 23 in the usual manner, shooting at Brookside Range in the forenoon and banquet at the Armory in the evening.

— At the Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist churches last Sunday was Rally Day in the Sunday schools and each had a large attendance of pupils and interested friends in the work of the schools.

— Mrs. Johnson B. Gray passed away at her home on Davis street last Tuesday. Her husband and two sons survive her. Mr. Wilford D. Gray lawyer of Boston and Woburn, and Mr Frank B Gray of Woburn

— There was a sudden drop in the temperature last Sunday night, when the wind just after midnight changed to the Northwest and themometers went down to 36 degrees in many places early Monday morning, just a little foretaste of winter.

— Mr. Patrick Toomey, veteran of the Civil War died last Saturday, Sept. 28 at his home 55 Broad street, aged 84 years. He leaves three daughters. Services were held at St. Charles church Monday morning and burial at Calvary cemetery East Woburn.

— The annual gift of Mrs. John M. Harlow to the High School of two hundred dollars has been received to replenish the Harlow Library which through her generosity has now more than one thousand valuable reference books.

— Mr. Thomas Salmon has returned to Dartmouth College, this being his senior year.

—It is estimated that there are about twenty-six million persons who will have the right to vote for President in November.

— The Press Association of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends at Baltimore, Maryland sends out an appeal to Editors and Journalists in behalf of purer journalism and conscientious conduct of the Press in regard to sensational news in their columns an appeal which should be heeded.

— Woburn had a political rally last Sunday afternoon the speakers being Mayor Fitzgerald and others. The politicians do not appear to have much regard for the Sabbath. We wonder if the Selectmen of Winchester would have permitted such a gathering to be held here.—*Winchester Star.* We hope not.

— The Fall timetable on the Boston and Maine went into effect last Monday, with but few changes, the greatest change being the one that formerly left at 1.58 P. M. and now leaves at 1 51 P. M reaching Boston at 2 14 P M. The paper train has been discontinued and some changes in the trains from Boston to Woburn.

— At the meeting of the Ladies' Reading and Charitable Society last Wednesday at the First Congregational Church, Mrs. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu, H. I. was a guest and gave a very interesting talk about the great work being done there by the church of which Dr. Scudder is pastor. The benevolent and charitable work accomplished is a marvel. The Island is rich in its production of sugar and other products. Mrs Scudder will not return home until November. Dr. Scudder accompanied her to Chicago, from which city he returned to his home.

— The American Society of Colonial Families, including Representatives of Family Associations, Historic, Social and Patriotic Societies, will meet in Park Street Church, Boston, October 10, 1912. Social Reception at 5 o'clock. Dinner served by Whittemore at 6 o'clock. Topic: Beginnings of New England. Dinner and entertainment, $1 00. Only three hundred can be seated in the dining room Please secure your tickets at the earliest date possible. Apply to George A Smith, Secretary, 6 Beacon Street, Room 625, Tel. Hay. 2992 J. Come in time for the Social Reception at 5 o'clock. Informal dress.

Almost A Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

Rainbow Bazaar.

The committees that have in charge the Rainbow Bazaar to be held at the Methodist church, Oct. 30 and 31, are as follows:

Executive Committee, Mrs. Lilla Parker, Chairman; Rev. F. M Estes, Mrs. F. M. Estes, Mrs. James Fraser, N. W. Frye, Secretary.

The following are the special tables or committees with the name of the Chairman of each.

Supper, Mrs. James Graydon.
Housekeeping, Mrs. D. C. Page.
Country Store, Walter West and Selwyn Given.
Fancy Table, Mrs. F. M. Estes.
Bargain Table, Mrs. N. W. Frye.
Apron Table, Mrs. Emma Brooks.
Candy Table, Mrs. Hiram E. West and Miss Elsie Patterson.
Sunday School Table, Miss Daisy Holdridge.
Handkerchief Table, Miss Lillian Estes.
Doll Table, Mrs. Melvin Gould.
Flower Table, Miss Carrie Armstrong.
Children's Department, Mrs. Frank Newcomb.
Ice Cream, M. W. True.
Punch, Hiram E West.
Japanese Booth, Mrs. A. P. Tabor.
Tickets, A. P. Tabor.
Advertising, Rev. F. M. Estes.
Tables, J. W. Dobbins.
Treasurer, Charles H. Kimball.

Rally Day.

The First Baptist Sunday School observed its Rally Day last Sunday. There were about 300 present. The vestry was beautifully decorated with autumn flowers and the exercises interesting. Hon. William E Blodgett gave a talk on the Holy Land, Mrs. H. B Williams and Miss Elsie Haggett sang solos. Rev. and Mrs. Williams were observing their fifteenth wedding anniversary on that day and the Sunday School wished to express their appreciation of the services and and interest which they have always shown in the work. At close of the other exercises little Catherine Jahnke recited an original poem written by Mrs. G. H. Newcomb and presented the pastor with an envelope containing a sum of sum of money. Mr. Williams was taken completely by surprise but responded in a feeling manner.

More Valuable Than Gold.

In 1911, according to the United States Geological Survey, 2,390 ounces of palladium were produced, 300 ounces from crude foreign and domestic sands and the rest from the refining of copper ores and copper bullion.

Palladium finds a fairly large use in technology. Circles of astronomical instruments are made of it, and it is also employed in watchmaking. Its most extensive use is probably for certain alloys in dental work. It is also employed for soldering platinum metals. As it is not altered or discolored by exposure to air it is often used for plating metal ware. The demand for this metal is greater than the supply.

According to the Bureau of Statistics 1,218 troy ounces of palladium were imported into the United States in 1911 the value assigned being $56,307, or $46 22 an ounce.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

One of the most diversified and brilliant all star vaudeville bills of the season is announced for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week, no less than six splendid headline attractions being on the list. Dave Gonare and Ray Bailey, known as "The International Favors," will make their first appearance at this house in years in a series of startling and sensational dance specialties. Among the new songs they will appear in are "The Wedding of Antonio and Marie;" "If I do I'm Bound to Lose My Wife;" "I'm The Lonesomest Gal In Town;" "L Impressario Et La Daneuse;" and "La Danse Flirtation." Miss Bailey will wear a number of new and stunning costumes, each number being presented with appropriate scenery and effects.

THE TREMONT.

The style of musical play has undergone a decided change within the last few years. Heretofore little attention was paid to the plot of a musical play and that style of show was merely a set of music to which was added some lines, often risque and some far fetched lyrics.

Today the musical play is one of refinement, a good plot with clean humor and music that has body. Messrs. Cohen & Harris, who are bringing "A Polish Wedding" to the Tremont Theatre, Monday, October 7th, for a two weeks engagement, have a play with music that is apart from all traditional style. The piece is a farce with music and has a good clean story for a plot. "A Polish Wedding" is from the German of "Poluische Wirtschaft" and was adapted for the American stage by George V. Hobart. Jerome D. Kern wrote the music. An exceptionally well balaced cast will be seen, a cast that can sing, dance and act. The piece is of such a style that those who perform must be able to do all three things and do them well. The scenes of the play are laid in Vienna and Poland and the atmosphere is decidedy foreign. This is Cohan & Harris' most ambitious musical effort this season and in addition to giving the play a cast of well known players they have been very exacting in the detail of staging and the construction of the scenery

Miss Valli Valli an English actress was selected for the prima donna role. Others prominent in the cast are Winona Winter, Mathilde Cottrely, William Burress, Armand Kalisz, Louise Aichel, Sidney Bracey, Lincoln Plumer, Carrie Graham, Louis Casanvant, Frank Andrews, Ann Pennington and Genevieve Tobin.

Convict Ship "Success"

Nothing more striking in the way of contrast can be seen in Boston today than two ships which occupy, almost cheek by jowl, the basin between the Warren and Charlestown bridges. They are wide as the poles apart in what they stand for and represent. One, the Boston Floating Hospital, a ship of mercy and beneficence, the other the Old British Convict Ship "Success," a relic of all that was cruel and monstrous in the terrible overseas penal system that disgraced the name of English civilization in the last century. No more significant commentary on the changed spirit of the times could be made than is provided by the juxtaposion of these two vessels in the Charles River. The Floating Hospital has finished its good work for the season but the Convict Ship remains to do good even now in her hoary old age by providing an object-lesson intensive in its realism of the progress of humanity in the years that have elapsed since she was one of the Felon fleet. During last week the "Success" proved to be one of Boston's greatest attractions to the visiting delegates to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce. Particularly interested were the European visitors, many of whom made a lengthy inspection of the unique old vessel and to whom conditions such as those obtained on the "Success" when in her heyday as a floating prison were not as strange and remote as they are to the native American. A visitor from Ireland recalled the many names of men now living who in the troublous times of 1848 and 1867 served time on the "Success" or her sister convict ships when carrying Britain's unfortunate doomed prisoners to the then inhospitable antipodes. The "Success" remains a short time longer at Warren Bridge near the North Station.

Citizenship A Serious Matter.

"There is nothing more important than that we should take our citizenship seriously. Some people take it as a joke, some as a game, some as a selfish purpose and some as a chance to help friends or grind axes. No man is worthy of citizenship unless he regards it as a mission and uses it for the common good to free his fellowman from every kind of servitude and oppression and make them their own levers to raise themselves to better estate. Citizenship is a duty and every man who makes it brave and serviceable has a right to be called a citizen and no other should be enrolled upon the roll of honor. A citizen is a man who honors his city, his state and his nation by living right and doing good Such a one regards citizenship seriously. The duty of citizenship is committed to each man as a trust to be discharged always for the common welfare and the higher purpose. A ballot is to be used for the benefit of mankind and not for the advantage of individuals." — Richmond, Virginia, *Times Dispatch*.

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

At 10.30 Sunday morning there will be a service for the older people. The pastor's subject will be "Glory Crowned." Epworth League Service at 6 P. M. will be conducted by Miss Blanche Blackburne. At 7 o'clock the pastor will speak on "Paul Gaynor the Prison Worker."

It Looks Like A Crime

to separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. His pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, sprains and bruises demand it, and its quick relief for burns scalds, or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healable and does it quick. Unequaled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

Flowerland.

Flowerland is the name of the Carnival which is to be given by the Woburn Lodge of Elks at Lyceum Hall, commencing Oct. 14th and continuing through the 18th and it promises to be as beautiful and interesting as its name is attractive. Each booth will represent a different flower, all being painted in water colors on canvas, no cheese cloth draperies whatever being used.

The center piece will be a most elaborate and beautiful structure, octagon in shape, depicting the four seasons. From the upper part of the panels, spring gracefully curved brackets which support a delicate latticed roof that is covered with the flowers, vines and leaves representing the four seasons. The brackets are supported by eight marble columns, and between these columns are marble tables for the display of articles for sale. Between the columns runs a handsome marble fence supporting the tables and separating the public from the attendants. The whole is surmounted by a handsomely designed and painted crown or series of key stones, from the apex of each, a garland of flowers, running up to the electric sun burst that forms the very top of the structure. Scattered on different parts of the brackets and key stones are over 200 colored electric lights.

The Danger After Grip

lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by All Druggists.

Electric Show.

"My! isn't it beautiful!" said half a dozen people at once when they walked into Mechanics Building to see The 1912 Boston Electric Show Monday night.

"Why, land's sake! I never supposed that you could make this building look as beautiful as this," remarked several people as they came in together to see the Electric Show on the opening night, Saturday, the 28th.

Two other people from out of town took pains to hunt up the Manager of the Show, Tuesday, to tell him how magnificent they thought it was. One of them was a prominent business man in New York City; the other was a man familiar with the electrical business from its beginning. Both of these gentlemen said they never had imagined that anybody would even attempt, much less be able to carry out the wonderful plans that have been adopted here.

The Theosophical Path, Point Loma, Cal., (Katherine Tingley, Editor) in its current issues, (English and Spanish) scores a journalistic triumph in its being the only publication in the United States and probably in the whole Western world to publish the latest portrait of the late Japanese Emperor,—many leading American journals having stated their inability to obtain such.

The October number is an exceptionally strong number.

"Hidden Lessons in Shakespeare" by Kenneth Morris is a noteworthy article, which will hold its place in vindication of Shakespeare the man, when the Baconian craze is dead and forgotten. "This very illusiveness (as to Shakespeare himself) is what makes him so uniquely great. Impersonality is the secret of him."

"Reincarnation in the Bible," a reprint of one of William Q Judges's valuable articles; "The Death Penalty," "A Tribute to John Ruskin," "In the White Mountains" a charmingly written sketch, "Health by Movements," "The Red Men" are all articles of interest. The articles, illustrations and typography combined all bear out what was recently said and published by the Editor of The American Freemason, that The Theosophical Path is "one of the most perfect magazine published."

WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Scudder wife of Dr. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu is visiting friends and relatives in Winchester.

Outdoor games are nearly over for this season and plans are being made by clubs and societies for winter amusements.

Mrs. Theo. P. Wilson who has been spending the summer in Nova Scotia has returned to her home. While there she furnished the Star with some very interesting letters.

Chief of Police McIntosh has rounded out fifteen years of service in this town to the satisfaction of the citizens who have found him a faithful and efficient officer.

Announcement is made by Mrs William Bradford French of Winchester of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Thomas French, to Stanley Clarke of Brookline, Harvard, '07.

News of the sudden death of Francis C Hall has been received by his parents He was at Marr's camp in the Maine woods under the care of his physician where it was hoped he would recover his health.

Political and Travel talk will be the subject of Miss Janet Richards talk in the small Town Hall on October eighteenth, the proceeds of which will be given to the tuberculosis work of the Visiting Nurse Association.

Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25c. at All Druggists.

A Snob.

Thackeray designated a snob as a being on a ladder who is quite as ready to kiss the feet of him who is above him as to kick the head of him who is below.

Goodness does not consist in greatness, but greatness in goodness.—Athenaeus.

LIVED UP TO THE TEXT.

It Made a Deep Impression on Little Julia, and She Did Her Best.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

The foregoing quotation is from chapter xiii, verse 2, book of Hebrews, and it is introduced solely because it constitutes a vital part of this story. Julia is ten years old, and she goes to Sunday school. It appears that on a recent occasion the Sunday school teacher had considerable to say about this matter of "entertaining angels unawares." Anyway, it made a deep impression with Julia.

A few days after the lesson Julia's mother left her in charge of the house for a few hours. When the mother returned she went to a particular cup in the cupboard to extract therefrom a half dollar. In this cup is kept the family pin money, and Julia's mother knew that she had put 50 cents there before she had gone out. But the half dollar was gone. There was an expression of anxiety on Julia's face, and mother scented mischief.

"Did you take that money?" asked the mother, somewhat severely.

Julia broke into tears. "I gave it to a man that came to the back door," sobbed the little girl.

"Gave it to a man!" exclaimed the mother. "What for?"

"I thought he might be an angel unawares," replied Julia.—Kansas City Star.

IT WAS NAPOLEON.

The Bey Finally Recognized Him and Won a Compliment.

One afternoon the bey of Tunis while visiting in Paris was conducted to the gallery of battle pictures. They first showed to him Philip Augustus at Bouvines.

"That's Napoleon I., isn't it?" said the bey.

"No," said M. de Nolhac, "that is not Napoleon I., but, quite the same, a great warrior."

They passed to St. Louis, who, on the bridge of Taillebourg, was battling like the Archangel Michael himself.

"That's Napoleon I.?" queried the bey with a wink of the eye.

"No," said M. de Nolhac.

They arrived at Henri IV., who was carrying bread to the besieged Parisians.

"Napoleon I.?"

"No; that's Henry IV."

The bey was visibly disappointed. They skipped Louis XIV. and XV. and passed quickly to the wars of the empire. They stopped before the battle of Austerlitz.

"Napoleon I.?" said the bey.

"Yes," said M. de Nolhac. "How your highness has recognized it! How admirable that is! Ah, truly, your highness knows the history of France marvelously well."—Cri de Paris.

Reducing a Pound to Nothing.

In what form is lead lightest on the scales? A British scientist has attempted to tell how to make the proof, but it isn't the easiest thing in the world either to prepare the pound of lead or place it in position for the proof. He says that making 1,000 small balls of the pound of lead the weight remains the same though the surface is greatly increased. Then reduce the small balls into 1,000,000 balls, with the surface enormously increased, but the balls still weigh the one pound in the scales. But this scientist says that if these 1,000,000 shot particles further are reduced to one twenty thousandth of an inch each, they will rest in the atmosphere just where they are placed. This for the reason that that pressure of light from the sun exactly overcomes the forces of graviiation. To make the lead bits smaller, however, the scientist says that the sunlight seizes them and hurles them into space.

Fidelity in little things is the indispensable training for greater usefulness.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 27, Alice M. Wall, aged 25 years, 1 month, 16 days.
In this city, September 28, Patrick Toomey, aged 84 years, 7 months.
In this city, October 1, Mary A. Gray, aged 67 years, 6 months, 1 day.

NOT "ROGERS" ONLY—BUT "1847 Rogers Bros." is the Trade mark that appears on the old original brand of Knives, Forks and Spoons. There are many imitations—"1847" is identifying mark of the genuine, which are sold by leading dealers. Send to the makers for booklet No. 6 of beautiful new designs. THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. Meriden, Conn. "Silver Plate that Wears."

S. FRANK SHERMAN,
118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

BRYANT & STRATTON COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Persons desirous of becoming competent and successful Accountants, Book-keepers, Stenographers, Secretaries, or Commercial Teachers, with assurance of employment, will find in the

BRYANT & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
BOSTON

Now located in its new school building, 334 Boylston Street, a most desirable opportunity for study and practice under the direction and supervision of a large corps of well known and experienced teachers.
COURSES — General commercial course, Stenographic course, Secretarial course, Civil service course, Commercial teachers course.
This school does not employ agents, solicitors, canvassers or runners.
Persons who cannot call for personal interview may obtain full information of terms and conditions by mail. Will reopen September 3d.
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal, 334 Boylston Street, Boston.

The Publisher of This Paper Says
Every One of its Readers Should See
THE 1912 BOSTON ELECTRIC SHOW
and the Illumination of Mechanics Building, Huntington Avenue,
AT ONCE,
During the Daytime when there is not such a Crowd, and Exhibits can be Seen at their Best
There is also the Fine Music by CREATORE and HIS BIG BAND
Go Right Away. Because You will want to Go Again
The Show is Open
From 10 A. M—10.30 P. M.

HENRY F. MILLER,
GRAND, UPRIGHT and PLAYER PIANOS.
In addition to our own HENRY F. MILLER pianos we sell pianos manufactured by others which we offer at
$175, $200, $235, $265, $285, and $300
Our prices are figured at the smallest advance above cost, giving the buyer a great advantage. We take old instruments in exchange and sell on installment terms.
Victor Talking Machines and Records.
Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Company,
395 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
FACTORY: WAKEFIELD, MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Homer W Danforth, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William H Curtis, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.
4-11-18 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE.
LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank: Woburn, Mass.:

I, Esther M. Colomb, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that Deposit Book numbered 33199 issued to me, has been lost or destroyed; and, pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

(Signed) ESTHER M. COLOMB.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.
October 3, 1912. 4-11-18

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes
FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY
They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

GILT EDGE the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains Oil. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS," 10c.
STAR combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "DANDY" size, 25c.
BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10 cents. "ELITE" size, 25 cents.
If your dealer doesn't keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid.
WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-26 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

To John A. Hamilton, Pasquale Ciampa, Benjamin P. Sands, and any and all others interested in the following described real estate:

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John A. Hamilton to Catherine Murray, dated July 1st, 1908, and recorded with Middlesex County South District Deeds, Book 3377, Page 263, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises hereinafter described on **Monday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1912,** at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and described therein as follows, viz: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Main street in that part of Woburn called North Woburn, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the granted premises on the easterly side of Main street at land formerly of Alfred Eton; thence running easterly bounded northerly by land of said Eaton one hundred and nineteen (119) feet to a point; thence turning and running southerly bounded easterly by land of Charles D. Adams in straight line one hundred and seventeen (117) feet to a point, one hundred and twenty-three (123) feet distant from the easterly side line of Main street; thence turning and running in a westerly direction bounded southerly (still by other land of said Adams) one hundred and twenty-three (123) feet to the easterly side line of Main street; thence turning and running northerly, bounded westerly by the easterly side line of Main street one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning and containing about fourteen thousand five hundred (14,500) square feet, and subject to the restrictions cited in a deed from Charles D. Adams to John A. Hamilton, dated June 10, 1908, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 3378, Folio 202. Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any there be.

A cash deposit of $100 will be required to be made at the time and place of sale.

CATHERINE MURRAY, Mortgagee.

Further particulars may be obtained from Edw. B. Malley, Attorney, No. 20 Second Street, East Cambridge.

NOTICE
LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank. Woburn, Mass.

I, John F. Rooney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book number 35,506 issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

(Signed) JOHN F. ROONEY.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

(Signed) A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treas.
Sept. 27, 1912. 27-4-11

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

FLOUR
— IS —
LOWER

ALL OLD WHEAT

$7 bbl. 90c. Bag

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR

Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5 45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8 15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10 30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Tel. 314 W.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN. Caneseat Chairs Reseated. Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

REPUBLICANS OPTIMISTIC

See Steady Drift Toward the Republican Candidates

STAND OF ROOSEVELT MEN

Nomination of Joseph Walker a Popular Move—Republican Club of Massachusetts to Give Him Reception

There is an unmistakable solidifying of the Republican ranks all over the state, which is quite apparent to the leaders of all the parties. Furthermore, there appears to be a very steady trend of sentiment toward President Taft. The drift toward Mr. Taft has been somewhat in evidence for several weeks, but not so decisive as it is today.

The leading Republicans of the state today have a very optimistic feeling in regard to the election, not only in the state but in the country. The message which Senator Lodge brought back from his speaking campaign in the central states brought fresh courage to everybody interested in the campaign of the president in this state. Mr. Lodge declared that there was a distinct subsidence of the Roosevelt wave in the sections visited by him, and that there was a strong current back to the Republican party. The same testimony is given by many others who have returned from trips across the continent. In many of the states where the Roosevelt sentiment was extremely strong last spring, there has been a great change in the last two or three months.

Intentions of Roosevelt Men

The recent primaries threw some light on the question of what the Roosevelt men are likely to do when it comes to election day in regard to voting their state ticket. The figures show that the Republican party cast as many votes this year as last, within something like 15,000. Either that is the strength of the Roosevelt movement today or else all the rest of the Roosevelt people intend to vote the Republican ticket for everything below the candidates for electors, and in the latter case the Republican ticket ought to be successful Nov. 5. The reiterated demands of the Roosevelt leaders that Roosevelt men absent themselves from the Republican caucus evidently fell upon deaf ears. It seems to be evident that they were greatly interested in the fortunes of many Republican candidates; otherwise, they would not have voted in the primaries Sept. 24. It is perfectly well known that a great many of the Roosevelt men propose to make their votes count when it comes to voting for candidates to the legislature. They feel there is too much at stake in the election of a United States senator to throw the legislature into the hands of the Democrats and thus insure the choice of Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston to succeed Senator Crane.

Nomination of Walker Popular

The nomination of former Speaker Joseph Walker for governor has given general satisfaction throughout the state, and the party leaders are unanimous in the opinion that the Republican party will stand behind him to a man. The contest between Mr. Walker and Colonel Benton has left no scars, and Colonel Benton has made it his business to put all his friends in line for the nominee of the primaries. He will do all in his power, not only upon the stump, but wherever he goes, to aid in the election of Mr. Walker.

The nomination seems also extremely pleasing to all true Progressives. They say they recognize in Mr. Walker a man of the highest ideals, of sterling integrity, great ability and unflagging energy. His work as a Republican leader in the Massachusetts legislature is regarded as of the most valuable character. Reforms which have been instituted in the state departments, at his suggestion, have proved to be very valuable to the commonwealth.

Prominent Democrats are authority for the statement that Mr. Walker will secure a large number of Democratic votes. Governor Foss was renominated after the most persistent fight, and the method of his campaigning in the last hours of the canvass have been bitterly denounced by Democrats all over the state. There seems to be a feeling that the arguments used to defeat District Attorney Pelletier had no place in a political campaign in Massachusetts. The friends of Mr. Pelletier feel that his defeat was accomplished in the seventy-two hours previous to the day of the primaries and that up to that time he had a clear lead over Mr. Foss. It was with the utmost difficulty that many Democrats were driven to support the governor last fall and there is quite a general feeling that the task will be even more strenuous in this canvass.

Working Men and Prof. Wilson

It is noticeable that the working men take very little interest in the Wilson campaign and candidacy. As a matter of fact, the great majority of working people in Massachusetts believe in a protective tariff. This has been demonstrated so often in presidential campaigns, as well as congressional, that it hardly needs to be stated. The language of the Democratic platform declaring it "To be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government, under the constitution, has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue," is sufficiently clear to indicate just where the party stands on that issue. A working man realizes whatever may be the personal views of Mr. Wilson on the tariff issue, that he will have to be governed by the platform, if elected, and that congress, if it should chance to be Democratic, would be bound to frame a tariff bill according to its declaration of principles contained in the platform. Even a novice knows that a revenue tariff framed according to Democratic principles would be as likely to impose duties on non-competitive as on competitive imports, and by that means wholly upset the business of the country. They much prefer the Republican policy of imposing duties on competitive imports and thereby protecting labor from the lower wages of Europe.

Undoubtedly the campaign, both state and national, will immediately take on great activity. The close of the conventions will be the signal for a state wide canvass of the Republicans on the stump, and local speakers as well as speakers from other states will be heard in all the centers of population.

Reception to Former Speaker Walker

The Republican club of Massachusetts plans to give Hon. Joseph Walker, Republican candidate for governor, a great reception and a dinner at the Boston City club on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 9. Mr. Walker was for two years president of the club and the executive committee, in honor of his nomination for governor, thought it would be a fitting thing to give him this reception and allow an opportunity for the members to meet him personally.

The executive committee of the club also voted to extend the courtesies of the organization to the Republican candidates for the Massachusetts house and senate.

The reception will be at 6 o'clock and the speakers will be Hon. Samuel J. Elder, president of the club, Hon. Joseph Walker, former Governor John L. Bates and others. It will be one of the first events of the campaign and the club is working to make it a great success.

Getting Around It.

A Washington official was talking about a certain resourceful corporation.

"They can get round anything," he said, a touch of admiration in his voice. "They remind me of a Narragansett girl.

"A Narragansett girl, driving a sixty horse power gray roadster, admitted:

"'Yes, I've accepted David.'

"'Why,' said the girl beside her, 'you told me positively that, if David proposed to you, your answer would be a word of two letters.'

"The other girl, blushing a little, said softly:

"'But I answered Dave in German.'"—Los Angeles Times.

Her Compliment.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, was leading a revival meeting in Huntsville, Tex., a number of years ago, and at the close of one of the services an old negro woman pushed her way up through the crowd to the edge of the pulpit platform. Sam took the perspiring black hand that was held out to him and heard the old woman say: "Brudder Jones, you sho' is a fine preacher! Yes, suh; de Lord bless you. You's des everybody's preacher. You's de white folks' preacher, and de niggers' preacher, and everybody's preacher. Brudder Jones, yo' skin's white, but, thank de Lord, yo' heart's des as black as any nigger's!"

What Surprised Him.

The minister of a certain church was greatly exercised by the drowsy habits of his people. Taking them to task on this score on Sunday afternoon, he remarked: "I see a great many of you overcome with sleep. I do not wonder at it, for the weather is oppressive, your work is hard, and many of you have come a long way. Therefore," he added, "I am not surprised to see many of you sleep, but what surprises me is to see many sleeping who have such a comfortable sleep here in the morning."—Pearson's Weekly.

Sydney Smith's Sharp Tongue.

Sydney Smith was at a party one evening when, seeing Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian, enter, wearing a rose colored turban, he suddenly exclaimed, "I now know the meaning of the word grotesque!" He professed his cordial liking for both her and her husband, saying: "I like them. I like him, he is so lady-like, and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman."

David Garrick's Ways.

David Garrick was a Celt and Anglo-Saxon combined, and that is why he was so successful an actor manager. That also explains why he was careful, even parsimonious at times, in small matters, but ever ready to give freely. "He had," says his latest biographer, in an almost regretful tone, "a beautiful habit of sending back I. O. U.'s with such words as 'I beg you will light a bonfire with the inclosed'"—beautiful indeed, and very rare. Johnson declared that whenever he drew Garrick's attention to some case of distress he always received from him more than from any other person and always more than he expected. "Sir, he was a liberal man. He has given away more money than any man in England. There may have been a little vanity mixed, but he has shown that money is not his first object."—"David Garrick and His French Friends."

The Holiday Headache.

The severe headache which often follows a long railway journey or a protracted tour of a museum or a picture gallery is usually wrongfully attributed to bad air. As a matter of fact, says Dr. Sidney Stephenson, such headaches are more often than not due to the fact that the eyes have been overworked. The cure is not a cup of tea nor a bottle of smelling salts; it lies in a pair of spectacles. From exactly the same type of headache clerks, typists, dressmakers and students are great sufferers. In the great majority of these cases, says Dr. Stephenson, examination has shown that weak and overworked eyes were the cause of the trouble, which has disappeared with the use of a pair of good spectacles.—Pearson's Weekly.

Sounded Like It.

Patience—Jack is back from the seashore. Patrice—Without a cent, I suppose? "No; he brought back quite a lot of money with him." "You don't mean to say Jack went down there as a waiter!"—Yonkers Statesman.

His Example.

Teacher—Bobby, give me an example of the word "damper."

Bobby (after a moment's thought)—Paw says maw is too damper-ticular about his feet bein' wiped.—Exchange.

He Wants No Such Assistance.

News Item.—Bacon intimated in the senate that the Republican chances in the campaign would be enhanced should the country be plunged into war as the result of the disturbance in Nicaragua or Mexico.

HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The Sensation Was Different From What He Expected.

A curious story of a Lieutenant Harford of the Ninety-ninth regiment, who served in a Zulu campaign, is told by Colonel Hamilton Browne in "A Lost Legionary In South Africa."

"He was a charming companion, one of the very best, but he was a crazy mothand beetle hunter and would run about on the hottest days with a landing net to catch butterflies and other insects. He, moreover, collected and treasured snakes, scorpions and loathsome beasts of all sorts. He had never been under fire before and had on two or three occasions talked to me about a man's feelings while undergoing his baptism of fire.

"Well, we were in rather a hot corner, and he was standing to my right rear when I heard an exclamation, and, turning round, saw him lying on the ground, having dropped his sword and revolver.

"'Good heavens, Harford,' I said, 'you are hit!'

"'No, sir,' he replied, 'not hit, but I have caught such a beauty!'

"And there the lunatic, in his first action and under a heavy fire, his qualms of nervousness all forgotten, had captured some microbe or other and was blowing its wings out, as unconscious of the bullets striking the rocks all round him as if he had been in his garden at home!"

A PLEA THAT WON THE JURY.

How an Eloquent Kentucky Lawyer Freed a Guilty Man.

John J. Crittenden, the eloquent Kentucky lawyer of a past generation, was once defending a murderer. Every one knew the man was guilty, but the eloquence of Crittenden saved him.

"Gentlemen," said Crittenden at the end of his great plea, "'to err is human, to forgive divine.' When God conceived the thought of man's creation he called to him three ministering virtues, who wait constantly upon the throne—justice, truth and mercy—and thus addressed them:

"'Shall we make this man?'

"'O God, make him not,' said Justice sternly, 'for he will surely trample upon thy laws.'

"'And Truth, what sayest thou?'

"'O God, make him not, for none but God is perfect, and he will surely sin against thee.'

"'And Mercy, what sayest thou?'

"Then Mercy, dropping upon her knees and looking up through her tears, exclaimed:

"'O God, make him! I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths he may have to tread.'

"Then, brothers, God made man and said to him: 'O man, thou art the child of Mercy. Go and deal mercifully with all thy brothers.'"—Denver Republican.

The Carpet Cure.

Matrimony reduced the Smith household until there was nothing left of it but the old couple, neither of whom looks old enough to be in the father and mother in law class. When Bessie got married Papa Smith took possession of her room, and it has been his study, library, smoking room and growlery since then, and its condition made the life of his otherwise happy wife a burden. "Since he has his room," she complained, "John has developed a passion for disorder which would break a housekeeper's heart." "Is there a carpet on the floor?" she was asked. "No." "Is there a rug?" "No; he wouldn't have one." "Well, surprise him and have a carpet put down," was her friend's advice, and it was followed. "He was a little surprised to find it," said the woman, "but from that day the floor has not been littered, there's more order on the desk and the place looks tidy. John doesn't know it, but he could serve as a living specimen of the carpet cure."—New York Tribune.

Birds Big Eaters.

Baby robins have been observed to eat half their own weight of beef scraps, digest all this within three hours and then be ready for another meal.

A pair of red eyed vireos were noted by a naturalist to feed their offspring over a hundred times in ten hours. Grosbeaks, sworn enemies of the Colorado potato beetle, have been seen to assimilate almost a hundred caterpillars or larvae an hour. Over 3,000 aphids have perished by the bills of the insect loving yellow throats in the same period of time.—Suburban Life Magazine.

No Chesterfield.

"Muggins has made a pile of money, and now he's trying to get into society, but the question of manners comes up. Has he got any?" queried Bolivar.

"Muggins? Manners? Well I should say not," retorted Slithers. "Why, that man wouldn't give up his seat in a dentist's chair to a lady."—Harper's.

Impractical.

"He has a lot of good ideas, of course, but then some of them are utterly impractical."

"For instance?"

"Well, one of his schemes is to reform politics so that those who hold public offices will have to work."—Detroit Free Press.

STEVENSON'S REGRET.

The Author's Picture of the British Throne at Washington.

Mrs. Osbourne gives an interesting glimpse of Robert Louis Stevenson in conversation in the following account of his second call on Mrs. Virgil Williams:

"He had a peculiarly beautiful voice, with a rich, round, but not provincial Scotch accent. While he conversed with Mrs. Williams he paced up and down the floor in his usual fashion, with rapid and graceful motion, or hung on the mantelpiece. It was not strange that the conversation turned on the subject of the relations of America and Great Britain.

"Stevenson regretted that England had lost the colonies. He pictured the states under British rule, with America the seat of government of the whole empire. He dwelt upon the benefits that would have accrued to the whole English speaking race from such a union and to all mankind, with Great Britain and America ruling the world for peace and righteousness. In a flight of fancy and with all the richness of language that was his he pictured the actual transporting of the royal family and all the paraphernalia of government across the Atlantic, the pageantry of the ships and the gorgeous landing and the setting up of the throne at Washington.

"While Stevenson was talking Mr Williams came in. He looked doubtfully from Mrs. Williams to the stranger, for, as he told his wife afterward, he thought a tramp had got in and she could not get him out again. But it was only for a moment, and soon the two men were talking with all the interest and pleasure of those who feel much in common, and from that day began a friendship that never ended until the death of Virgil Williams."—Bookman.

POISONING BY TEA.

When the Cup That Cheers May Become a Menace to Health.

It is only in comparatively recent times that tea drinking has been at all prevalent in this country. Coffee is the national drink and is more largely consumed by far than any other beverage. But tea drinking is making great strides, the reason for which is not hard to find. The advantages of tea over coffee as a stimulating and cheering drink do not consist in a superiority of its component parts, but in the fact that a good tea can be more easily produced than a good coffee and that it is more easily made than coffee.

A very great deal of the virtue of coffee consists in the manner in which it is converted into a beverage, and seldom is the art carried out efficiently. Many of the concoctions which are sold as coffee in restaurants and consumed in private houses are not worthy of the name. On the other hand, tea is easily made, the chief point being that the water used for the infusion boils and that the infusion is drunk when fresh and not allowed to stand.

However, there are occasions, and these not infrequent, when tea drinking is harmful. Tea poisoning is a more or less common condition in those countries in which the habit of drinking tea is prevalent, as in England, for instance. Among the working classes the women often become addicted to the tea habit and not only drink to excess, sipping tea throughout the day, but drink it in such a state that the poisonous properties are most evident. The tea is in a stewed condition, the pot being kept on the stove the whole day. Men, too, who work at indoor trades and at trades which from their nature tend to create thirst often become excessive tea drinkers.—Medical Record.

Women In Politics.

As long ago as 1876 women were among the speakers at both Republican and Democratic national conventions, and in 1900 Mr. Bryan's nomination was seconded by a woman delegate from Utah. The first woman's suffrage convention was held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. But the movement was by no means new even then. Abigail Adams and Mary Warren tried to secure recognition of women when the federal constitution was made, and in colonial days Margaret Brent, as executrix of Lord Baltimore, demanded a seat in the assembly of Maryland.—Chicago News.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

LIVING MILK CARTS.

The Goats of Athens and Their Tenders With Their Tin Cups.

The bootblacks and newsboys of Athens are numberless and omnipresent, yelling out in shrill tones the latest edition or inviting customers in equally strident tones to have a "shine." Hot chestnut men, with charcoal braziers and stock in trade of a hundred big nuts, doze over their little fires or sell pistachio nuts, sesame seed or pumpkin seeds at the street corners. Much of the merchandise is carried by diminutive gray donkeys or by old women, who are almost lost under their huge loads of oranges or lemons or cauliflowers or brushwood.

The goats are a familiar sight of modern as doubtless they were of ancient Athens, and one sees them skipping over the rocks of Mars hill or the Pnyx or picking their way gingerly over the ruins of some ancient temple like chamois in their native wilds.

They are all muzzled and attended in flocks of ten or a dozen by a goatherd, who goes armed with three little tin cups, one holding about a pint, another a half pint and another a gill. When he finds a customer he stops a section of his living milk cart, milks it, hands over the diminutive amount of the lacteal fluid (it certainly is fresh milk) to the customer and receives his 5 or 10 lepta (1 or 2 cents) in return.—Christian Herald.

FIRST AMERICAN HEROINE.

Gunner Corbin's Widow, Who Fought at Mount Washington.

The first woman who fought for American liberty was Gunner Corbin's widow, at the capture of Mount Washington by the Scotch and Hessians. In the midst of the fight Gunner Corbin, struck by a ball, fell dead at his wife's feet as she was aiding him in his duties.

It was not an uncommon occurrence for Irishwomen (as at Limerick) to share the dangers of the bivouacks, as instance the deeds of that other heroine, Molly Pitcher. Instantly, without a word, she stepped into his place and worked the gun with redoubled skill and vigor, fighting bravely until she sank to the earth, pierced by three grapeshot! Though terribly wounded, she finally recovered, but was disabled for life.

A soldier's half pay and the value of a soldier's suit of clothes annually voted her by the Continental congress (but soon discontinued) were all the reward that the first woman who fought for American liberty ever received for such heroic love, courage and suffering.—E. F. DeLancey in Magazine of American History.

MME. SARDOU'S WORK OF ART.

The Curtain Raiser That Preceded Her Husband's Comedy.

Not merely in a domestic but also in a business sense are the Frenchwomen the admirable partners of their husbands. The first wife of Sardou, the dramatist, considered herself as such, despite the fact that she conducted a different line of business, wherein she achieved a fair success while the young playwright was vainly endeavoring to get his plays produced. The first Mme. Sardou was a skillful milliner. She trimmed hats while waiting for the fame and fortune she was certain Sardou would achieve. Also she kept an eye on his branch of business also, and it was really she who obtained the opportunity for his first real success.

It appears that a bright comedy had long lain in the hands of a manager who would neither read nor return it. Without saying a word to her husband Mme. Sardou withdrew this work, herself carrying it to an actress she believed peculiarly fitted for the leading role. By her cleverness she succeeded in extracting a promise from the actress that the play should be read. In response to the actress' request for an address the dramatist's wife handed her a card inscribed "Mme. Sardou, Modiste." A few days later the wife of the manager at whose theater the actress played entered the little millinery parlor of Mme. Sardou. She asked to be shown a hat. Several were tried on. Then, handglass still in hand and the hat selected still upon her head, she turned suddenly from the mirror and inquired whether M. Sardou were at home and could be summoned.

Sardou, greatly astonished, came, and the stranger, announcing her name and her husband's position, delivered the gratifying message that the play had been accepted, was to be given an immediate production and that the author was expected at the theater that evening at 9 o'clock for the first reading and the distribution of parts.

After her departure the young couple held an explanation and jubilation. The clever little modiste caught up the hat just ordered and held it aloft. "Never say that I, too, do not compose works of art!" she cried gayly. "Behold my curtain raiser, which precedes your comedy! It has succeeded—yours will succeed!" And her prediction was fulfilled. The comedy, long since popular with English audiences as "A Scrap of Paper," was itself a success and the first of a long line of successes.—New York Press.

Oysters as They Grow.

When young oysters first appear they are called "spat" and are no larger than a pinhead. At the age of one year they are known as "brood" and a bushel measure will hold about 6,400 of them. When they are three years old they are designated as "ware" and the 6,400 of them will then fill three one bushel measures. They are not ready for market until they are four years old, and then they have arrived to a dignity of proportion that if the bushel of broods has not lost any of its members it will require nearly seven of such measures to carry them to market.

Uncle Bonbon.

An elderly beau had been delivering himself of certain forcible home truths when lecturing his nephew.

"Wonderful chap, your uncle," observed a friend when the old gentleman had disappeared. "So well preserved."

"I don't know so much about his being well preserved," growled the offended nephew, "but he is unpleasantly candid."—Youth's Companion.

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THE ANGEL O' MERCY

A Yarn Spun by an Old Salt

By F. A. MITCHEL

At the Sailors' Snug Harbor a number of old fellows, the youngest of whom could not have been less than seventy-five, were crowded around a fireplace endeavoring to brace themselves against the despondency of coming winter. Now and again a thin smoke would emerge from between a pair of shriveled lips, slowly make its way to the chimney and dispear up the flue.

"Some un spin a yarn, and let it be about sailin' in a warm climate," said one of the men, holding the palms of his bony hands to the flame to warm them. "We don't want no more o' them arctic yarns that cooled us off durin' the hot wave. We want sumpin about the banana trade or the guano country. These yere winters is gittin' colder and colder with every birthday. Somehow the blood don't run as warm as it did when we was

IT LOOKED AS IF WHOEVER GOT THAT KNIFE WOULD LIVE.

climbin' the ratlin's. Tom, give us that un about your adventure on the coast o' Africy."

The end of a plug of tobacco was produced from the pocket of one present. Tom bit off a chaw, tucked it back in his mouth where it wouldn't interfere with his narrative and began to mumble, every listener with his hand to his ear.

"It's only us old duffers that kin realize that as late as 1855 the slave trade was flourishin'. In 1852 I shipped in the Angel o' Mercy, brig rigged and pertendin' to carry a cargo o' Bibles to the coast o' Africy. She fitted at Boston, and the day we put out o' the harbor a number o' lean, long haired, hungry lookin' men was walkin' the deck. They was supposed by them that seen 'em to be missionaries.

"I thort it was all square till we got out to sea, when the missionaries throwed off their pious outfit and appeared as or'nary men. They was the owners goin' out to Africy, true enough, but for a cargo o' slaves instead o' a cargo o' souls, for by that time there was some prejudice agin the slave trade, and I dunno but that the law didn't allow it."

"Never mind the pious part of the yarn, mate," interrupted a grim old salt. "Git under way with the fightin'."

"Waal, we headed for the Kongo country, that's nigh on to the equator, and the sun stood right over our heads, pourin' down heat like the fiery furnace that the prophet Daniel walked in."

There was a perceptible change at this point in the appearance of the audience. They pushed back from the fire, and one man unbuttoned his coat.

"One night," the speaker continued, "we was lyin' at anchor in the Kongo river. The captain and most o' the crew and the owners had gone ashore to make a corral of blacks to bring aboard as slaves. Missionaries had been there before, and the owners put on the same clothes they wore the day we sailed, and each man took a Bible under his arm to make the niggers believe they was goin' to teach 'em United States religion. Durin' the voyage I'd been made third mate and was left on the ship in charge of six men to keep watch and see that no natives come aboard to loot the vessel.

"The moon was full and the night was hot. I sat out on deck in a wicker chair in my birthday togs, swingin' a big palm leaf fan."

There was evident satisfaction on the part of the audience at this part of the narrative, and the speaker was interrupted by such remarks as "Wish I was there now," "That's the climate for me," and "I feel like takin' off my coat." When quiet was restored the narrative was continued.

"Purty soon I saw a black spot on the water and flashes in the moonlight. I knew the black spot was a canoe and the flashes were oars lifted out o' the water. Some one was rowin' and was headin' for the Angel o' Mercy. When he came up I leaned over the gun'ale and asked him what he wanted. He was a nigger and told me in broken lingo that he had decoyed a dozen of his friends to the bank and if I'd send a few armed white men with him he could turn 'em all over.

"I was young and ambitious to do sumpin noble, so I puts the ship's guard into a boat and sent 'em to bring the niggers aboard. Of course I took a risk in leavin' the ship with only my own protection, but young fellers is all pluck and no sense, and I was one o' them kind.

"The boat hadn't got out o' sight before I saw a canoe put out from the shore and make straight for the Angel o' Mercy. There was six strappin' blacks in her, and every one had a paddle. I saw at once that a game had been played on us—that instead of niggers bein' decoyed my men was decoyed away from the ship to give the niggers a chance to loot her.

"There was a small gun on the port and another on the starboard bow, both kept loaded in case the ongrateful niggers, not appreciatin' the blessin's brought 'em by the Angel o' Mercy, should show their teeth. I sized up the time it would take for the canoe to reach me and, seein' I had a few minutes, made one jump for the companionway and another down it. Gatherin' firearms, I got back with 'em as quick as I went down and carried 'em to the little four pounder on the port bow. The niggers acted as if they wasn't sure how many men there was aboard. They had seen a boatload leavin' the ship, but hadn't spoke the nigger that had got 'em away. So they didn't know how many was left. I yelled to 'em to keep off, and they stopped paddlin' and looked up cur'us-like.

"I don't reckon they spoke any United States lingo. Anyway they didn't say anything; but, seein' only one man on the ship, they commenced paddlin' ag'in, makin' straight for me. They had at least one gun they might have taken from some kind white man who had come all the way from a civilized land to buy ivory of 'em or teach 'em the gospel, for one of 'em sent a bullet singin' by my ear. I hadn't time to use the four pounder, which would have sunk their canoe if I could 'a' hit it, so I picked up a musket and, takin' straight aim for the hull of 'em—they all bein' in line—fired. I dropped one man and saw a paddle fly out of the hand of another, so I reckoned I'd put two of 'em out o' the fight. But I saw that it was too late to sink 'em with the cannon and I must shoot as many as I could before they reached the ship's side. I fired a couple more o' the muskets, droppin' another man, but in them days there was no repeaters, and I had no time to reload.

"The gangway had been raised, and they could only climb to the deck either by the anchor or bowsprit chains. This helped me, 'cause I didn't have to defend more'n one position. If I had they'd have taken me in rear. By quick firin' and sure aim I got rid of four out o' the six before they got any hold. Then I shot another comin' up the anchor chain and dropped him in the water. But one ugly black devil reached the bowsprit and I'd emptied my last gun.

"I tuk the barrel o' the musket I had last fired in my two hands and waited for the nigger to come for me, intendin' to brain him with the stock. But he tuk care to spring for me when a rope was in my way, and the rope caught the blow instead of the nigger. In the clash the gun fell out o' my hands.

"We was two men, a black and a white, both stripped to the skin, that had to settle the dispute with a wrastle. The only thing on deck I could use was a dirk knife I'd picked up when I went below for arms, and that was back near the fo'castle companionway. The nigger gripped me, and I gripped the nigger, but I saw at once that he had the advantage of me, for he had oiled himself all over.

"I was mighty strong in them days, and I intended to git my arms around his middle and throw him overboard. I could 'a' done it if it hadn't been for his oiled skin. Howsomever, he wriggled like a lamper eel and got out o' my clutches. As bad luck would have it, the moonlight glittered on the knife lyin' on the deck, and he saw it. I saw him go for it. I made after him, caught him round the waist just as he got his fingers on it and pulled him away from it.

"It looked now as if whoever got that knife would live and the other feller wouldn't. He wasn't as strong as I was, but the oil on him made him the better man. I succeeded in gittin' between him and the knife and put my foot on it.

"I could never disremember that nigger as he stood off, his greasy face shinin' in the moonlight, lookin' at me like a jungle tiger. But there's another thing I don't want to disremember—the sound of oars. The nigger and I both listened and heard a quick stroke, growin' louder with every stroke. The nigger turned and run like a hound for the side o' the ship. I picked up the knife, and just as he jumped over the gun'ale I threw it and saw it stick into his side.

"What became of him I don't know, but in a few minutes the boat I had sent away reached me and the men came aboard. They had heard the firin', suspected treachery and pulled back as quick as they could."

"How long did your fight last?" asked a listener.

"From the first shot till I threw the knife—about five minutes."

"Some un tell us another such yarn," remarked an octogenarian. "This one has warmed me up like hot grog."

Animal Thermometers.

Crickets have a tendency to chirp synchronously or in time with one another. It is claimed that they chirp more rapidly in warm than in cold weather. The increase has even been rated at four chirps a minute for each degree the temperature increases.

Certain animals appear to act as barometers. It is said that while frogs remain yellow nothing but fine weather may be expected, but that should their coats begin to assume a brown hue bad weather is approaching.

A spider seen spinning its web in the morning heralds a fine day. If seen in the evening then at least the whole of the night and the following morning will be fine. If it is raining and the owl screeches better weather will ensue.—Harper's.

A Slight Mistake.

She was a little woman, and she had entered a department store in a suburban town. She walked up to a big, important looking man near the door and said:

"I want to see some of your hangings."

"Sorry, ma'am," said the big fellow, with a smile, "but we are not going to have any today."

"None today? Why, what do you mean? Aren't you the floorwalker?"

"No, ma'am; I'm the sheriff, and I'm glad to say there's nobody to be hanged today."—Yonkers Statesman.

Tennyson Embarrassed.

Great crises affect people differently. With some the hair turns white, with others emotion expresses itself in inconsequent speech. Tennyson when be first met Frederick Robertson, whom he much admired and who he knew admired his poems, was so nervous that he could talk to the "much beloved priest" of nothing but beer.

Maternal Pride.

First Young Wife—The photographer said my baby was the prettiest baby he'd ever seen. Second Young Wife—That's strange! He said the same thing about mine. First Young Wife—Well, I suppose he saw your baby before he saw mine.

THE HOODED COBRA.

Its Peculiar Transformation When Exsited or Irritated.

The cobra, or cobra de capello, to give its full title, also known as the hooded or spectacle snake, is not only one of the most venomous of the serpent family, but one of the most numerous, and the world over has less than half a dozen rivals, the most prominent of which are the cleopatrine asp, or African cobra, the fer de lance of the Caribbean archipelago, the tic paloonga, or cobra mouil of Ceylon; the West Indian trigonocephalous and the tiger snake of Australia and Tasmania.

When at rest the neck of the cobra is not of greater diameter than the head, but when confronting an enemy or excited by passion and irritation it raises the front half (or a little more) of the body vertically from the ground, drawing the posterior portion into a coil, until it forms, as it were, a sort of spiral spring. By means of this, aided by an extraordinary muscular power and the elasticity of its frame, it is enabled to launch itself forward with lightning-like rapidity and even leap, if necessary, to some distance.

While thus erect it holds itself as rigidly as an iron bar, and the neck at once begins to swell to prodigious size, forming the peculiar protuberance that is known as the "hood" and exhibiting markedly two connecting spots of white, to which it owes its title of "spectacle snake." This "hooded" appearance is due to the loose and flexible character of the first nine pairs of ribs, which, by a peculiar action of the muscles, draw forward and spread out the ribs.

LAZY MEN OF CHAMPERY.

Why the Women of That Primitive District Wear Trousers.

The women of Champery, a primitive mountain district of the Canton of Valais, in Switzerland, have worn trousers from time immemorial.

It further appears that the men of this district are noted for their indolent habits and that, beyond acting as guides to mountain climbers in the summer months, they lead practically idle lives. It follows that the women perform all the hard labor required of a mountain people. It is the women who pasture the cattle on the steep and often dangerous Alpine slopes, cut the timber and mow the grass. It is no uncommon sight to observe a Champery woman at the conclusion of her daily toil returning to the village dragging her husband on the wooden sleigh that is in common use throughout Switzerland.

In view of the above it is not surprising that the women of Champery should have adopted the masculine attire. Their dress is of the simplest kind, a jerkin of rough, dark blue material, with trousers to match, and a red handkerchief to protect the head.

Inasmuch as the wives and mothers of Champery perform the greater part of the toil usually deemed the duty of the stronger sex, it is not astonishing to learn that they affect certain masculine habits, the chief of which is the pipe. The Champery woman puffs away with considerable enjoyment at a short brier as she proceeds with her labors.—Harper's.

Whims of Ibsen.

Like many another man great in his writings, Henrik Ibsen was not without his foibles. Scorning company as he professed to do and declaring always for solitude, he nevertheless delighted to be dined, and to invite him to a banquet in his own especial honor was to give the great man unalloyed pleasure. In his latter days, too, he developed a passion for decorations, of which he received a large number from his own and foreign monarchs, and on public occasions he would wear all his insignia as probably the most decorated author in the world. It was on public occasions that Ibsen would carry a small mirror and comb in the crown of his hat, and "coram populo" would proceed to arrange his bushy hair and whiskers.

Dyeing.

The practice of dyeing is so ancient that it would be folly to attempt to say where or when it originated. The place or period of its genesis no one can tell or even guess. As far back as history or tradition can take us we find the dyeing vat. Phoenicia was famous for its rich dyes, as was Egypt also. Modern chemistry does not seem to add much to the efficacy of the art. The colors of the most ancient times of which we have any knowledge were as "fast" as any that can be made today. In fact, it is held by some authorities that the men of four or five thousand years ago possessed secrets about dyeing that would be greatly appreciated by us if we could get hold of them.—New York American.

Ma Knew, if He Didn't.

"Are you going to marry Sister Ruth?" asked the small boy of the young man who had been invited to Sunday dinner.

"Well—er," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "I—er—I really don't know, you know."

"That's just what I thought," said the boy. "Well, ma says you are."—Ladies' Home Journal.

FIREFLIES IN JAPAN.

Large and Brilliant and Numerous and Not Afraid of Man.

In Japan fireflies are more than mere beetles. They are Cupid's light to guide lovers, souls of ancient soldiers, the devil's snare to tempt wanderers to death. In their light of magic gold with a tint of emerald green the Japanese see stars of hope, sorrows of broken hearts, the everlasting spirits of warriors, but, most of all, the joys of love and lovers.

Whenever they see the glimmering faint green light of fireflies hovering over the stream running into the darkness of night the Japanese dream of love and loving hearts. The light of fireflies is the guide of lovers going along the narrow paths to meet their sweethearts.

The Japanese fireflies are much larger and give brighter and more steady light than those seen in Europe or America. In old days many poor Japanese students, unable to buy candles, were wont to gather fireflies in a bag and read their books by their light. The Hotaru kago (firefly cage), made of fine laces, placed on the veranda gives almost as bright a light as the large stone lantern, but much more quaint and dreamy.

Fireflies are plentiful everywhere in Japan. They are not at all afraid of human beings and will often alight upon the dress and even on the hair or hands. It is not seldom that fireflies fly into one's pockets or sleeves.—Mock Joya in Strand.

ODDITIES IN CLUBS

Some Curious Associations That Were Born In London.

FREAKS IN NAMES AND AIMS.

The Abduction Club Was Formed For the Purpose of Carrying Off Heiresses by Force and the Surly Club to Promote the Use of Abusive Language.

One of the most extraordinary clubs London has ever known, says the Standard, was the Sighing club, the members of which were supposed to be wholly absorbed in thinking of their sweethearts. Each would hold in his hand a bit of ribbon, a lock of hair, a purse or some other article belonging to the object of his affections, and from time to time he would address this article in terms of endearment, no other speaking being allowed. On initiation the member had to compose and recite a poem in honor of his lady, and at the meetings a fine was imposed upon the member who did not sigh five times within a quarter of an hour.

Again, there was the Abduction club, organized in 1766 by some well connected Irish youths, who banded themselves together to abduct heiresses and good looking young women of gentle birth. As there was a large membership, many forced marriages took place in consequence of their exploits. The evil became eventually so serious that a special act of parliament was passed making abduction a capital offense.

The members assisted each other by providing relays of horses and carriages whenever necessary. The wealth of the two sisters Kennedy, daughters of Richard Kennedy of Rathmeaden manor, Waterford, caused the attention of the members to be drawn to them. Gerald Byrne, grandson of Sir Gregory Byrne, and James Strange Villard were drawn in the lottery, and the abduction took place on April 14, 1779.

The principals were arrested, tried and condemned and they were executed in the following May, notwithstanding the fact that ministers of the court of Vienna, grandees of Spain and French nobles implored their pardon. The club was introduced into England in 1770, but disbanded in 1802, when twenty-nine members remained.

The No Nose club was founded by a gentleman who was an unwilling follower of the Egyptian fashion of flat faces. When the members dined together and a young pig, the favorite dish, was the principal item on the menu the snout was always cut off.

The Club of Ugly Faces was also founded by a gentleman who boasted an enormously large nose. Another member had a chin of the size and shape of a shoe horn, another a huge mouth and a fourth very large, protruding eyes. No one was eligible for membership who had not some facial malformation, and all members on initiation had to make a speech in praise of Aesop, whose portrait hung over the mantelpiece of the clubroom.

The Surly club had its meeting place near Billingsgate fish market, and the membership was limited to cabmen, carmen and watermen, who used to meet once a week to exercise the art of abusive language in order that they might not lose the reputation they had gained. Any member found guilty of courtesy or politeness was promptly fined.

The Split Farthing club was limited in membership to men who agreed to stint themselves to the utmost in order to increase their possessions. One member is reported to have had his garments so darned that there was not enough of the original material left to show the texture. The members presented so starved an appearance that it was said there was not an ounce of fat among the lot.

The Everlasting club was limited in membership to a hundred, and the members divided the day among themselves in such a way that there were always some present upon the premises. The great fire of London put an end to this institution, as the premises were burned down, and the only member on the premises was nearly burned to death because he refused to leave until he had emptied all the bottles on the table. The fire for lighting the members' pipes was never allowed to go out, an old woman being kept solely for the purpose of attending to it. During the fifty years of its existence the members smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank 30,000 butts of ale, 1,000 pipes of port and 200 barrels of brandy in addition to other liquors.

The Man Killing club was limited in membership to men who had killed opponents in duels. The conversation at the gatherings was confined to bullets, wounds and slaughter. The president was said to have killed half a dozen men in single combat, and the seats at dinner were arranged according to the numbers the members had slain. At banquets a side table was provided for visitors who had only drawn blood. The club had not a lengthy existence, as nearly all the members were executed.

Suicides' clubs have been long in existence, and one existed recently in Kursk. The club had for its motto "Death is the cure for all ills;" but, as set forth in its book of rules, candidates for membership had first of all to show that they had a substantial reason for wishing to die. A would be candidate who presented himself with the weight of ten or more years of unhappy married life was received with open arms. Loss of fortune, incurable disease and a record of ill luck were also excellent qualifications for membership.

Hindu Moon Lore.

According to the Hindus, a lunar eclipse is the contact between the moon and another planet called Rahoo, but the masses believe that, owing to the will of God, Rahoo, or the serpent-like planet, catches hold of the moon by its hideous mouth and releases it after a short time. At first contact the Hindus bathe in the sea and anxiously await the release. After the contact they take another bath. During the interval they are not allowed even to drink a cup of water, as their belief is that all things in the world get polluted during the contact.

Fakirs.

Fakirs is the name given to a celebrated class of fanatics found in many parts of the east, but more particularly in India. Some of them will make a vow to continue all their lives in one posture and adhere to it strictly. Others never lie down, but remain in a standing position all their lives, upheld only by sticks or ropes under the armpits. They pretend to have subdued every passion of mortality.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 6, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vi, 45-56 Memory Verses, 49, 50—Golden Text Matt. xiv, 27—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This incident is recorded by Matthew Mark and John, the latter telling us that when the people saw His mighty works they were inclined to take Him by force and make Him a king, so He departed into a mountain Himself alone (John vi, 15). They saw a man of unusual power under whose rule no one need ever be hungry or sick or die, and some thought He might be the looked for Messiah, and they would therefore proclaim Him king. They did not know that He was really the God appointed King of the Jews and did not understand that the rulers had rejected Him and were only watching their opportunity to kill Him. He knew all things and could wait His time, saying, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." Here is another perplexing item to little faith. He sent the multitudes away in peace to rest, but sent these weary disciples out to a night of toil and into a storm, while He went up into a mountain apart to pray. Again let us say and hold it fast, "As for God His way is perfect." "Just and true are Thy ways, thou King of nations." (Ps. xviii, 30; Rev. xv, 3.) If we are His by His precious blood we must be willing to learn the necessary obedience for service in the kingdom by suffering, even as He did. (Heb. ii, 10; v, 8; Phil. i, 29.) Trials are essential as part of our training. (I Pet. iv, 12, 13.) Verse 48 says that the wind was contrary. In John vi, 18, it is said that it was a great wind, and in Matt. xiv, 24, that they were tossed with the waves.

Some one has said that, while the feeding of the 5,000 sets before us our great commission to give living bread to the hungry multitudes, the boat in the storm with Jesus away on the mountain top is wonderfully suggestive of another feature of this present age, the conflict of the church with the world, the flesh and the devil, while the Lord Jesus is at the right hand of the Father on behalf of His tried and toiling people. We are certainly in a great conflict, not with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places (Eph. vi, 12), and we need the whole armor of God to stand against the wiles of the devil. One great trouble is that we are too ignorant of his devices and are apt to be deceived by his religious activity and think it to be of God. Everything that does not honor Jesus as God and rest only on His great sacrifice for the forgiveness of sins, however religious it may seem, cannot be of God and must therefore be of the devil.

Consider, then, the hold that he has upon the vast majority of the people in the world; not only all in heathendom, with their many religions, but a great part of Christendom, including all the isms which deny the supernatural birth of Jesus, His deity, His spotless life, His death as our substitute, His literal resurrection from the dead, His present ministry at the right hand of the Father and His coming again to set up His kingdom of righteousness and peace on the earth. Truly the winds are contrary, and, though the storm is not yet as great as it will be, it is already quite severe. In our own land just now the highest among the people are devoted to Unitarianism and Roman Catholicism, and it is far from wise in the eyes of many to say a word against either.

It is a good time for such as Daniel and his friends, for such as will bow to none but the living and true God. It looks like the time when the adversary shall speak great words against the Most High and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and many shall be purified, made white and tried. (Dan. vii, 25; xii, 10.) It also looks to many as it did to the disciples in the boat, as if the Lord neither saw nor cared. How comforting, then, are the words, "He saw them toiling in rowing" (48). When it seemed dark as midnight to Israel because of the oppression of the Egyptians the Lord said to Moses, "I have seen, I have heard, I know, I am come down to deliver." (Ex. iii, 7, 8.) When Peter was in prison, after James had been beheaded, and unceasing prayer was made by the church unto God for him, it was not until the last night that the angel delivered him, but he was not too late and never is.

In the morning watch Jesus came walking on the sea, and when they received Him into the ship the wind ceased, and immediately they were at their destination (verse 51; John vi, 21). So it will be again. In that morning that is drawing near He will come, and instantly His people shall be with Him in the air, their toil and conflict forever ended. Let us all be patient till the morning. (II Sam. xxiii, 4; Ps. xlix, 14; cxxx, 6.) To their fears He said, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid" (verse 50). He is ever the same and is saying the same words to all our fears. May we have ears to hear. By His power Peter also walked on the water and might have walked farther if he had kept his eyes on Jesus and had not thought of wind or waves. The one thing always lacking on our part is faith. The admonition we constantly need is, "Have faith in God." "Be not afraid; only believe."

Took the Hint.

"This seems like a sweet dream," he rapturously remarked as he lingered with her at the door step.

"It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied, "for a dream soon vanishes, you know."

He vanished.

Her Luck.

"Too bad Mrs. Smartleigh always has such abominable weather for her afternoon teas."

"Yes; she never pours but it rains."—Judge.

Lucky.

Missus—I see you broke my china plate in two. The Cook—This is my lucky day. I generally have to gather the pieces in a dustpan.—Chicago News.

The Explanation.

"How was it the thieves got away with that roll of carpet?"

"I suppose they beat it."—Baltimore American.

FOUGHT WITH KNIVES.

Sensational Duel In Arkansas' First State Legislature.

During the session of the first legislature that convened after Arkansas became a state, the new capitol, then still in an uncompleted condition, received a baptism of blood when, in 1837, J. J. Anthony, representative from Randolph county, was slain in a knife duel by John Wilson, speaker of the house of representatives, during an open session of the house.

In the course of a debate on a trivial matter Anthony offered a resolution, which was construed as a thrust at Speaker Wilson. The speaker became enraged and ordered Anthony to take his seat. Anthony refused to do so. This enraged Wilson still more, and, leaving the chair, he advanced down the aisle toward Anthony, drawing a knife as he did so. Anthony stated he had acted in jest, but Wilson refused to be pacified.

Anthony then also drew a knife and stepped from behind his desk to await Wilson's onslaught. Grandison D. Royston, who sat near by, thrust a chair between the combatants, but the latter struck at each other over the obstacle. Suddenly Anthony's knife was struck from his hand, and he was left defenseless. Wilson raised the chair and plunged his knife into Anthony's body, Anthony expiring almost instantly.

Speaker Wilson was immediately expelled from the house and Grandison D. Royston was elected speaker in his place. Wilson was indicted, but when tried in Saline county on a change of venue he was acquitted on the ground of excusable homicide. The killing and the subsequent acquittal of Wilson caused a tremendous sensation throughout the state.—Farm and Ranch.

DEFIED THE KAISER.

A Pilot Who Knew His Business and Had Lots of Nerve.

In a fit of impatience because the speed of his yacht was slowed down on entering a certain harbor, the German emperor on one occasion tried to assert his authority and rang the bell for "Full speed ahead." To his great surprise, the pilot, an old Norwegian named Nordhuns, who knew the dangerous character of the channel, placed himself in the way and, leaning over the wheel, called down the tube to the engine room, "Half speed ahead—never mind the bell!"

"What! You dare to countermand my orders?" cried the impetuous monarch, again ringing the bell.

"Disregard the bell," calmly repeated Nordhuns through the tube.

For a moment the kaiser glared at the intrepid pilot, and then, drawing himself up to his full height, said majestically, "Go below, sir, and report yourself under arrest."

"Leave the bridge!" thundered the Norwegian grimly, as he grasped the wheel more firmly. "This ship is in my charge, and I'll have no interference with my orders from emperor or seaman!"

The officers on deck hurried silently aft, wishing luck to the sturdy old sea dog, who, knowing that he had the law as well as common sense on his side, stood at his post unshaken by threats, unheeding commands, and steered the Hohenzollern safely into port.

The next day the emperor came to his senses and decorated the pilot—the king at the wheel—with one grade of the Order of the Black Eagle and also appointed him his life pilot in Norwegian waters.—Pearson's Weekly.

Oily Petrels.

Various sea birds, especially the petrels, contain a large amount of oil in their tissues, and for this reason are greatly valued by the inhabitants of the Scottish coasts, who obtain from them "oil for their lamps, down for their beds, a delicacy for their table, a balm for their wounds and a medicine for their distemper." On the island of St. Kilda as many as 20,000 birds are killed in the one week of the year when this killing is legal. So rich in oil are some of these birds that their bodies can be used as lamps if wicks are passed through them.—London Live Stock Journal.

Early Welfare Work.

The "sick fund" among factory employees was known as far back as the first quarter of the nineteenth century, a manufacturing company at Dover having established it for the benefit of employees. A hospital for factory operatives was established in Lowell in 1839. The charges were $4 a week for the men and $3 for the women. If they were not able to pay, the employing corporation became responsible.—New York Evening Post.

Misunderstood.

French Chauffeur (to deaf farmer on a Maine road)—Can you tell me, sare, vere I get some of ze gazzoline? Farmer (with his hand to his ear)—Hey? French Chauffeur—Non, non, non! Not ze hay—ze gazzoline. Zizz eez a motor-car, not a horse.—Exchange.

Discovered.

Wife—What would you do, George, if you were left a widower? Hub—Oh, I suppose the same as you would if you were left a widow. Wife—You horrid wretch! And you told me you could never care for anybody else.—Boston Transcript.

The Dear Girl.

"Wife, why don't you make some flannel cakes?"

"I will if you wish it," said the bride. "Shall I use red or white flannel?"—Kansas City Journal.

Hard Luck.

"Well, how about it?"

"Her father and mother both object to me."

"Hard luck."

"Hard luck for fair. It's the first thing they have agreed on in years."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cornering Her Dad.

Her Father—I judge a man, sir, by the company he keeps. The Suitor—Then I'm all right, for I've been keeping company with your daughter for over two years.—Boston Transcript.

Boldness is ever blind, therefore it is ill in counsel, but good in execution.—Bacon.

Contrary.

"When does your husband find time to do all his reading?"

"Usually when I want to tell him something important."—Detroit Free Press.

The man who makes a character makes foes.—Edward Young.

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A BOX OF SARDINES.

How to Test It and How to Tell the Kind of Fish It Holds.

Francis Marre gives the following instructions for purchasing a can of sardines:

The two sides of the can should be flat or concave. If they bulge out there is a likelihood that the can contains gases resulting from decomposition.

No can should be bought that has been resoldered.

The lettering on the can should be clear and distinct.

If there is a choice between soldered cans and cans sealed by crimping, the latter should always be preferred.

If the cans are soldered select those that have bright solder, which is less likely to contain lead and less likely to be bad.

After the box of sardines is taken home the can should be opened under water. If any bubbles of gas escape the stuff should be destroyed. The kind of oil used in preparing the sardines is of no great importance. The fish used are not, however, always true "sardines."

In the true sardine the dorsal fin is forward of the ventral fins and there is no wrinkled crest on the ventral line. The skin is smooth and bluish on the back. In the herring the dorsal is only slightly in front of the ventral fin and there is a wrinkled ridge behind the latter. The skin is brownish on the back, with a delicate network.

In the sprat the dorsal fin is in a line with the ventrals, and the crest behind as well as in front of the ventral fins can be easily felt by passing the thumb backward from the base of the head. The flesh of the sprat is rather hard.

In the anchovy the ventral crest is absent, as in the sardines, but the dorsal fins are behind the ventrals. The "chinchard," a small variety of mackerel, may be distinguished by its grayish color and the presence of two fins on the back extending nearly the whole length of the body. The forward fin has a spiny point.—Harper's Weekly.

ODD COURTS MARTIAL.

Solemn Farces That Have Been Enacted In the British Navy.

It is a rule in the British navy that when a ship is cast away or otherwise lost a court martial must sit in order to apportion the blame. Sometimes these courts really try and condemn those that are held to be responsible. At other times their duties are, from the very nature of the catastrophe, more or less nominal.

Thus, when the Serpent was lost off the Spanish coast, a court martial assembled and solemnly "tried" three ordinary bluejackets, the sole survivors, although they of course had no more to do with the error in navigation which led up to the catastrophe than the man in the moon.

A similar solemn farce was enacted after the loss of the Captain in the bay of Biscay, when 483 officers and men lost their lives. In this case a gunner named James May, one of the eighteen who escaped from the wreck, was the nominal "culprit." The verdict was that the loss of the ship was due to instability and faulty construction. This really amounted to a vote of censure on Cowper Coles, the designer, but as he went down with the ungainly monster he had created he was beyond the reach of either blame or praise.

On another occasion a small "middy" of thirteen years of age was put upon trial, and once, it is said, a court martial assembled on a cat, which chanced to be the sole living thing found aboard a derelict frigate.

Murger's Last Words.

In the diary of Baron d'Ambes, published as "The Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.," is this entry for January, 1861:

"I was with Aime Millet (the sculptor), who was the last that spoke to him (Murger, the writer). And what do you think he said to Millet? 'Mind you * * * there are only three things in life—friendship, love and'— He could not finish, he was choking * * * The man fell silent awhile, then went on again, fascinated, 'Friendship—love—I wish I knew what the third thing was.'"

One Universal Symbol.

"Scientists at work on a universal language have one symbol to start with that already has the same meaning the world over," a traveler said "That is the skull and crossbones. Its speech is even more universal than music or money. Musical values differ in different countries, as does money, but from one end of the earth to the other a skull and crossbones means poison."—New York Times.

Real Merit.

Real merit of any kind cannot be long concealed. It will be discovered and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought but it will always be known.—Chesterfield

Why?

Small Brother—Mr. Sammy, are you a baseball player? Sister's Beau—No Sammy. Small Brother—Then why did sis tell me you weren't so much of a catch?—Washington Times.

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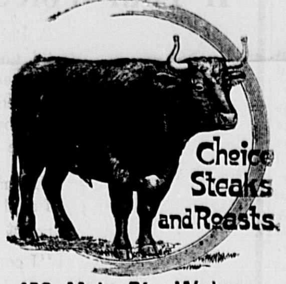

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
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Their Contributions

A Lesson In Giving

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Of course the people of Smithville had heard of the celebrated "cowboy preacher," so called because of his regeneration from one of the wildest desperadoes of the west to become a missionary among the cattlemen of the great plains. The name of the Rev. Jackson Kidder often appeared in the missionary monthly to which everybody in Smithville subscribed, and there had been much discussion concerning the success that had followed his simple, unaffected appeals to the souls of the men he sought to save.

The Ladies' Missionary society had taken undoubted pleasure in packing a barrel to send to the newly ordained minister when the missionary monthly dutifully announced that interesting event.

Mrs. Deacon Baxter generously contributed her son Willie's Christmas muffler and his five bladed knife, and the packing of the barrel in Mrs. Baxter's kitchen was accompanied by the subdued roars of little Willie, who lifted his voice from the murky depths of the kitchen loft in vain expostulation.

"Trash barrel!" sniffed Mrs. Weeks contemptuously after a scornful examination of the barrel. "You can't fool the Lord, sisters!" And as evidence of her conviction on this point Mrs. Weeks contributed a huge roll of Shaker flannel and a bolt of chocolate colored calico. "There's one thing about it—that cowboy preacher can hold a rummage sale after he gets this barrel and maybe get money enough to buy what he wants."

The barrel went on its way, and in due time there came back a letter from Jackson Kidder effusively thanking the good ladies of Smithville for their generous donation and asking that he might have the pleasure of addressing them in the near future, as parish business would bring him to Ohio within a fortnight.

THEY CAME FORWARD, PROTESTING MILDLY

It is needless to say that the Missionary society was delighted at the prospect of beholding this famous preacher, and there were much excitement and speculation before his arrival.

When the cowboy preacher mounted the platform and faced the 500 upturned faces he met with an appreciative round of applause, which he acknowledged with a smile and many bows.

"Dearly beloved friends, brothers and sisters, I may call you," he began impressively in a clear ringing voice that had a compelling quality in its deeper tones, "when I look upon your kindly faces and remember the letters of encouragement which I have received from the members of your Missionary society—when I recall the contents of that barrel so thoughtfully provided for my needy family by your tender hearted mothers and daughters—when I remember the delight of my little family as they unearthed the various contributions to our pleasure and comfort, I am filled with emotion and gratitude!

"Need I express the joy of my little Adolphus when I gave him the new jackknife so generously contributed by some small member of your church? Shall I"—

A subdued sniffle arose from the chairs where Johnny Baxter sat with his mother, but the sound was instantly suppressed by Mrs. Baxter's strong right hand.

"My little man, what is the matter?" asked Mr. Kidder pleasantly.

"Wah-h-h-h, ugh, umph!" was Johnny's half smothered reply.

There was a subdued rustle and many heads turned toward the Baxter seats.

"What is the matter?" repeated Mr. Kidder suavely.

Willie twitched himself away from his mother's restraining hold and gave vent to his injured feelings.

"I—I—wa-want my knife!" he bellowed.

[illegible] smile played around Mr. Kidder's lips as a murmur of horror passed like a wave over the room. He thrust a hand deep in his trousers pocket and drew therefrom Willie Baxter's knife; with several long strides he had left the platform and was placing the knife in Willie's shamelessly eager hand.

While the congregation looked scornfully upon the avaricious Willie Baxter and his embarrassed mother, the preacher went back to the platform and continued his address:

For twenty minutes by the clock above the door the cowboy preacher held his listeners spellbound by the magic of his silver tongued eloquence. His views on the subject of missions were convincingly strong in favor of the heathen at home in Smithville rather than those indefinite but more picturesque idolaters in some foreign, spice laden land.

"And now," he ended vigorously, "show your desire to help along the great cause, whether at home or abroad. Demonstrate your willingness to live up to your protestations of gratitude to the one who has prospered you. Come and lay your chiefest treasures in this alms basin. Come!"

There was an uneasy rustling among the congregation, and somebody moved toward the door.

"Stop!" cried the preacher. And he emphasized the command by producing two blue muzzled revolvers. "Deacon Pringle, kindly lock the door and lay the key on the table. Thank you! My hearers, this is merely one of my peculiar methods of exhortation. Now I am ready to receive your offerings. Who will be the first one to come forward?"

Somebody creaked up the aisle and gravely deposited a silver coin in the alms basin that was placed on the table beside the key. Another followed and still another, but the amounts were small and evidently displeasing to the preacher.

"Now, all the persons in the front seats come forward and lay their offerings in this basket. No matter how humble it is, it will be appreciated. I demand that you, as Christians, divest yourselves of gold and silver jewelry and of precious stones and place them here for the use of the poor!"

"Come, Brother Pringle; you may lead the way with your gold watch. A silver timepiece will answer your purposes, and maybe some poor sinner may be clothed and fed and warmed with the proceeds. Sister Beesley, your garnet brooch will not come amiss, and the brother who wears the large seal ring must offer that as evidence of his good faith. Those of you who can may redeem whatever you please with good money tomorrow morning before the church service, but I require that every man and woman in this room contribute something."

And they did. They came forward, protesting mildly in the face of those blue muzzled revolvers that seemed to follow each individual doggedly around until a contribution of some sort had been made. There were indignation, rage and despair among the good people of Smithville as they sullenly divested themselves of jewels in lieu of money.

Deacon Pringle compromised on a fifty dollar note instead of his gold watch, and those who knew the deacon's avarice smiled even as they were called upon to deliver up their portion.

When the meeting was declared closed and the revolvers were dropped back in Mr. Kidder's capacious pockets Deacon Pringle unlocked the door. There was a wild rush for departure, and not one friendly hand was out stretched to the cowboy preacher, nor did one person express any pleasure or profit derived from his eloquent discourse. Even the Pringles departed abruptly, and Mr. Storer, who had uttered frightened ejaculations during the sensational discourse of the visiting preacher, stood mutely waiting for his brother cleric.

Smiling bitterly, the Rev. Jackson Kidder lifted the brimming alms basin and placed it in the hands of the pastor.

"Brother," he said quietly, "tomorrow morning return these ornaments to the owners. God wants nothing given unwillingly or under compulsion. Tell them to talk less about loving and giving. Impress upon them the necessity for actually doing these things generously, unostentatiously. I regret that I cannot keep my engagement to preach to your people tomorrow. I am sure that they will not be disappointed."

With a quick shake of the bewildered pastor's limp hand and a murmured blessing on him and his indignant flock, the cowboy preacher passed swiftly from the church and strode toward the railroad station.

His going was unattended by any curiosity or interest. Few saw him leave and none cared. Once he paused and chuckled softly to himself: "If it hadn't been for Willie Baxter's indignant letter which he slipped into the barrel I should never have come down here. 'You bring back my knife!' he commanded. Well, Willie was honest about it anyway," he ended, with a sigh.

Before he reached the station pattering footsteps came behind him, and he turned to see Willie Baxter, panting and breathless.

"Say, mister," gasped Billy repentantly, "I'm sorry about that knife. I sneaked out of bed and I saw you coming up the street, so I followed you. I want you to give this knife to your little 'Dolphus with my regards," he ended shamefacedly, for the cowboy preacher had taken Willie in his arms and kissed him tenderly.

"I will," he said solemnly. And as the train bore him away he smiled thoughtfully. "Who shall say it has been in vain?" he murmured.

Woman's Part.

"What part of speech is 'woman,' pa?"

"Woman isn't a part of speech, my son. She's the whole speech."

Show us the man who never makes a mistake, and we will show you a man who never makes anything.—Wayland.

In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just and in old age prudent.—Socrates.

TALES OF GHOSTS

Lord Brougham's Curious Experience With a "Spook."

A COMPACT AND ITS SEQUEL.

The Creepy Story as It Was Told In the English Statesman's Autobiography—Goethe Once Saw a Specter of Himself—A "Ghost" Cuvier Saw.

There was a certain Pisander whose name has been preserved in one of the proverbial sayings of the Greeks because he lived in continual fear of seeing his own ghost. Just that thing happened to the German poet Goethe. One day, when he was out riding in a spot somewhat removed from the usual haunts of men, he saw a horseman approaching him, and as it drew near he saw that the rider was no less a person than himself—his other self—though dressed differently. Twenty years after he found himself quite without forethought of the matter in the same place on horseback and dressed just as was the apparition of himself which he had met there two decades before.

Lord Brougham (pronounced Broom), the English statesman, orator and author, after whom the well known species of vehicles was named, had a remarkable experience with a "spook." He tells the story in his autobiography published in 1871.

"A most remarkable thing happened to me," he says, "so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the high school (in Edinburgh) I went with G., my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. We frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon man's grave subjects, among others on the immortality of the soul and a future state. This question and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation, and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died first should appear to the other and thus solve any doubt we had entertained of the 'life after death.'

"After we had finished classes at college G. went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote me, and after a lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him. Moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and while in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat after the late freezing I had undergone I turned my head round toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G. calmly looking at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G. had disappeared." It was afterward ascertained that G. had died in India on the very day his apparition was seen by Lord Brougham.

Very similar is an incident related by Sir Walter Scott under date of 1818. A certain Mr. Bullock had been employed by Sir Walter to make improvements at Abbotsford. Mr. Bullock was called to London, and during his absence the incident narrated in the following letter took place. Scott, writing to a Mr. Terry, says:

"The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise like the drawing of new boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen and thought no more of it. This was about 2 in the morning. Last night at the same witching hour the same noise ocurred. Mrs. S., as you know, is rather timersome, so I got up with Beardy's broadsword under my arm—

"Sat bolt upright
And ready to fight.

"But nothing was out of order. Neither could I discover what occasioned the disturbance." The strange thing about this is that Bullock died in London on the very day and as near as could be ascertained at the very hour that Sir Walter heard the "spooks" at Abbotsford. In writing later to the same correspondent he said: "Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbance at Abbotsford with the melancholy event that followed? I protest to you that the noise resembled half a dozen men hard at work pulling up boards and furniture, and nothing could be more certain than that nobody was on the premises at the time."

These are instances of what may be termed successful ghosts. The ghosts that have failed are perhaps entitled to a brief notice. A "ghost" once undertook to frighten the great naturalist, Cuvier. This ghost appeared with an ox's head. Cuvier awoke and found the fearful thing glaring and grinning at his bedside.

"What do you want?"

"To devour you," growled the ghost.

"Devour me," quoth the great Frenchman, "hoofs, horns, graminivorous? You can't do it. Clear out!"

And clear out the discomfited ghost did.—Kansas City Star.

No man is so tall that he need never stretch and none so small that he need never stoop.—From the Danish.

It is well for one to know more than he says.—Plautus.

Feminine Deception.

"I'm goin' to swear off on pinchin women's purses," said Gimlet Pete disgustedly.

"What's the matter?" asked Corkscrew Hank.

"Aw, I follow a nice, plump pocketbook for a mile. It was bulgin' out. An when I cops it what do I get? A handkerchief, a pair of old stockings an a secondhand wad of chewing gum."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHY NOT MAKE OUR OWN SUGAR?

Would Save $100,000,000 Yearly, Says Secretary Wilson.

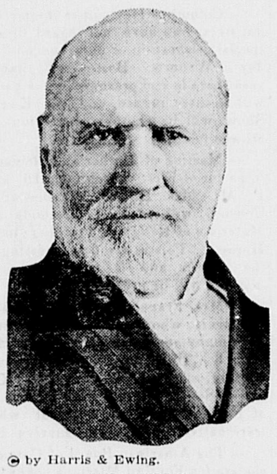
SUGAR BEETS THE REMEDY.

We Could Raise Enough of Them In One State, Declares the Secretary of Agriculture, to Supply the Needs of the Whole Nation.

By JAMES WILSON,
Secretary of Agriculture.

One would think that we had enough sunshine and wind and rain in this country for all our needs, but at present we are paying out to foreign nations the good round sum of $100,000,000 each year for these things. This amount slips away from us for our annual importations of sugar, which comes simply from the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere There is no reason why we should not save this amount for our own people, our farmers and laborers, and so on. We could grow enough sugar beets in a single state to supply the needs of the entire nation. I hope some day we shall grow all the sugar we need right here at home. But at present we are paying this enormous sum each year to the can producer in the tropics, employing the cheapest labor under a foreign flag.

When I first entered the cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture under President McKinley in 1897 I had been connected with the Iowa State Agricultural college for six years, and out there we had made experiments which taught us the great value of the sugar beet not only for its sugar, but as an aid to the other crops and in its byproducts a food for the stock.



© by Harris & Ewing.
JAMES WILSON.

We made experiments with all sorts of root crops—potatoes, sugar beets, turnips, and so on—to ascertain which would be the most profitable for the Iowa farmers and dairymen. We had a large herd of dairy cows, and we tested these different vegetables on the cows to learn their effect in the production of milk and butter. We found that we could not get good results from turnips, potatoes and cabbages because of a deleterious acid that affected the butter, but from sugar beets we got a fine quality of butter. The importance of this is in the fact that the farmer needs to use a root crop in his rotation to clear the ground. The cultivation required by such a crop improves the yield of all succeeding crops.

Europe had learned the value of the beet, and the northern continental nations were making their own sugar from it and by using it in rotation with other crops had been obtaining surprisingly big yields per acre. But here we had been backward in realizing its importance. The year I came into the cabinet the United States had produced only 20,000 tons of beet sugar.

I managed to get public spirited persons to contribute beet seed to begin investigations, and we found that the two northern tiers of states had the most favorable conditions for beet culture. We made elaborate inquiries, sent seed in all directions and had the beets sent back to us for testings.

At the same time we started encouraging beet growing in the north we began to stimulate the growing of rice in the south. And I anticipated that by this time our farmers would be growing enough of each of these products for our needs. But, while they grow today substantially as much rice as is consumed in the United States, the beet crop furnishes only a small proportion of our sugar. It is more difficult to educate our farmers to beet raising. It is a more complicated form of activity.

Last year our sugar beet crop netted 595,455 tons of sugar, worth $65,505,000. Of this the farmers received about $26,350,000 for the beets, a fraction over 40 per cent. The beet tops brought $3 an acre, amounting to $1,358,478; the pulp (left after the sugar is extracted from the beets) was worth $3,633,108 and the molasses, a byproduct of the sugar, $1,211,036. So the total value of the crop was over $70,000,000.

There is no more profitable crop than the sugar beet.

Bells and the Koran.

It is said in the Koran that beautiful bells are hung upon the trees of paradise in such a way as to be stirred by wind from the golden throne of God whenever the blessed ones in his presence wish for music. It is to this that the author of "Lalla Rookh" refers in the lines:

Bells as musical
As those that on the golden shafted trees
Of Eden, shook by the eternal breeze.

SHAVED BY FORCE

Peter the Great's Merry War on Beards In Russia.

RAZORS FOLLOWED THE TAX.

When Heavy Fines Failed to Produce the Desired Result the Czar Had Barbers Seize His Subjects In the Streets and Mow Their Whiskers.

Peter the Great on his return to Moscow in 1699, after traveling through Germany, Holland and England, determined to make his Russian subjects look like Europeans, for at that time, in both appearance and manners, they resembled the Asiatics. They were dressed in long robes reaching down to their ankles, gathered in folds at the waist and girded by a belt or sash, the wealthier classes wearing garments of rich materials, lined with costly furs, and on their heads they wore a high cap with a fur border.

They took a great pride in their long beards, which were combed out over their breasts, and they reckoned them not only an ornament to the face, but a distinction from the surrounding nations, who were all clean shaved.

Peter began his reforms by ordering all the boyars, or nobles, to appear at court in English dresses on pain of his displeasure, and patterns of English coats were hung up at the gates of the city, and all persons passing through the gates in their long habits had to pay a tax or else have their skirts cut round by the knees.

The poor peasants alone were exempted from this rule. On the wearing of long beards a tax was imposed, but this measure only increased the czar's revenue, for the people willingly paid the money that they might retain their cherished beards.

Even those who adopted the English dress refused to submit to an act that they thought not only irreligious, but foolish, "for why," said they, "deprive the chin of its natural covering in a climate where the protection of fur collars was necessary during six months in the year?"

So, finding taxes and fines useless, the czar resolved to convert his subjects to the new fashions by force.

At the gates of the city barbers were stationed, and all, except the peasants, who were allowed to retain their beards, were obliged to submit to a rapid shaving, in spite of entreaties and the offer of large bribes.

And venerable gray beards might be seen scampering through the streets, pursued by the barbers, whom they fled from as they would from hangmen, and when caught the poor runaways frequently lost skin as well as hair in this rough way of shaving. The barbers were most likely Germans or English and probably enjoyed the panic they caused among the Russians.

Shaving had at one time been denounced by the clergy, and a beard at that time was looked upon as a sign of orthodoxy, so that native barbers would have got but little custom. Those Russians who persisted in wearing their long caftans were obliged to kneel down, and their garments were cut off at the knees. Peter sometimes invited the nobles to his table and had them shaved in his presence, a process that some of them resisted, their faces suffering in consequence.

One day when the czar was out walking he met an old man coming from the barber's. Peter spoke kindly to him, telling him that now he had lost his beard he looked like a young man. Upon this the old man put his hand into his bosom and, drawing forth the beard that had been cut off and showing it to the czar, told him that he should preserve it and have it placed in his coffin, that in the next world he might show it to St. Nicholas to prove that he was a true Russian.

Peter did not confine his reforms to the men's habits. He also changed the dress of the Russian ladies; but, though the new costume may have been more convenient, it was certainly not so quaint or picturesque as the old one. The ladies of Russia lived in oriental seclusion, seldom appearing in public and having a separate part of the house appropriated to them, but the czar ordered that at all festivities or public entertainments women should be invited as well as men, but that they must all appear in English dresses.

Whether all of Peter's changes in costume were for the better may be doubted, for before his time stays were unknown in Russia, and when he first visited the German court and was dancing with the ladies he mistook their whale bone corsets for their bodies and complained that the German ladies had such hard bones!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lack of Tact.

"Why did you jilt Percy?"

"He is lacking in tact."

"Why, I thought he always said nice things?"

"He does, but not always the right things. He was protesting his love yesterday when we passed an old woman. I saw my cue and said:

"'Will you love me when I get old and look like that woman?'

"'Of course I will, darling!' he cried.

"So I dismissed him. The idea of his consenting to think that I could ever get to look like that horrid old thing!"

Women are so particular.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That which is seen at a distance is most respected.—Tacitus.

Look Beyond the Frames.

We should laugh if a man said he went to an art gallery to see the picture frames. Yet that is how many go through life and it is little wonder that they are soon tired.

Time appears long only to those who don't know how to use it.

There are no elevators running up and down the ladder of fame.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 11, 1912

OPPORTUNITY.

Next Monday the Evening school opens. This is one of Opportunity's ways of beckoning to the ambitious. How many will respond, and of this number how many will persevere with the determination to make this school a stepping stone to success?

Every employer of labor in this city ought to urge his employees to attend this school, and encourage them to apply themselves regularly. Education will produce a higher citizenship, not merely among the foreign-born but among our native population. In fact, this special urging might well be applied to the latter rather than to the former. Those coming from lands where free education is unknown or restricted, are much more appreciative of the opportunity afforded them than those brought up where educational advantages are to be had for the asking.

It is pitiable to see young fellows, natives of the soil, lounging in street corners or pitching "craps" in school yards when they might employ their spare time in productive development. By and by they will wonder how it is these "foreigners" have outstripped them and are building brick blocks and conducting business enterprises while they are condemned to the treadmill of day wages and no future.

The answer is plain enough, but the probabilities are they will whine that they "never had a chance."

Chances! why, they confront at every turn one who really desires to find them. He can't help bumping into them and stumbling over them. Any man can get the equivalent of a college education for the asking.

Why, then, are such opportunities ignored by so many young men to whom they would mean so much? Is it pride? Partly. The real reason is probably the lazy lure of the street, the club rooms, the moving picture shows, and the dances. It takes some gumption to pass these by and apply one's brain at the end of a day's work, but the young fellow who has the courage to say "I will," at once finds that the hardest part of the task is accomplished.

Another reason probably is to be found in the prevalent idea that only the elementary branches are taught. The School Committee will meet any reasonable demand, however. If a dozen young fellows will come forward and ask for special courses, whether it be in the classics, in chemestry, physics, mechanical drawing, or what not, there is no reason to doubt that this instruction will be most gladly provided.

There is practically no limit to the scope of the instruction, provided there is a genuine demand for it. During the next few days therefore, everyone should "talk up" this subject, urge these young fellows to attend the Evening School, and, far from quitting after the first few nights, encourage them to persist and persevere so that as the term comes to a close there may be a demand for an extension of the school period. They say that Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. For some of these young fellows, this may be Opportunity's signal.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. Stone—Horses For Sale.
E W Hobbs—Probate Notice
N E Tel & Tel Co—If Your Voice, &c
Edison Elec. Illum. Co.—Electric Show.

— There will be a general closing of the stores in this city all day Saturday, Columbus Day.

— Mr. John Connolly, who has been quite ill is improving and on the road to recovery.

— The leopard moth has appeared in Brookline and is destroying many trees, mainly shade trees.

— Mrs. Jane B Ellard, widow of John Ellard, formerly of Cummingsville, died in Medford, Sunday, Oct. 6.

— Miss Blanche Tripp entertained the Camp Fire Girls of America last week at her home on Montvale avenue.

— Mrs. George Nichols of North Weare, New Hampshire is visiting friends and relatives in Woburn for a short time.

— Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Strout have returned from their summer home by the seashore to their winter residence, Montvale avenue.

— Mr. Andrew Donahue of the Boston Branch has returned from his vacation having spent much of the time at Walpole, Mass.

— Kenneth Parker won the silver trophy and the tennis championship of Woburn for 1912 at the Elmwood courts last Saturday.

— Co. G, Fifth Regiment of Woburn will parade with the Elks' procession on the opening night of the Elks' Flower-land Carnival.

— Last Sunday evening Dr. Norton gave an interesting address on "America in Japan" illustrated with a fine collection of stereopticon views.

— Mrs. George M. Hersey of the Melrose Arts and Crafts society gave a talk before the Minnimo Camp Fire Girls of America at the home of the guardian, 580 Main street last week.

— Hon. William E Blodgett has been elected a trustee of the Newton Theological Baptist seminary, one of the oldest institutions in the country.

— Miss Jane Addams has cancelled her engagement to speak in Symphony Hall next Sunday but may be able to speak in Boston later in the campaign.

— Miss Mary Haggerty bookkeeper at The Woburn Daily *Times* met with a painful accident at her home, which will take her some time to recover from.

— Miss Maude H. Littlefield, whose card appears in the JOURNAL has opened her fall term of Violin and Piano instruction with a large class at 79 Prospect street.

— Monday, Oct. 7 was the hottest October day, but one, in a period of 40 years in Boston, thermometers showing 86 degrees and there was one prostration from the heat.

— The Hospital Aid Association are planning to have a Donation Day at the Nurses' Home on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 23 in aid of the Choate Memorial Hospital.

— Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Brown left Woburn last Wednesday for Springfield, Mass. at which place they will make their future home and be near their son Mr. Herrick Brown of that city.

— The Boston East Baptist Association held their convention in the First Baptist church in this city Wednesday. There was a large number present from the churches in the district. There was an interesting program.

— The alarm from Box 55 at 4 o'clock last Sunday morning was for a fire on the roof of the Murdock leather factory on Conn street. Its timely discovery prevented what might have been a very serious fire.

— If people would see the most gorgeous coloring of the trees ever known in years let them take a few trolley rides through the country at the present time. The early frosts of September brought out the brilliant coloring now at its heighth.

— Albert J. Paine fell from a wagon on which he was riding last Monday morning and was picked up in an unconscious condition. Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield was called and found him suffering from a slight concussion of the brain and after treatment he was taken home.

— Columbus Day comes tomorrow, but so far we have not heard of any special celebration or observance of the day in Woburn. Boston will have a great parade and presumably the people will be there to see, and the Electric Show will be another attraction for crowds to enjoy.

— Meeting of Mother's Association in parlor of First church Oct. 16 at 3 P. M. Mrs. B. S. Winchester of Concord, will speak on "Methods and Materials of Religious Training in the Home." This is the first meeting of the season and it is hoped many mothers will be present.

— Mrs. Francis Cutting of Oakland, California, who was a resident of Woburn many years ago died at her home Oct. 3. Her husband, Mr. Francis Cutting, and two sons, Frank L. Kendall of San Diego and Fred P. Kendall of Portland, Oregon, both of whom were natives of Woburn, survive her.

— The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions opened its 103d annual meeting in Portland, Me Tuesday. Hon. Samuel R. Capen, the president, presided, and among the appointments for foreign committees, we note the name of Dr. Stephen A. Norton of Woburn on the Business Committee.

— Through the courtesy of Mr. William F. Kenney, day editor on the Boston *Globe* and one of the trustees of the Boston Public Library, Principal Low of the High School has made arrangements for the class in Library Science to visit that institution where a special guide will show them through all its departments.

— Last Friday evening Mr. William McDonald of Bennett street met with a painful accident in Boston on his way to the Electric Show. An automobile which it is said was being run at a speed of 30 miles an hour struck him fracturing his left shoulder and breaking two ribs. He was taken to the City Hospital and cared for.

— Woburn has formed a Progressive Club and prepared for work, electing as officers the following persons: F. B Perry, President; C. Walter Gilbert, Secretary; Benjamin L. Trull Treasurer; Z. E. Sargent, L. A. Perry, Dr. A. P. Walker, Congressional District Committee, and Sherman Swift and A. G. Brown, Senatorial District Committee.

— The Thirty-Ninth Convention of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U. opened in the Methodist church, Tremont street, Boston, Monday with about fous hundred registered delegates who report satisfactory work in all departments. The convention was held for three days and no doubt the Woburn W. C. T. U. was well represented and will give interesting reports at their next meeting.

— William E. Flagg, for many years a market gardener in Woburn, died last Friday night at his home, 208 Cambridge street. He was born in the Flagg homestead on Burlington street, in Woburn, on Sept. 2, 1823. He retired from farming fifteen years ago, he is survived by his wife and two sons Charles H. Flagg of Woburn and Walter C. Flagg of Boston. Funeral was held on Tuesday, Oct. 8, and burial at Woodbrook cemetery.

— Evening School will be opened in the Hanson school building Monday, Oct. 14 and will be held three evenings each week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. The teachers appointed are: Principal and teacher of civil service class, Royal R. Giles; stenography and typewriting, Mary R Walsh and Mary A Murphy; elementary branches, M Ada Munroe; mechanical drawing, Robert K Portal; Greek English, Theodore G. Govostes and Ellen L. Wa.'s.

Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25c. at All Druggists.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Jessie Busley, one of the cleverest and best known comediennes on the legitimate stage, will make her vaudeville debut at B. F. Keith's next week in a department store comedy entitled, "Miss 318." Miss Busley has the role of "Lizzette Mooney," a girl behind the bargain counter in a big department store, and the scene of the sketch is laid in the big store on a bargain day. All the various characters encountered in one of these establishments are introduced, and the laughter is incessant from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Miss Busley will be surrounded by a splendid bill, many of the acts being new to Boston. Bert Levy, the celebrated cartoonist of the New York "Morning Telegraph" returns after a long absence, and among the newcomers are Andy Kelly, the lad from the Emerald Isle, with a wealth of new and funny stories; MaDevitt, Kelley and Lucy in an eccentric comedy skit entitled "The Piano Movers;" Coombs and Aldwell, two new singing comedians; the Tom Davis Trio in "Motoring in Midair;" the Five Musical Lassies in a spectacular scenic novelty, introducing many catchy musical specialties; Boyle and Brazil, two dandy dancers; and Montambo and Wells, in acrobatic funnisities Coming soon: Lily Langtry, (Lady de Bathe,) in her new suffragette comedy, "For the Cause."

THE HOLLIS STREET.

Harris & Selwyn will present for a limited engagement, at the Hollis Street Theatre for 2 weeks, starting October 14 "Coming Home to Roost," a new play of American life by Edgar Selwyn, author of "The Country Boy." The play is built along comedy lines, and deals with Martin Boldt a multi-millionaire, who has, with all his fortune and success, found one thing lacking to make his life a contented one. His wife, who in the beginning of their married life had been a help-mate in all that the word implies, has, by reason of her husband's rapid progress, been left to her own resources, and denied the active participation in his affairs to which had become accustomed. In consequence, she becomes inactive, thereby developing neuresthania. The husband seeks out the best specialists in hope of finding a cure for her, but without avail. Finally in desperation, he asks the council of a physician, an old family friend from their home town up in the country. The physician, in the course of conversation with Mrs Boldt, immedietely discovers the cause of her illness as too much wealth. "If you love your wife" he says to Boldt, you will find the only way to cure her is by giving her a great shock. Work and worry is what she needs. She has been leading an inactive life. She must have something to do, and what she has to do must have some connection with your affairs. You must lose your fortune and begin all over again."

Last Days of The Durbar.

POPULAR KINEMACOLOR PRESENTATION SOON ENDS LONG RUN.

So great has been the popular demand for more of "The Durbar in Kinemacolor" which has packed Tremont Temple, Boston, all summer, that the management has decided to run this wonderful series of natural color motion pictures of the crowning of King George and Queen Mary as Emperor and Empress of India until Saturday night (October 19th) when they will be followed by a series of travel presentations in the same wonderful process.

Lawrence Grant, the well known traveler and brilliant speaker, will give the first of his productions, "Yellowstone National Park," on Monday evening, October 21st. His view of things always is of decided interest to the audience; being an Englishman he is disposed to appreciate this Western Wonderland with the full enthusiasm of a stranger. The general title of Mr. Grant's series will be "America Through My Monocle."

Though the presentation at Tremont Temple is the most popular of the Boston season there are people who ask, "What is Kinemacolor?" It is a reflection of nature—the dream of ages come true At last the seemingly impossible has been accomplished and motion pictures in true, accurate and beautiful natural colors have become a reality. Since the early days of photography scientists have been striving for pictures in natural colors—and Kinemacolor is doubly triumphant, for in to addition color it perpetuates life and action, so that future generations may enjoy the life of today, or that the whole wide world may be brought to us and spread before our eyes to comfortably gaze upon.

Convict Ship "Success."

That ancient and sinister vessel the Old British Convict Ship "Success" still continues to be a decided Boston attraction, the daily attendance running into thousands. The solid character of her instruction excites the wonder of all who see her, and the various implements of punishment and torture shown on board can only be described as the acme of cruelty. If one were a believer in the transmigration of souls it would be easy to imagine that the spirit of Nero had entered into the body of the designer of this grewsome old ship and her "fittings." The changes she has undergone as to her employment, the vicissitudes she has experienced, and the strange adventures which have taken place on board this old prison ship make her an object of great historical interest. Around the "Success" famous novelists have weaved romances and anyone in search of a new thrill cannot do better than visit her. She is at Warren Bridge near the North Station, Boston, and is open to the public daily from nine in the morning to ten at night and on Sundays from one to ten.

Statement

of the ownership, management, etc, of the WOBURN JOURNAL, published weekly, at Woburn, Massachusetts, required by Act of August 24, 1912

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Owner, E. W. Hobbs,	15 Church Ave.

"Let Us Have War Now."

CYRUS H. BATES, COMMANDER POST 98, G. A. R., ISSUES STATEMENT ON LAWRENCE SITUATION.

Cyrus H. Bates, commander Post 98, G. A. R. has issued the following statement:

The answer of the mayor of Lawrence struck a responsive chord in the breast of every honest American citizen and his suggestion that every lover of law and order wear a small American flag is the finest thing that has been yet offered. We are in peril, peril more deadly than in 1861. We have played with it as we did in 1850 and it culminated in the greatest war of the century. We stand today facing anarchy, brought here by the scum of Europe, backed by worthless agitators, whose hands have never become hardened by honest toil. If it should come that we are to have war, let us have it now. The air will be purer after it is all over.

Now I suggest a new organization composed of every patriotic American citizen. Call them "Minute Men." Let every man throughout this land remembering that the God of the nations has thus far been with us, wear on his lapel a tiny American flag. No matter what your political opinions may be no matter what your religious belief may be, place above everything else the flag of your country, that flag that has always stood for the right of every man to work and support his family.

Let every heart be as one today and cherish those noble words of that great Kentuckian. "Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve that, come weal, come woe, we will in life and in death now and forever stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have floated over our cradles, let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves."

CYRUS H. BATES, Commander,
Post 98, G. A R

Almost A Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

Temperance and Suffrage.

For years, it has been argued that woman suffrage would promote temperance and temperance legislation. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has espoused suffrage under that assumption, and the National Prohibition party has incorporated suffrage in its platform.

But the practical workings of Woman suffrage, in states where it has been adopted, do not sustain this assumption. Upon this point, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, a leading temperance speaker, writes thus in the Portland (Ore.) *Telegram*

"As a prohibition advocate, I am consistent in opposing suffrage for women, because no state has adopted woman's suffrage without setting back the temperance cause 25 years. I have been over these states recently and have never found a temperance man who is not disappointed at the results of votes for women. Look at Los Angeles, almost voting dry two years ago with men voting, while now with women enfranchised and with 2,000 more women than men voting, they have defeated prohibition by 14,000 majority. See the dry town of Pasadena, saloonless throughout its history, voting in a wet ticket with the first coming of the women into the elective franchise. And does not every intelligent reader know that the liquor men of Oregon have largely withdrawn opposition to woman suffrage because they have found that women's votes have developed no terrors for them? Is one of the papers that have always supported the liquor dealers now opposing woman suffrage?—THE REMONSTRANCE.

Taft and Economy.

[FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO *Chronicle*, Ind.]

The act of President Taft in locking horns with a wasteful, extravagant, reckless and self seeking congress in the matter of the budget should endear him to the people and of itself should assure his re-election.

The president will send the budget to congress, as he intended.

And on this issue the president appeals to the people. Will you send to congress representatives who will co operate with the president in establishing economy, efficiency and responsibility in place of extravagance, recklessness and irresponsibility?

Or will you send such as the majority of those now there, who, unless rebuked by an unmistakable expression of the people, will throw the president's budget into the wastebasket and all pretense of economy and efficiency with it?

Contrast the prudence and administrative ability of Taft with the looseness and waste of the Roosevelt administration, which was the worst in that respect since the Civil War.

Elect Taft and a congress to support him.

Electric Show.

The 1912 Boston Electric Show in Mechanics Building has many practical novelties which appeal to visitors.

The electric farm is one of the new things. It is shown how the electric current will easily, quickly, efficiently and economically make the farming machinery move and do the work formerly done laboriously and slowly by hand power.

How a dairy can be operated by electrically moved machinery from milking to churning to refrigeration is illustrated in the electric farm. There are electric milkers, the electric milk coolers, the electric cream separators, the electric milk-testers, the electric churns and the electric bottle washers

The visitors see a model barn in which the power used is that of the current. There is an electric hay fork which unloads the hay from the wagon and stores it in the loft. There is the wood-saw and the wood splitter, and then there are the electrically operated haywagons, truck-wagons, carriages and buggies—all for the 1912 farmer.

The farmer may also raise his poultry from start to market by electricity for the incubator, the brooder and the hen house heater are all in evidence in the model farm.

McDowell—Barker.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 10, at the home of the bride's parents, 10 Church street Miss Alice May Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Gerry Barker was united in marriage to Mr. William Kelley McDowell son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. McDowell of Island Ford, North Carolina, by Rev. Henry C. Parker pastor of the First Unitarian church. LeBaron R. Barker of Plymouth, Mass, cousin of the bride was best man and Miss Katherine D Barker, sister of the bride was bridesmaid. Miss Catherine Tillinghast and Master Le Baron Barker, children attendants. A reception followed the ceremony the ushers being Ex-Mayor Arthur H. Linscott and Elliot F. Trull.

Graydon—MacLellan.

Miss Janett MacLellan and Mr. William Franklin Graydon were married at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. F. A. Buckman, 664 Main street, at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational church.

Back To Brigantine.

OLD SCHOONER HIRAM WILL AGAIN BE A SQUARE RIGGER.

Reversing the general rule of marine architectural changes, the old schooner Hiram, which was built in Biddeford in 1819, is to become a square rigger.

That was the announcement that Mrs. James Orne, skipper of the craft, gave before she sailed from Portland Tuesday morning for the eastward.

"You won't know her when she comes back," she shouted. "We're going to put yards on her."

The Hiram owns to 93 years of age. It would seem that she were old enough to have her tired bones rest in peace. But not so. Before being a schooner the Hiram was a brigantine. She was engaged in trade everywhere and was one of the speediest craft of her kind in the old days. Now, as she is nearing the century mark, she is to go back to her original rig before making the eventful trip to San Francisco for the Panama exposition.

When the Hiram sailed Tuesday, she was on her way to Boothbay Harbor with a cargo of salt and also had lumber for Camden.—*Portland Press.*

The Danger After Grip

lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by All Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

The recount of the Fay—Miller vote at the primaries, showed no change from the figures previously made.

Parties are beginning to leave for fishing and hunting in Northern Maine where it is said the fishing is fine and deer plentiful.

$124.03 was paid to the treasurer of the Winchester Hospital, the proceeds of the baseball game played for the benefit of the Hospital.

At the meeting of the Boston Credit Men's Association at Young's Hotel, Boston, this week Congressman Samuel W. McCall was one of the speakers.

The Winchester Woman's Christian Temperance Union organized thirty-years ago, is still doing good work, although many of the charter members are not now actively engaged in it.

The houses of George E. Pratt, 5 Grove street and Arthur S. Kelley, 42 Lloyd street were entered by burglars while the families were absent Sunday evening. So far as known the losses were not large.

Services were held at St. Mary's church Monday morning for Joseph Donahue who was run over and fatally injured by an auto last Saturday on Main street. The bearers were schoolmates of the young boy and burial was at St. Paul's cemetery, Arlington.

NOW OPEN

The 1912 Boston Electric Show

MECHANICS BUILDING

BETTER IN DAYTIME THAN AT NIGHT

25 CENTS

If Your Voice Gets In, You Win

A Palmer (Mass.) subscriber told this story:

"I got word of a possible big contract in Western New York, packed my grip, and started on the night train. All next day I waited around that city trying to see the head of the firm. He was busy—busy. I couldn't get at him. When night came I went home disgusted.

"As my eyes rested on the telephone in my office next morning, I said to myself: 'Wonder if you couldn't get me into that office—get my voice where I can't go myself?'

"I could and did. Within a half hour from the time I put in the call, I was awarded the contract."

The announcement of a long-distance call usually will secure a hearing. Many business men prefer to transact business by telephone. It enables them to concentrate, to escape the emphasis of personalities—to make quick decisions.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The Way to Win.

About the only way to get things coming your way is a long battle against their going the other way.—Atchison Globe.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly —Cicero.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.— Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 3, Sarah M. Flynn, aged 56 years.
In this city, Oct. 4, William E. Flagg, aged 89 years, 1 month, 2 days.
In this city, Oct 6, Patrick O'Doherty, aged 35 years, 10 months, 29 days.
In this city, Oct. 6, Lewis M. Long, aged 49 years, 10 months, 19 days.

READERS
Take Notice!

That I have fifteen HORSES and MARES that must be sold, as I am replacing them with Auto Trucks I will have no further use for them. They are a fine lot of good healthy horses that have been used around the city and would be suitable for Grocer, Butcher, Baker, Milkmen, Truckmen, Farmers, or any general business purposes. They weigh from 11 to 14 hundred each, ages 6 to 9 years. In the lot are two mares that are in foal. It would pay any one that is in need of any horses to call and look them over, Call at the Express Office and ask for the manager, Mr. T. Boyle.

114 Washington St., North,
Near Causeway St., Boston, Mass.
Two Squares from North Station.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of George A. Hobbs late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same: and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EMELINE W. HOBBS, Executrix.
October 3, 1912. Woburn, Mass.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HENRY F. MILLER,
GRAND, UPRIGHT and PLAYER PIANOS.

In addition to our own HENRY F. MILLER pianos we sell pianos manufactured by others which we offer at

$175, $200, $235, $265, $285, and $300

Our prices are figured at the smallest advance above cost, giving the buyer a great advantage. We take old instruments in exchange and sell on installment terms.

Victor Talking Machines and Records.

Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Company,
395 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
FACTORY: WAKEFIELD, MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Homer W. Danforth, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William H. Curtis, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

4-11-18 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank: Woburn, Mass.:

I, Esther M. Colomb, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that Deposit Book numbered 33199 issued to me, has been lost or destroyed; and, pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

(Signed) ESTHER M. COLOMB.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.
October 3, 1912. 4-11-18

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes
FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY
They meet every requirement for cleaning and polishing shoes of all kinds and colors.

GILT EDGE the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains Oil. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS," 10c.
STAR combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "DANDY" size, 25c.
BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A 1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10 cents. "ELITE" size, 25 cents.
If your dealer doesn't keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for full size package, charges paid.
WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-26 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

To John A. Hamilton, Pasquale Ciampa, Benjamin P. Sands, and any and all others interested in the following described real estate:

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John A. Hamilton to Catherine Murray, dated July 1st, 1908, and recorded with Middlesex County South District Deeds, Book 3377, Page 263, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises hereinafter described on **Monday, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1912**, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and described therein as follows, viz: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Main street in that part of Woburn called North Woburn, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the granted premises on the easterly side of Main street at land formerly of Alfred Eton; thence running easterly bounded northerly by land of said Eaton one hundred and nineteen (119) feet to a point; thence running southerly bounded easterly by land of Charles D. Adams in straight line one hundred and seventeen (117) feet to a point, one hundred and twenty-three (123) feet distant from the easterly side line of Main street; thence turning and running in a westerly direction bounded southerly (still by other land of said Adams) one hundred and twenty-three (123) feet to the easterly side line of Main street; thence turning and running northerly, bounded westerly by the easterly side line of Main street one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning and containing about fourteen thousand five hundred (14,500) square feet, and subject to the restrictions cited in a deed from Charles D. Adams to John A. Hamilton, dated June 10, 1908, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 3378, Folio 202. Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any there be.

A cash deposit of $100 will be required to be made at the time and place of sale.

CATHERINE MURRAY, Mortgagee.

Further particulars may be obtained from Edw. B. Malley, Attorney, No. 20 Second Street, East Cambridge.

NOTICE

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank. Woburn, Mass.

I, John F. Rooney of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book number 35,506 issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

(Signed) JOHN F. ROONEY.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

(Signed) A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treas.
Sept. 27, 1912. 27-4-11

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

FLOUR
— IS —
LOWER

ALL OLD WHEAT

$7 bbl. 90c. Bag

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR
Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5 45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2 15 P. M.. then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8 15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.
Tel. 314 W.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Law or Despotism Which?

[DEAN ROGERS OF THE YALE LAW SCHOOL IN *Zion's Herald*]

Mr. Roosevelt showed while he was president an unwillingness to submit to the restraints which the constitution imposes upon the president. I regard him as the most lawless president the nation has ever had. As I believe in a goverment of laws and not of men, I am opposed to him. I regard his views of the powers of a president as absolutely unsound and dangerous. The alternative of a government of law is a despotism.

He can turn traitor to his party, be Judas Iscariot to his best friend, be Mr. Facing Both Ways to the colored race, break his solemn promise made to all the people of the nation that he would not "under any circumstances" again be a candidate for the presidency or put any man or woman in the Ananias club whose veracity it serves his purpose at any time to challenge.

I am opposed to the election to that high office of any man I believe to be an out-and-out demagogue.

A Tragic Mistake.

(FROM THE *Chicago Record-Herald*)

The husband of a New York suffragist was finally persuaded to march in the suffrage parade in that city. He demurred for a long time, but was at last won over. His wife beamed delight when she finally saw him started with the gorgeous galaxy, carrying bravely a banner. But untold was her discomfiture when she discovered late in the afternoon that he had accompanied the parade for only two blocks and then had beat an unmilitant retreat.

"John, why didn't you carry that banner this afternoon as I asked you to?" she queried distressly.

"Did you read that banner you gave me?" he replied.

"No."

"If you had, you wouldn't have expected me to carry it. It said, 'A man can vote. Why can't I?"

It Looks Like A Crime

to separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. His pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, sprains and bruises demand it, and its quick relief for burns scalds, or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healable and does it quick. Unequaled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

A POSSIBLE BASEBALL FEAT.

Pitcher Might Strike Out Fifty-four Men In One Game.

So frequently has the question "Is it possible for a pitcher to be credited with more than three strikeouts in an inning?" been addressed to the sporting editor that an extended calculation was recently made as to the number of strikeouts a pitcher could score in a game and shut out the opposing team. This was suggested by a note that appeared reading. "What is the largest number of strikeouts with which a pitcher can be credited in any game of nine innings and at the same time score a shutout?" The answer was "Fifty-four," which answer is correct.

To this a superannuated alleged expert, a man who made himself deaf knocking others, came back to this effect:

"Since we have followed baseball we have yet to see the time when a pitcher can strike out 'fifty-four' players. Twenty-seven strikeouts are as much as 'a' pitcher can do in any game of baseball in this country. At least we have not heard of any ruling which changes the number of outs required for one inning from three to six."

Here's the explanation: It will have to be admitted that twenty-seven putouts are all that are legally required to retire an opponent in nine innings, but that isn't the proposition. Under the scoring rules that obtain in these modern days of baseball, a pitcher is credited with a strikeout even if the catcher misses the third strike.

In other words, errors by the catcher could fill the bases, while at the same time the pitcher would be credited with a strikeout against each batter. By retiring three other batters on strikes, with the catcher squeezing the ball real hard in each instance, the pitcher would be credited with six strikeouts to the inning. Six times nine is said to make fifty-four.—New York World.

"SONG OF THE SHIRT."

It Was the Most Popular Thing Tom Hood Ever Wrote.

During his last illness Tom Hood in an idle moment made an imaginative sketch of his own tombstone. He drew himself reclining at full length on a thick slab of stone, on the edge of which in large capitals he wrote, "He Sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" This was the only inscription, and, as he himself has said, Tom Hood needs no other.

How much he felt and prided himself upon the song by which he became known and loved by millions is shown by this and the following fact: "If I were ennobled these are the arms I should adopt," said he one day, showing a rough vignette to a friend. The sketch contained a very beautiful and pathetic idea. It represented a heart pierced by a needle threaded with silver tears, and beneath was the motto he had inscribed on the imaginary tombstone.

"The Song of the Shirt" appeared in the Christmas number of the fifth volume of Punch. It was unsigned, but every paper in the land quoted it, and it speedily became the talk of the day. Hood himself did not think it very remarkable, but Mrs. Hood had said to him as she folded it for press: "Now, mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mrs. Hood was right. The song was translated into French, German and Italian. It was printed on cheap cotton handkerchiefs and parodied times without number.

Fishing For Fish.

Many people there are who delight in just fishing for fish. Such a one was John Quincy Adams. The story was told by one of his clients, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, that he could not get his counsel to leave his fishing boat except long enough to write a note to the judge which read: "Dear Judge—For the sake of old Izaak Walton please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting, and I can't leave." And the judge, having read the note, announced to the court, "Mr. Adams is detained on important business."—Christian Herald.

TAFT DISCUSSES CAMPAIGN ISSUES

IN A NOTABLE INTERVIEW THE PRESIDENT TREATS OF THE TARIFF, TRUSTS, HIGH COST OF LIVING, WOMAN SUFFRAGE, RECALL OF JUDGES, IMMIGRATION AND GOVERNOR WILSON.

PROTECTION RAISES WAGES.

Thinks the Payne Law Has Enabled the American Worker to Meet the Cost of Living and Maintain His Family In Comfort—Every Able-bodied Man Willing to Work Has Work—City Hotels Thronged With Buyers and Farmers Never Better Off—Nothing Can Kill Prosperity but the Benumbing Glacier of Free Trade or a Wave of Anarchy.

President Taft, when in New York, Sept. 24, gave a long interview to the newspapers in which he discussed fully the campaign issues.

This is the interview in part:

"Mr. President, have you visited the 'Chamber of Horrors' in Union square, where the burdens upon living under the high tariff are illustrated?"

"No, but a New York friend told me a little incident in regard to it worth remembering. According to the story told me, the exhibition includes a number of articles of clothing tagged with the prices and an alleged statement of what the articles would cost with the tariff duties deducted. I understand that a number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of clothing are situated in the neighborhood, and a workingman, evidently from one of those establishments, strolled at the noon hour into the exhibition. Looking about him, he noticed a coat bearing a price tag, and indicating what the cost of the coat would be without a tariff duty. 'Why,' he remarked, 'that would bring the price of the coat lower than what I get for making one. At that rate where would I come in?' It is hardly necessary to say that he would not 'come in' at all, unless willing to work for one-half to one-fifth of his present pay for making a coat.

"The policy of the Republican party is not to shut out foreign manufactures, but to foster domestic manufactures and to keep the American workingman employed.

"The tariff should be revised so far as may be necessary to keep prices from being exorbitant, so that, as I have explained in my speech of acceptance, the manufacturer shall secure only enough protection to pay the scale of high wages which obtains and ought to obtain in this country, and secure a reasonable profit."

"What do you think, Mr. President, of the proposal of the third term party to control the trusts through federal incorporation and regulation?"

"It would create the most monstrous monopoly of power in the history of the world—a power as much greater, as much more autocratic, than that of a Caesar or a Napoleon, as the business interests of the twentieth century are greater, more dominant and farreaching than were those of 2,000 or 100 years ago.

"The Payne law has had no more to do with advancing the cost of living than the latest Atlantic cable tariff. On the contrary, it has enabled the American worker to meet the cost of living and maintain his family in comfort.

"Under the operation of that law prosperity has been gradually restored since the panic of 1907. Practically every ablebodied man who is willing to work has work, and in some of the large industrial centers, as well as in other parts of the country, the demand for labor far exceeds the supply. City hotels have been thronged with buyers from all sections of the Union, who report ready sales and empty shelves, and are eager purchasers of goods to replenish their stores. Farmers were never better off. Every legitimate industry is looking forward to still greater prosperity, provided the nation's progress shall not be halted by the benumbing glacier of free trade or the destructive lava stream of anarchy.

"I have not changed in the slightest my view as to the necessity of monetary reform, or of the great value and importance of the work done by the monetary commission, of which former Senator Aldrich was chairman.

"It is a reform necessary in the interest of all the people and must be carried through according to some practical and efficient plan that will remedy the gross inadequacy and marked imperfections of our banking and currency system.

"There has been no intervention in Nicaragua. Under conditions of anarchy, accompanied by acts of ruthless barbarity, American marines were landed at the request and with the consent of the lawful government of Nicaragua to assist in protecting the lives and property of Americans and other foreigners. There was no invasion, no levying war. Common humanity dictated the course that has been pursued."

"What is your attitude, Mr. President, on the woman suffrage question?"

"Suffrage for women is an issue to be decided by the states, and there can be no doubt whatever that whenever and wherever a majority of women impress upon their fathers, their husbands, sons, brothers and beaus that they want to vote they will get the right to vote."

"Do you regard the recall of judges, Mr. President, as an issue in this campaign?"

"I regard the maintenance of an independent judiciary as a supreme issue, and I thoroughly agree with the American Bar association that the recall applied to judges would tend to deprive the public of judges of ability, character, high sense of duty and a due regard to enlightened public sentiment and that such a judiciary is absolutely necessary to the existence of a constitutional democracy."

"What are your views, Mr. President, in regard to immigration?"

"There are both room and opportunity in the United States for immigrants of wholesome physique, industrious habits and good moral character. I hope that when the Panama canal is opened the tide of immigration from Europe will flow through to the Pacific states, which are very sparsely settled in view of their vast extent and magnificent natural resources."

"It is reported, Mr. President, that Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has sent out circulars to labor unions attacking your administration as hostile to organized labor."

"I have not seen the circulars you mention, but if the statement is correct Mr. Gompers is as much in error as he was four years ago, when he proposed to deliver the whole labor vote to Mr. Bryan.

"I appreciate," added Mr. Taft, "Governor Wilson's courteous and respectful personal attitude toward my office and toward me. As to his statement about my being misled by 'bad advisers,' I wish him and every one to understand that I have been and will continue to the end of my term president of the United States in all that the title implies, that I am responsible for every act of my administration and have no burden to shift on to others."

TAFT CONFIDENT OF RE-ELECTION

Convincing Indications That the Republican Party Is Still Dominant.

When President Taft was visiting his brother in New York a few days ago the newspaper reporters called upon him. After a pleasant chat the president made a formal statement of his views on the political situation:

"When I declared a few weeks ago that I felt reasonably sure of my own re-election in November and the success of the Republican party I was regarded by some as entirely oversanguine and unaware of the situation. Today, however, after a number of indications that the Republican party is still the dominant party and that the expected growth of Democratic strength has failed to materialize, my early declaration is shown to be entitled to respect. The Republicans necessarily will have a reduced majority over 1908 because of the presence of three tickets in the field, but the Democratic party will suffer also. The combined strength of the third term party will not be enough to change the ultimate result.

"Five or six weeks ago it was asserted generally that the Republican party would secure the vote of the solid east, including all of the New England states, with the exception of Maine and Vermont; that the Democratic party would maintain its hold on the solid south and that the third term party would secure the solid west, leaving only the middle west as debatable ground. Today, with the election still one month away, the Republican party finds itself with a strengthened hold on the solid east, having routed the third term party in Vermont and the Democratic party in Maine. The third term leaders recently conceded that we would pick the state of Utah out of the solid west, and, after conferring with Chairman Hilles and others recently in the west, there is every reason to believe that the Republican party will carry Michigan, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. Moreover, if the proper kind of a campaign is waged, we will carry Oregon, Kansas and Minnesota, where the third term strength has rapidly waned since the recent tour through that section by the party's candidate.

"I am not familiar with the developments in other western states, although many good reports have come to me at Beverly concerning them, but even with the states already mentioned it can be seen that there is no longer a solid west back of the new party, but more nearly a solid west reunited in support of the Republican ticket. This strength, added to the indisputable hold on the eastern states, constitutes in itself a sufficient strength to give success to the party.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to point to the necessity of re-establishing a Republican majority in the house of representatives. If this is done I feel confident that I will be able to have placed on the statute books the workmen's compensation law which I urged upon the last session, but which was sent to oblivion by the Democratic house. If the country will give the Republican party a complete victory in its congressional as well as its presidential ticket a proper tariff revision will be speedily effected, with knowledge of the facts ascertained by a tariff commission, which will harm no one and remove its present defects."

A FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

The Result of Putting a Couple of Wires In Wrong Terminals.

A large number of the world's greatest inventions have been the result of some accidental union of forces, the nature of which the person who started them neither understood nor suspected. The working of dynamos at long distances apart when properly connected was discovered by accident.

A scientific journal says: "Soon after the opening of the Vienna exposition, in 1873, a careless workman picked up the ends of a couple of wires which he found trailing along the ground. He fastened them in the terminals of a dynamo, to which he thought they belonged, while they were really attached to another dynamo that was running in another part of the grounds.

"The dynamo to which he fastened the wires was not running, but as soon as the wires were placed in its terminals it revolved as if a steam engine was driving it. The workman was amazed. The engineers and electricians were astonished by the discovery that a dynamo electric machine (turned by steam power) would turn another similar machine a long distance away if properly connected to it by electric wires. Thus originated one of the most revolutionary applications of electricity."

The fact that power can be transmitted for miles by electric wires is one of the most important factors in modern civil engineering achievements.

Teamwork.

She smashed the windows through the land.
Her husband soon got out of debt.
He was an honest glazier, and
She was a busy suffragette.
But now we learn he's very sad,
For woe indeed doth fill his cup.
He's lots of biz, but it's too bad
The price of putty's going up.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Terms of the Game.

He—Dearest, you're the goal of my affections. She (removing his arm)—Five yards for holding.—Harvard Lampoon.

Governor Wilson's Opinion.

TWAIN'S TYPEWRITER.

It Made Him Want to Cuss, So He Traded It For a Saddle.

It was in 1874, during a famous trip to Boston with Dr. Twitchell, that Mark Twain saw for the first time what was then a brand new invention; or it may have been during a subsequent visit a week or two later. At all events, writes Albert Bigelow Paine, he had the machine and was practicing on it on Dec. 9, 1874, for he wrote two letters on it that day, one to Howells and the other to Orion Clemens. In the latter he says:

"I am trying to get the hang of this new fangled writing machine, but am not making a shining success of it. However, this is the first attempt I ever have made, and yet I perceive that I shall soon easily acquire a fine facility in its use. I saw the thing in Boston the other day and was greatly taken with it."

He goes on to explain the new wonder, and on the whole his first attempt is a very creditable performance. With his usual enthusiasm over an innovation he believes it is going to be a great help to him and proclaims its advantages.

This is the letter to Howells:

"You needn't answer this. I am only practicing to get three—another slipup there—only practicing to get the hang of the thing. I notice I miss fire and get in a good many unnecessary letters and punctuation marks. I am simply using you for a target to bang at. Blame my cat, but this thing requires genius in order to work it just right!"

In an article written long after he tells how he was with Nasby when he first saw the machine in Boston through a window and how they went in to see it perform. In the same article he states that he was the first person in the world to apply the type machine to literature and that the story of "Tom Sawyer" was probably the first type copied manuscript.

The new enthusiasm ran its course and died. The typewriter was not perfect in those days, as it is now, and the keys did not always respond readily. He declared it was ruining his morals that it made him "want to swear." He offered it to Howells because, he said, Howells had no morals anyway. Howells hesitated, so Clemens traded the machine to Bliss for a sidesaddle. But perhaps Bliss also became afraid of the influence, for in due time he brought it back. Howells, again tempted, hesitated and this time was lost. What eventually became of the machine is not history.

Sturdy Swedish Girls.

Bathing in Sweden is a business. Even the hotel bathrooms are extraordinary—regular suits of rooms, one for the bath proper, one for shower baths of various sorts and one for a drying room, wherein you find enormous towels as large as American sheets. The public baths are luxurious. They are built around courts where, after the bath you may have your coffee under great trees surrounded by beds of beautiful flowers. It is apt to bother Americans a bit to find that the bath rubbers for both men and women are strapping Swedish girls, businesslike and unabashed. But this is only one manifestation of the advanced activities of woman in Sweden. You find her occupying all sorts of positions. You see her boldly swinging off street cars without waiting for them to stop.—Harper's Weekly.

Seven In Human Life.

A writer divides the human life as follows: At three times seven a man reaches a competent age in the eyes of the law; at four times seven he is in full possession of his strength; at five times seven he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven he becomes grave and wise if he is ever destined to; at seven times seven he is in his apogee, and from that time he begins to decay; at eight times seven he is in his first climacteric, at nine times seven he is in his grand climacteric, and at ten times seven he has reached the allotted span of life.

A Debated Definition.

"A gentleman," says a contemporary, "is a man who feels uncomfortable while he sits in a car and sees a woman hanging to a strap."

Not so, brother. A gentleman doesn't keep his seat long enough to feel uncomfortable.—Boston Transcript.

No Returns Wanted.

"'E says to me, 'Why don't yer 'it 'im?' 'It 'im,' I says. 'What's the use of my 'ittin' 'im? 'E'd 'it me back again.'"—London Tatler.

Spiteful.

"I'd like to see the man who could persuade me to promise to love, honor and obey him," said Miss Wellalong.

"I don't blame you," replied the pert young bride.—Chicago Record-Herald.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.—Goulburn.

STORIES OF BRET HARTE.

His Dislike of Social Duties and Mere Literary Friendships.

Mr. Moncure Conway in his autobiography gives an amusing reminiscence of Bret Harte's proneness to escape from what are known as "social duties." Mrs. Conway "received" on Monday afternoons, and Bret Harte had told her that he would be present on a aprticular Monday, but he failed to appear, much to the regret of some persons who had been invited for the occasion. "When, chancing to meet him," writes Mrs. Conway, "I alluded to the disappointment. He asked forgiveness and said, 'I will come next Monday, even though I promise.'"

He had a constant dread that his friendship or acquaintance would be sought on account of his writings rather than for himself. A lady who sat next him at dinner without learning his name afterward remarked, "I have always longed to meet him, and I would have been so different had I only known who my neighbor was." This, unfortunately, being repeated to Bret Harte, he exclaimed: "Now, why can't a woman realize that this sort of thing is insulting? * * * If Mrs. B. talked with me and found me uninteresting as a man, how could she expect to find me interesting because I was an author?"—Henry Childs Merwin's "Life of Bret Harte."

Sweden Aids Its Athletes.

Sweden is the only country in which the practice of athletics among adults is state aided. The Swedish National Union of Athletes has since its foundation received an annual subsidy of 20,000 crowns ($5,400) from the government. The union bestows gold, silver and bronze badges on all who attain a certain standard in athletics. In order to encourage the continuance of training in later life these badges are bestowed according to age as well as proficiency. The gold badge can be secured only by men over thirty-two who can swim 200 meters, take a long jump of five meters, put the weight sixteen meters and run ten kilometers in fifty minutes. This performance has to be repeated annually in order to retain the badge.

Mother Was Right.

It was at the dinner table, and the hostess addressed her husband's brother thus:

"Do have another piece of pie, William?"

"Why, really, I've already had two. But it's so good I believe I will have another."

"Ha, he! Mother's a winner!" said little Frank excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself."—Harper's Magazine.

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WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
Savings Department.

The beginning of successful operation of UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS, and the possibility of legislation, by Congress, looking to the establishment of NATIONAL SAVINGS BANKS, as outlined by Senator Aldrich, in his tentative plan for a new banking law, seems to indicate a popular demand for places of savings under the control and supervision of the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

To meet this legitimate demand and to extend increased banking facilities to the people of Woburn and vicinity, the WOBURN NATIONAL BANK has opened a new department to be known as its SAVINGS DEPARTMENT, and will receive deposits of money to bear interest FROM DATE OFDEPOSIT at the rate of three per centum per annum on sums not less than $100. These deposits however will not be subject to check.

All deposits in this bank are GUARANTEED by its capital stock of $100,000, its surplus and undivided profits December 31, 1910, of $68,860.34, and by the personal liability of its responsible stockholders to the extent of an additional $100,000.

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William E. Blodgett, Treasurer of R. Guastavino Co.
John C. Buck, Cashier.
Robert Chalmers, Physician.
Everett P. Fox of W. P. Fox & Sons, leather manufacturers.
John W. Johnson, President.
Edward F. Johnson, Judge of District Court.
John G. Maguire, Lawyer.
L. Waldo Thompson, Woburn Hardware Co.

Woburn, January 30, 1911. DIRECTORS.

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The AMERICAN BOY

He Was Fooled

But He Rather Enjoyed It

By JANE C. SCARBOROUGH

When I was a girl, having to earn my own living I decided for telegraphy. There wasn't so much typewriting done at that t'me as there is now, or perhaps I should have gone into that. I'm glad there wasn't, for a telegrapher's position such as I secured after I had learned to be an operator was much pleasanter and easier than hammering a typewriter. I was located in a small town in a railroad station. I had nothing to do with the railroad telegraphing. I only sent and received messages for the public.

The station agent at L., where I was employed, had his own instrument in the ticket office, I being at the other end of the station. He was a volatile sort of fellow, but kind hearted and obliging. He did me a great many favors in one way or another, on one occasion when I was ill attending to my duties in addition to his own for several weeks. There was a great deal of flirting going on over the wires between the men and women operators and Johnny Brayton was doing his full share of it. He had several girl operators "on a string," as he called it, whom he had never seen and would often entertain me by recounting the conversations he had with them over the wire.

One morning he came down to the station looking very ill. I told him that he should be at home instead of at work and he replied that some one must be in his office to signal trains or there would be a terrible confusion and an accident might be the result.

However, about 10 o'clock in the morning most of the trains had passed and the road in our section would be comparatively deserted till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I persuaded Johnny to go home till then and he felt so bad that he finally consented, since

HE TURNED QUICKLY AND SAW ME LAUGHING AT HIM.

I could hear the clicking of his instrument from my booth and vice versa. After giving me instructions to last me till his return in the afternoon he was about to leave when he paused and said:

"If any of my girls call me up don't say I'm not at my instrument. It might get me into trouble."

"What shall I say?" I asked.

"Oh, say 'He's very busy just now; I'll call you later,' or something like that."

He was too ill to say any more, and I didn't detain him further. There was but little doing in my department, so I took some embroidery I kept for dull hours and sat with it in the ticket office. I had often relieved Johnny for a half hour or so selling tickets, and fortunately on this occasion I had nothing else to do in his behalf. As for standing off the lady operators with whom he had been involved, I had only to attend to one. About an hour after he had left me I heard a suspicious call, something unusual. Fancying it might be from one of Johnny's girls and presuming that Johnny in replying simply repeated it, I answered it in that way, whereupon I heard nothing further. I sent a messenger boy to Johnny to ask the reply to the call, and he sent it to me, suggesting that I say that he was out to lunch when the call came. I did so, and the lady said over the wire that she was intending to visit L. and would be pleased to have Johnny call on her. But her aunt, with whom she would be only for a few hours, was very prudish and suspicious, and perhaps she had better see Johnny in his office. I asked her in Johnny's name when she intended coming to L. that I might be sure to be in the office. She said that she might come the next day. To this I replied that I (Johnny) was feeling badly and might at any moment have to put a substitute in my place, remaining at home myself. Her answer to this was that she could make her visit whenever she liked and would defer it till I should inform her that I was well and on duty regularly since it might be very embarrassing to give herself away to a substitute. She seemed very solicitous about Johnny's health, though I couldn't understand how she could really be anxious in the case of a man she had never seen. She seemed inclined to keep up the conversation, and I feared that if I tried to shut her off she might suspect that some one was telegraphing in Johnny's place, so I let her go on, occasionally taking the initiative myself. She said that she was having almost nothing to do, and time hung heavy on her hands. I asked why she didn't have some needlework in her office, as I had seen woman operators do to occupy their leisure hours. In reply she asked me what kind of work I had seen them do, and I suggested hemstitching. She said she had done some of that and wished to do more, but she couldn't get any worsted.

Worsted! What kind of a girl was this who supposed that hemstitching was done with worsted? Then it flashed upon me that Johnny's girl was a man. Some young fellow was amusing himself at Johnny's expense. While I would be reluctant to play a part in the case of a woman, I had no qualms of conscience in fighting this man with his own weapons. Johnny was my friend, and I didn't propose to see him fooled.

"I thought," was my next move, "that hemstitching was done with thread."

"Is that so? On what material?"

"Oh, some white stuff. Linen, I suppose. Being a man I don't know much about such things."

"And I, though a woman, have never been taught them. All my time has been given to telegraphic work."

This rejoinder didn't serve to change my opinion that Johnny's ladylove was a man, and I was not unwilling that he should be duped instead of Johnny. I let him talk on, occasionally stopping to attend to such official work as came up, and the further he proceeded the more convinced I was that he was masculine. I, who was supposed to be the man in the case, made the effort of my life to make love after the manner of a man.

"Eulalie," I said—this was the name given—"I do hope that I shall be able to see you when you come. Though we have never met my heart has gone out to this girlish creature with whom I have been corresponding. So different from us men. If the tenderness you expressed over the wire has so affected me when I see you, hear your sweet voice, look into your gentle eyes, I shall love you just too much for anything."

"Please repeat those last words," came over the wire.

It occurred to me that "just too much for anything" was not a masculine expression. I bit my lip. Then, instead of repeating the words, I said, "I shall love you a thousandfold."

I noticed after this that for awhile he was very cautious in what he said and that several of his questions seemed to be framed with a view of drawing out evidence of whether I was feminine or masculine. I must have parried them successfully, for he resumed chatting with me in the former vein and making love very nicely. Occasionally he would forget his cue and do it as a man would make love to a woman. At such times, I confess, I was much pleased with him. I defy any woman to be indifferent to a virile yet delicate expression of love, even by one she doesn't see and over a wire, and I found myself listening to the song of the siren quite rapturously. Moreover, I was well satisfied that I had lulled completely his suspicions.

I occupied Johnny Brayton's place at the station at intervals for a week and fortunately made no blunders in official work. One day I told Eulalie that I (Johnny) had so far recovered that I expected to be in constant attendance at my office and asked when she (he) would make her proposed visit to L. He appointed a day at 12 noon when he would appear at the station. I asked her to describe herself so I would know her, and she said she would wear a bit of blue ribbon in her corsage. I kept the whole matter a secret from Johnny that I might enjoy the scene between the two when they should meet. But at the appointed day and hour I asked Johnny to go on an errand and took his place in the ticket office. At 12 noon exactly a nice looking young man, with a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, entered the station and came up to the window. On seeing a woman rise to meet him his countenance fell. As soon as he recovered himself he improvised a question as to when the next train would pass going west. Controlling my features, I replied and asked him if he wished a ticket. He said he was expecting a friend on the train. Then he started to leave the station. He was passing out of the door when with a pencil I rapped Johnny's call for his sweetheart on the board on which tickets were passed. He turned quickly and saw me laughing at him.

"Are you"—

"Oh, yes, I'm Johnny, or, rather, his substitute. I presume you are Eulalie."

"You vixen!"

He came up to the window with an expression of shamefaced, pleased surprise.

"Johnny was ill lately," I said, "and I took his place in the office. He asked me not to give him away if you called me up, and I didn't. I discovered that you were fooling him and turned the tables on you."

"Thank you very much. I am the gainer by your having done so."

There was admiration in every feature of his face as he said this, and I did the proper thing for a woman to do under the circumstances—I lowered my eyes.

The rest of the incident is a love story so like all other love stories that its telling would be mere repetition. Besides, it would not be considered becoming in an elderly woman whose eldest son is twenty-five years old.

Giant Sharks.

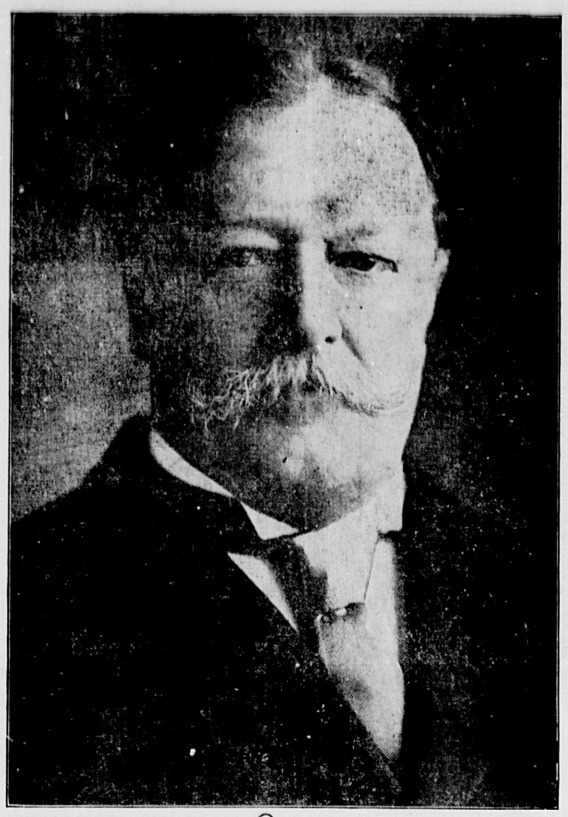
While the whale is regarded as the largest of creatures that haunt the sea, there are some sharks that can be compared in size with the former animals. These giant sharks, however, are very rare and are known under the name of the great whale shark and the basking shark. The former, which attains a length of fifty feet, is found off the coast of India, Peru and Lower California. The latter's most favorite haunt is the Arctic ocean, but it is also found near the great whale shark. These monsters, curiously enough, are quite harmless. Their teeth are very small, and they feed on tiny matter that floats on the surface of the sea. This matter the fish strains through its enormous gill rakers.

First Man Dressmaker.

One day in 1730 a beautiful carriage appeared on the boulevard of Paris with an escutcheon in the shape of a pair of corsets and an open pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. This was the coat of arms of Rhomberg, the first man who made a name as a woman's dressmaker. Rhomberg, who was the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich, owed his rapid success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure. He left an annual income of 50,000 francs to his heirs.

Titbits of the Ancient Greeks.

As delicacies the Greeks ate young foxes caught in the autumn, robins and sparrows and certain kinds of fish snared by moonlight. There is a scrap of an old Greek comedy in which a cook boasts of frying a fish so exquisitely that it threw him grateful looks from the pan. A famous Greek dish was the Trojan pig, half of it boiled and the other half roasted. It was stuffed with eggs, ortolans and thrushes. The Romans ate snails—giant monsters—fattened until their shells held an incredible amount of snail. The kettle in a high class Roman kitchen was often shaped like an elephant's head. The water was poured through the trunk. The gridiron might be a huge silver spider or a skeleton fish.



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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

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JAMES S. SHERMAN.

TROUBLES OF THE EAR.

Many of Them Are Caused by Abuses of Some Kind.

The best way to care for the ear is to study the things not to do. It is one of the most independent of organs, knowing very well how to take care of itself. If it is duly respected little trouble or none will result. In cases where something unforeseen goes wrong a physician should be consulted at once.

Almost all troubles of the ear are due to abuses of some kind. The wax seems to worry a great many people, and in their concern they usually manage to seriously interfere with its functions. In the healthy ear the wax, or cerumen, is a thin yellowish fluid that thickens into a paste as it dries. Nature provides for its natural exit from the ear passage by uniting it with the tiny flakes of dead skin which fall outward unnoticed either by seeing or feeling. Thus wax does not accumulate in a healthy ear, which has just enough to make sticky the stiff little hairs that grow in the passage.

Instruments should never be poked into the ear by the inexperienced nor wads of material continually mopped and squeezed into the opening for cleansing. Usually such treatment induces an increase or caking of wax. Hot water is the best solvent for wax, 105 to 115 degrees F. If the need of it is imperative gently syringe the ear with it. Cotton plugs in the ear are useful at times, but should be used no more than absolutely necessary, for they obstruct the canal and interfere with the natural way of casting off wax.—Exchange.

THE SUN AS AN ARTIST.

Discovery Upon Which Turn All the Wonders of Photography.

There is a wide variety in the pace at which the sun can give a color or change it. A winter apple may be a month in reaching its ruddiness, a peach may take only one week to flush into its mantle of maturity, but the most nimble work of the solar ray in its decoration of fruit and flower is not to be compared with what it accomplishes in other departments. When its power was brought to bear upon some familiar chemicals it was found that its action was reduced from days to seconds.

Upon this discovery turn all the wonders of photography. At first silver nitrate—or lunar caustic, as it was commonly called—was used in the camera. From time to time other substances of greater and greater sensitiveness to light have been produced, every one of them successively giving the solar beam a wider play and more astonishing power.

Today, with the exposure of a photographic plate, not only are the beatings of an insect's wings caught in the camera, but also the path of a cannonball, the skyward flight of exploded rock, and the sinuous glint of lightning.—Chicago Record Herald.

Laugh and Live Long.

It has been aptly said that there is not the remotest corner of the inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing from that conveyed at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

What Wellington Was Doing.

When Sir John Steell, the sculptor, had the Iron Duke sitting for a statue he tried to induce him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost his patience. "As I am going to make this statue of your grace," he exclaimed, "can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the field, cheering on your men to deeds of valor by words and action?"

"Bah!" said the duke in evident scorn. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach with a telescope in my hand!"

Suspicious Fervor.

"Well, brother," said the deacon, "that was a fine prayer you made last night."

"Thank you, deacon. I am very glad to hear you say so."

"Yes, it was a splendid prayer, long and fervent. And, say, what have you been doing anyway? You can confide in me with the utmost confidence. I wouldn't betray you for anything in the world."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willing.

"Now," began the philosopher, "take the life of your neighbor, for instance. He"—

"I'd do it in a minute," interrupted the practical man, "if the law would not interfere. He's learning to play the cornet."

Chocolate.

Do not take time to grate chocolate. Put the desired amount in a saucepan and place over the top of a teakettle until melted.

THE "GOBLIN FRIAR."

One of the Specters That Are Said to Haunt Newstead Abbey.

Newstead abbey, the home of Lord Byron, has the reputation of being haunted by more than one specter, and many curious noises and strange sights have been heard and seen by residents and visitors there. But the best known and most noted specter connected with the place and immortalized in Byron verse is the "Goblin Friar." The particular chamber which this specter is supposed especially to frequent and which is known par excellence as the "haunted chamber" adjoins Byron's bedroom. Lord Byron and many others not only believed in the existence of the Black Friar, but asserted that they had really seen it. It did not confine its visitations, however, to the "haunted chamber," but at night walked the cloisters and other portions of the abbey.

> A monk arrayed
> In cowl and beads and dusky garb appeared,
> Now in the moonlight and now lapsed in shade,
> With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard.

This apparition is the evil genius of the Byrons, and its appearance portends misfortune of some kind to the member of the family to whom it appears. Lord Byron fully believed that he beheld this apparition a short time before the greatest misfortune of his life, his ill starred union with Miss Millbanke. Alluding to his belief in these things, he said:

> I merely mean to say what Johnson said—
> That in the course of some six thousand years
> All nations have believed that from the dead
> A visitant at intervals appears,
> And what is strangest upon this strange head
> Is that whatever bars the reason rears
> Gainest such beliefs there's something stronger still
> In its behalf, let those deny who will.

—Kansas City Star.

HAYDN AND THE ROD.

When the Budding Composer Was Flogged by Royal Command.

An amusing incident of the healthy boyhood of the great composer, Joseph Haydn, is given by Mary Maxwell Moffat in her biography of the Austrian empress, Maria Theresa.

When von Reutter became choirmaster of St. Stephen's cathedral he had Joseph Haydn among his pupils.

During a visit to the Hungarian Prince Esterhazy, in 1773, Maria Theresa took occasion to say a word of praise to Haydn, who had composed the music of the opera given in her honor and had conducted the performance. She expressed the conviction that she had seen him before, although she could not remember the occasion.

"The last time your majesty was pleased to take notice of me," said Haydn, "you ordered me a good thrashing."

"That does not sound like me," rejoined the empress. "How did it happen?"

Then Haydn told of a Whitsuntide when, with other pupils of Von Reutter, he had been brought to Schoenbrunn to sing in the chapel. Between the services the boys took to clambering over the scaffolding of the new wings of the palace. The empress caught sight of them and sent word forbidding the dangerous sport. But the attraction of the scaffolding was irresistible. On the following day the boys were again risking their necks. When Maria Theresa expostulated with Von Reutter his surmise that the ringleader was "that young scamp, Joseph Hadyn," led her to suggest that the rod be used to improve his memory.

The Glowworm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glowworm cavern, discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct) are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone bluff, about four miles from Ida bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glowworms which inhabit them.

Pharaohs Had the Hookworm.

The hookworm has been preying on man perhaps for thousands of years. A papyrus written 3,460 years ago contains a description of a disease in Egypt which many physicians declare was the hookworm disease. It describes it too accurately to be anything else. In recent times it was observed in Egypt first in 1833, but the first recorded treatment was made in 1887. Whether or not malaria was one of the chief causes of the downfall of Greece and Rome, it is very certain that hookworm disease has played a part in Asiatic history. The anemic condition of millions of people, century after century, has profoundly affected their economic life, their intellectual qualities, their social habits and ideals and their religion. Of that there can be no doubt.—World's Work.

How She Jogged Memory.

Little Marjorie was taking her first lessons in dancing. The teacher noticed that Marjorie always failed to put out her left foot when commanded to do so. The teacher was patient and thought Marjorie would learn in time, but a number of lessons did not seem to make her know when to put out her left foot. Marjorie would put out that foot when the other children were placing their right feet foremost. Finally the teacher asked Marjorie for an explanation.

"Well, you see," said Marjorie, "I've got a hollow place in a tooth on the left side, and I always have to find that hollow place with my tongue to find out which is my left foot."—Indianapolis News.

Silenced.

"What did you mean by starting the story that I was an unbeliever in the Scriptures?" asked the deacon in great wrath.

"Well, deekin," said the man who had originated the report, "you know you told me that all you said about that hoss I bought was as true as gospill. An' you know how true it was."

"Er—ah," said the deacon.

Didn't Go In.

"I see you passed a candy store on your way home this evening."

"How in the world did you know that?"

"Because you didn't bring any candy with you."—Houston Post.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 13, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vii, 1-13. Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text, Rom. xiv, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Taking up the incidents between the last lesson and this one we note that because they did not consider His wondrous works, such as the feeding of the thousands, they were amazed at His stilling the storm and walking on the sea. That was Israel's trouble all through, and it is ours; we do not consider, or if we do it is ourselves or our circumstances or people and not Him who should occupy all our thoughts (vs. 52; Heb. iii, 1; xii, 3). In chap. vi, 53-56, what a multitude of sick folks gather unto Him, see the streets in the villages filled with them, all hoping that He would pass near enough for them to touch the border of His garment; how beautiful to read that "as many as touched Him were made whole."

Then follows the great discourse on the bread of life, the bread which came down from Heaven, even Himself; and His reply to the question, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" In considering His reply remember that believing means receiving (John i, 12) or committing oneself unto Him (John ii, 24). I am continually helped by John vi, 57, "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." Also verse 63, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." To many even among true believers, He and His words are still hidden manna of which they have not yet tasted the sweetness, or having no spiritual appetite they loathe the heavenly food. They have life, having Him, but not abundant life.

There were many in His day, as there were also in the days of the prophets and as there are in our own time, whose religion is wholly outward, simply a matter of externals, of outward forms and ceremonies—they are referred to in verse 6 of our lesson in a quotation from Isaiah. Let us hear two quotations from the prophets concerning them, "This people draw near Me with their mouth and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from Me, and their fear toward Me is taught by the precept of men" "They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them, for with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness" (Isa. xxix, 13; Ezek. xxxiii, 31). In addition to what our Lord said about them in this lesson He said elsewhere, "All their works they do for to be seen of men." "Ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess." "Ye outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within are full of hypocrisy and iniquity" (Matt. xxiii, 5, 25-28). These are the men who, in the lesson for today, find fault with Christ and His disciples for not practicing the many outward washings of their religion. There are multitudes of such formalists still who are very religious, but it is all outward, and they know not the true God, who searcheth hearts (I Sam. xvi, 7; I Chron. xxviii, 9; Jer. xvii, 10; Rev. ii, 23). In II Tim. iii, 1-5, we read that the end of this age will be characterized by a form of godliness without any power, and truly it is already visible enough and tending to a greater manifestation of the same.

Inasmuch as it was foretold that it would be so, we are not surprised at it, and rejoice that He cannot fail nor be discouraged (Isa. xlii, 4), but the question may well search us, Am I real in my life,, living before God rather than men and studying to shew myself approved unto God (II Tim. ii, 15; II Cor. v, 9). Our Lord desires a holy people, a people meet for His use (I Pet. i, 15, 16; II Tim. ii, 21), but the cleansing must be inward, by His spirit and His word applying the blood (Ps. li, 10; Rom. xii, 2; John xvii, 17; Eph. v. 25, 26). This matter of defilement by unwashed hands is briefly and decidedly disposed of by our Lord in these words, "To eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man" (Matt. xv, 20). In Matt. xv, 11, and verse 15 of our lesson we learn that what cometh out of the mouth, not that which goeth into the mouth, defileth a person, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and out of the evil heart proceedeth all evil deeds and words (vss. 20-23; Matt. xii, 34).

No mere outward religion is of any eternal value, but may be of some benefit as far as this present world is concerned. The great cry of today about the uplift of the race, the Christianizing of nations, making an end of war, etc., is all from the proud, foolish heart of man, without any reference to the great Prince of Peace, who alone can bring peace. All mere human effort as well as all people who are not God's planting must be rooted up, overthrown, broken to pieces, and He who created all things by His word shall bring peace on earth by His word. He will speak peace, His word will do it, as it will also slay the wicked (Ps. lxxxv, 8; xlvi, 9; Isa. xi, 4). Only by His word and His spirit revealing Himself can He give peace to any individual, but to any one thus receiving Him He becomes peace indeed, life indeed, eternal redemption.

Strange Cure For Lunacy.

Our forefathers were so fond of the whip that they seem to have regarded it as a cure for lunacy and even for smallpox. The accounts of a Huntingdonshire parish under date 1691 have the entry, "Pd. in charges taking up a distracted woman, watching her and whipping her next day, 8s. 6d.," and a few years later eightpence is paid for "whipping two people yt had the smallpox."—London Standard.

How, Indeed?

Small Boy—Sister said to ask if you had any invisible ink. New Drug Clerk (after looking among some bottles)—I guess we haven't, at least I don't see any. Small Boy (contemptuously)—Huh! How do you expect to see it if it's invisible?—Chicago News.

Tart Retort.

Restaurant patron (caustically)—I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam. Mother—Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's pleased him since he saw the animals eat at the zoo.—Puck.

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DOOMED HIMSELF.

Chief Shavehead Boasted Once Too Often of His Deeds of Blood.

J Seymour Currey in "The Story of Old Fort Dearborn" describes the massacre of the garrison of the old fort and tells of one instance of poetic justice for the Indians' butchery.

"Bloody retribution," says Mr. Currey, "overtook one of the savages, who on the day of the massacre showed no mercy to his victims. This was a chief known as a deadly enemy of the whites and who bore the expressive name of Shavehead because of his peculiar manner of tying up his scanty hair.

"Years afterward Chief Shavehead was in company with a band of hunters in the Michigan woods. In the party was a white man who had formerly been a soldier at Fort Dearborn and was one of the survivors of the battle on the lake shore. At one of the campfires the chief, being of a boastful disposition, related while under the influence of liquor to those sitting about the campfire the frightful tale concerning the events of that day, dwelling upon its horrors and boasting of his own deeds.

"He was not aware that one of the whites whom he had so fiercely assailed was at that moment listening to his braggart utterances. The old soldier as he heard the tale was maddened by the recall of the well remembered scene.

"Toward nightfall the old savage departed alone in the direction of the forest. Silently the soldier with loaded rifle followed upon his steps. Others observed them as they passed out of sight into the shades of the forest. The soldier returned after a time to his companions, but Shavehead was never seen again."

PROPOSALS IN JAPAN.

Quaint Custom of Placing a Plant In an Empty Flowerpot.

In some of the Japanese islands, in houses wherein reside one or more daughters of a marriageable age, an empty flowerpot of an ornamental character is encircled by a ring and suspended from the window or veranda by three light chains.

The Juliets of Japan are, of course, as attractive to the Romeos as those of other lands. But instead of serenades by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression it is etiquette for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his lady bearing some choice plant in his hand, which he boldly proceeds to plant in the empty vase.

This takes place at a time when he is fully assured that both mother and daughter are at home, neither of whom, of course, is at all conscious that the young man is taking such a liberty with the flowerpot outside their window. This act of placing a pretty plant in the empty flowerpot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells within.

The youthful gardener, having settled his plant to his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases. If he is the right man she takes every care of the gift, waters it and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all the world may see the donor is accepted as a suitor. But if he is not a favorite or if stern parents object the poor plant is torn from the vase and the next morning lies limp and withered on the veranda or on the path below.

The Oil In Cloves.

Cloves are simply the dried flower buds of a beautiful evergreen tree growing naturally on the Spice islands. These flower buds are gathered when they have become of a bright red and are just on the point of opening. The name comes from the resemblance of the prepared spice to small nails, from the French word clou, for nail. Cloves are very heavily charged with a pungent, acrid, volatile oil, as much as 20 per cent sometimes being extracted. This oil is valuable for flavoring and scenting purposes and has a limited field in medicine, but the habit of "eating cloves," in which young folks and too often old ones indulge, is very reprehensible, as the oil is a powerful drug, becoming in many cases an insidious poison.

Mitigating Circumstance.

A Scotch baillie recently advanced to the bench had a criminal placed before him accused of some very modest violation of the law. Of course the baillie knew the prisoner well. He heard the charge stated.

"John, man, I'm sorry to see you here. We'll just fine you half a crown."

The clerk here intervened.

"But the charge is not yet proved. We have not heard the evidence."

Then the benignant baillie:

"Ah, well, John, my man, as the charge is not proved we'll just fine you an eighteenpence."—London Telegraph.

Facial Horticulture.

"A new milkman left our milk today," announced Dorothy.

"Did he have whiskers?" asked her mother, thinking perhaps it was the proprietor.

"No," said the four-year-old; "he didn't have whiskers, but he had the foots."—Harper's Weekly.

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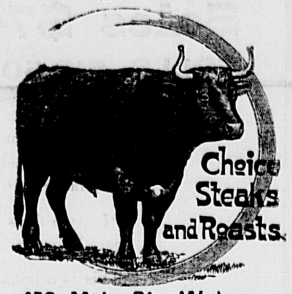

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 3.30 p. m.
For North, direct 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
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The Masquers

A Story Showing That Our Inmost Thoughts Are Our Own

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Miss Vardemond dismissed her maid and leaned back in her chair with a weary little sigh. She had superintended the packing of her trunks and had inspected with languid interest the lustrous white bridal gown with its dainty accessories.

There was one hour before dinner. After dinner would come Stephen. She must do it at once. She went to a writing desk and from some secret hiding place brought forth a carved sandalwood box.

She turned a golden key in the lock, and odors of sandalwood and rose leaves perfumed the air like incense rising from an invisible altar. She took out a bundle of letters and a man's picture. Untying the package, she placed the envelopes face upward in a long row on the rug. There were thirty in all.

Thirty days of perfect bliss in one's life. That was not so very much, she thought rebelliously. But then each day had been full of an unutterable joy that had been rounded to an idyllic close by the receipt of a letter. She pressed a white finger on the first missive. It was merely an invitation to ride in the park. The last letter was a passionate avowal, ending in black night for her.

She stretched out her arms and murmured wistfully, "All within this little space!" Then she made a motion as if to gather and toss them into the fire, but hesitated. "Once more," she breathed to herself, "only once more."

She did not open the letters. One by one in the order of their dates she picked up the missives and read them with her mind's eye. Graphically she lived each day, and at the close of the

"ONCE MORE," SHE BREATHED TO HERSELF, "ONLY ONCE MORE."

day she tossed a letter into the fire's heart and watched while the passionate flames consumed it.

As she read her face changed from the first faint flush of newly kindled love to deeper recognition of love's meaning—tenderness, perfect joy, and then, with the last letter, awakening and despair.

When the last one had expired and its blackened specter had flown up the chimney, hot tears fell on the picture in her lap. She looked on it once as one looks on the face of the beloved dead and laid it on the pyre. Ere it was consumed in the licking flames she placed the sandalwood box above it and watched the ascending smoke and crumbling embers through blurred vision. When the fire glowed clear and bright again her tears ceased to flow.

For a long time she gazed into the fiery coals wherein her tokens of happiness had been consumed and likened it to the ordeal through which she had passed. After it was all over, the brief, feverish term of joy which had been allotted to her, she had withdrawn into the grateful shadow of Stephen Wade's friendship. Friendship which had ripened into a love in which she played the passive part of recipient, for she had no love to give—only calm affection—but it was affection that would be lasting as life itself—and perhaps would be more satisfactory than transitory love!

Stephen did not know this. He was not aware that the offer of his sheltering love afforded a grateful refuge to her bruised heart. He believed in her love for him. He believed her to be too high minded and steadfast to come to him with anything less than love.

Yet she had done it and he would never know. It would be her life's purpose that the noble hearted man she had promised to marry should never learn that in return for his deep love she brought him sincere affection—and nothing else.

With a quick, graceful movement she arose to her full height and shook back the copper glory of her hair. It was as if she had slipped off some burden that had lain heavy on her beautiful shoulders.

"Now I can begin anew," she said triumphantly.

* * * * * * *

"I believe it is customary," soliloquized Wade, with a bitter smile, as he drew a letter case from his pocket. Then he stared into the fire absently. A half hour passed, during which he sat utterly motionless, the fine profile of his face cut like a cameo against the dark velvet of his chair.

With a sudden start he slowly opened the letter case. From an inner compartment he took a small parcel wrapped in tissue paper and unrolled it in his broad palm. He looked down upon an absurdly small fan with rich lace and delicate pearl sticks crushed and broken. His own hand had wrought the injury.

Ah, the pain again! He had not thought it possible, for had not his very soul died that night? Yet there was the pain, the terrible crashing agony. Could men suffer like that and live on?

Aye, man had done it and would. He drew a sharp breath. The pain deadened into apathy, and the broken fan slipped from his fingers to the floor.

He saw a full southern moon shifting light through honeysuckles and roses while he watched with passionate ardor the shadows flickering across a beautifully dark face with soft black eyes and rose leaf lips. There was the rise and fall of her low toned contralto as they talked, to the sound of whose music he could listen forever.

He saw a warm southern sun shedding light on long delightful days when life was intoxicatingly blissful—days wherein care nor apprehension nor any doubt found place, days when his upright, honorable, clean soul rejoiced in the love of a woman, in the glory of perfect womanhood that was without a flaw. Poets and historians were base revilers to the contrary; he, Stephen Wade, knew.

He saw a moonlit night, heavily scented with jasmine, when his very heart ached with the perfect joy of living—when, in the pale shadows of arching palm alleys, his perfect joy turned to agony, his strong hand clinched about the fragile toy of lace and pearl, had crushed it as his hopes were crushed under the flaying scorn of her voice, under the indifferent mockery of her softly luminous eyes.

Bewildered with pain, he had turned away with ashen face. He had walked miles through the brilliant night, every star hanging like a lamp in the sky, while the clinging perfume of the jasmine flowers that rioted the wayside hedges overpowered his senses and numbed his agony for the time.

When the first pink flush of dawn had spread into the pale morning sky he had stopped beside a fern edged pool. Hot eyed and weary, he lifted one hand and looked at the fan, at first stupidly, then with growing apprehension and then realization. He shuddered now as he thought of the hours, days, months, years that had followed.

Then had come his meeting with Constance Vardemond, his warm admiration for her beauty and her sweet sound disposition. They had become the best of friends. They understood each other perfectly, but he had never dreamed of marriage. He did not want to marry any one—now. But some one had whispered a word, or it materialized in the air, for it had never evolved from his modest inner consciousness that Constance cared.

Stephen Wade did not hesitate. He held out his hand and his heart and his life, and she took them gracefully, as one who thankfully receives a great boon, and between them had come a perfect peace and understanding.

To Stephen, Constance Vardemond represented the highest type of womanhood that he believed could exist. Beyond that his nature, which had been hammered into a cool, calm, evenness of temperament, did not inquire. Tomorrow they would be married with all the pomp and brilliant pageantry that was a part of such occasions in their circle. This was the last night he could open the book of the past.

A deep toned clock chimed the hour. He passed a hand wearily over his eyes. "Of course it is near dinner time," he muttered. "And after dinner there is Constance—it—I believe this is customary!"

He laughed harshly and picked up the fan. The simple action seemed to give vent to some inward storm of passion, for suddenly he tore the sticks into fragments and tossed them into the fire. Then with a fierce cry he leaned forward and snatched a small bit from the glowing mass. With seared fingers he clutched the smoky tatter of lace and splinter of pearl and pressed it to his lips passionately. Then he flung it back into the fire.

With compressed lips and sullen, miserable eyes he watched the licking flames devour his little all—the only thing he had cared for in the world. There was a last burst of devouring flame and then, when not one atom of his fetich remained, he sprang to his feet and faced the large photograph of Constance Vardemond that stood on the table behind him.

He looked at it with a grave steadfastness in eyes from which all passion had fled and where nothing but a great peace remained.

Constance should never know that the love he was bringing to her was a make believe, a sham. The love she had chosen to honor him with should receive its full quota of deep, earnest affection, and he would make it the purpose of his life that the woman who loved him should never guess that he had none to give in return.

"It is good to begin life anew," he smiled confidently.

There was a soft tap at the door. "Dinner is served, Mr. Stephen."

Rude Awakening.

"You're looking mighty sour. What's the matter? Honeymoon over?"

"I guess so."

"How'd that happen?"

"Oh, we were drifting along down life's enchanted stream, as the poet tells about, and just as I was thinking I should like to drift on and on with her forever she up and told me that she had got to have some money."—Houston Post.

REAL PROGRESS UNDER TAFT.

Many Progressive Measures Put In Force.

THE WHOLE PEOPLE SERVED.

Express Companies Compelled to Reduce Rates, Parcels Post Law Enacted and Other Notable Progressive Policies Made Effective by Taft Without Boasting and Noise.

Dispassionate judges will accord to the Taft administration the credit of putting in force more measures of a positively progressive character than any other administration since the civil war. Not only have such measures been numerous, but they have been of great and farreaching importance. President Taft has labored indefatigably to serve the whole people, and by means of his broad experience and rare judicial mind and having at his command legal talent of the highest order he has put his progressive policies one after another into valid and practical legislation. This has been done without boasting and noise. Whether vindicated or not at the coming election, Mr. Taft's work will stand as a chapter of achievement as brilliant as it is meritorious.

We wish at this time to invite attention to two specific features of governmental progress. One consists of the interstate commerce commission's investigation of the express companies, resulting in the recent report ordering the companies to reduce rates and institute sweeping reforms in various directions. The other is the enactment of the Bourne parcels post bill, one of the most useful measures ever put in force in this country under any administration. These two reforms, taken in connection, will exert a powerful influence for a reduction of the cost of living.

Mr. Taft has been in complete sympathy with the interstate commerce commission's inquiry into the express business, a process consistent in all respects with the administration's general policy of compelling big corporations to square themselves with the law and the public interest. Some of the more powerful corporations do not like that policy, but the public ought to indorse it. The enactment of a parcels post law brings to fruition a plan that found indorsement in the platform upon which the president was elected. Through the action of the senate the Bourne bill, looking to a parcels service at the lowest practicable rates within a given territory, was substituted for the house bill with its flat rate provisions. The measure as passed probably is not perfect, nor should the rates be regarded as permanent. The plan is experimental in certain respects. But we believe the principle of the act is correct. One of the most important aspects of this measure is its bearing on the food situation. It will give consumers and producers a new medium of direct contact. The interstate commerce commission's rulings respecting the express companies also make special account of this problem. The express companies are required to order their business in such a manner as to give quicker service and lower rates on food products.

It is recognized by all economic investigators that one of the greatest problems related to the cost of living is that which has to do with the system of distribution. Express reforms and the parcels post will be of great value in promoting prompter and cheaper distribution of food products especially, and at the same time the scope of these measures is so comprehensive as to apply to all classes of merchandise. Production, too, should be greatly stimulated by the influence thus invoked.

We do not say that President Taft deserves the sole credit for these departures, but we cite them as features of an administration that some persons would have us believe is nonprogressive, when in reality they form a logical part of a great progressive epoch, which opened with the inauguration of Mr. Taft and which, in the people's patriotism and good sense, will be continued during four more years of the same courageous and able leadership.

More Work Than Workers.

To the Editor of The World:

I have read your paper for about fifteen years and during that time I have always found it very much on the level, but just now I don't agree with you on Wilson. I am a Republican, and have been for more than fifteen years, so I am for Taft always. I will answer why by taking up your advertising sheet of Sunday, Sept. 29.

That's the answer. Can you or Mr. Wilson tell me, if he is elected, whether you will have more pages of help wanted advertisements than you had on that day? Eight pages of help wanted, female and male, and a little two and one-half pages of situations wanted, male and female! Don't you think that means something? Business must be good in this little city. Will it be better if Wilson is elected? I know it won't be nearly as good and you don't want to know it.

H. C. RODDER.

New York, Oct. 1.

—New York World (Dem.), Oct. 2.

Skillful Flattery.

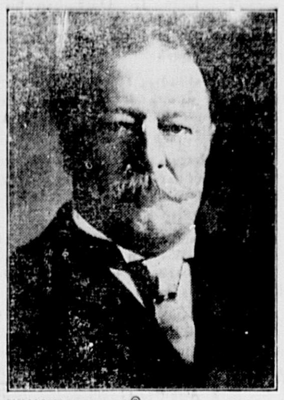
"How well you look!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, I do. I never saw you looking better in my life."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so. I hope you mean it."

"I really do. Only the other night I was saying to my husband that there are a lot of women I know who aren't half so old as you that don't look nearly so young."—Detroit Free Press.



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

HE TURNS TO TRUSTS.

Woodrow Wilson Evades Discussion of the Tariff Question.

It is the trust issue, we are now told by Woodrow Wilson, that is paramount in the campaign. Last week it was the tariff. What it will be next week has not yet been indicated.

In his speech of acceptance Governor Wilson emphasized the fact that a platform was not a program. Those were words of wisdom. A program is something to be followed with some degree of fidelity. A platform, in the lexicon of the Democratic candidate, is a flexible thing, not to be taken too seriously, but to be bent and altered to meet the demands of the moment. No program for the candidate. A nice, adaptable platform is good enough for him.

In all fairness and in all decency, however, Dr. Wilson should not be permitted to evade a discussion of the issue he brought forward as the important one early in his campaign. His campaign manager refused a challenge for a joint debate between Republican and Democratic speakers on the tariff, and the candidate might disclaim personal responsibility for that, but certainly Dr. Wilson cannot avoid responsibility for his own words and his own arguments. The fact that he found his audiences totally out of sympathy with his free trade views should not still his tongue if he has the courage of his convictions and honestly believes the doctrine which he preached. If he be a true leader of the antiprotectionists he will justify his beliefs and opinions.

So far from doing this, however, he has elected to evade, precisely as his managers evade, adequate discussion of the subject which means so much to every individual in the land. First assailing protection and making statements that demonstrated his lack of knowledge of the facts, he shifted from that position to one where he was trying to calm the fears of the industrial and commercial elements in the population aroused by his initial utterances. Out of all of his more or less vague talk on the subject only one thing emerges clearly and distinctly—that is, that he and his party propose a purely political revision of the tariff, with all the disaster, distress and disturbance that such a revision entails. Scientific revision on accurate information is rejected by him and his party. Political revision is just what the people do not want, but both candidate and party are committed to it, hence their desire to get away from the issue.

By all means let the trusts be discussed, too, but not in terms of generalities, such as Governor Wilson indulged in before the Democratic state convention at Trenton last Tuesday. And while discussing it Governor Wilson might explain why it was that the Democratic house curtailed the trust investigating work of the department of justice by granting only two-thirds of the sum needed to carry on the labors mapped out.

MR. WILSON'S APOLOGY.

Afraid to Publish What He Said About Union Labor and Immigrants.

The so called Wilson defense bureau has issued a long statement to the effect that Woodrow Wilson's published opinions in his books on the alleged inferiority of European immigrants and American workingmen generally to the Chinese and favoring Chinese immigration, etc., have been "misinterpreted."

There is one ready and complete reply to misinterpretation, and that is to republish what Wilson said to let him speak for himself. This the Wilson defense bureau of the Democratic national committee carefully refrains from doing, and neither Wilson nor his apologists, therefore, can blame American workingmen in general and European immigrants in particular for concluding that Wilson meant just what his language meant when he expressed his bad opinion of trades unions and his preference for Chinese over Europeans.

Extract from statement of Mr. Roosevelt dated Nov. 8, 1904:

"On the 4th day of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the president to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

"What Washington would not take and Grant could not get no man shall have."

Undertaker on the Horizon.

Nell—Why does she always dress in black? Belle—She's in training. Nell—Training for what? Belle—Well, you see, she married an octogenarian.—Philadelphia Record.

Nothing to Conceal.

Barber—How do you—er—part your hair, sir? Customer (partially bald)—Along the line of least resistance, young man. Chicago Tribune.

WASTE TURNED TO USE.

Story of a Sauerkraut Factory and Its Worthless Juice.

A simple illustration of how apparent waste may be utilized is shown by the story of a sauerkraut factory on Long Island. In the manufacture of this German delicacy the juice is pressed out of the cabbages and, as the vegetables are about 60 per cent water or juice, the waste was more than one-half. This juice was allowed to go to waste.

It was an industrial chemist who collected this juice and discovered that it contained much decomposed vegetable matter. There was an organic acid in the juice that seemed worth recovering, and by concentration and filtration the acid was obtained and refined. Today this organic acid forms an important factor in the tanning of skins and in all textile manufacturing.

At first thought it would seem as if the sauerkraut industry was too small to be of importance in recovering such an insignificant byproduct, but there are alone on Long Island upward of twenty such factories, and each one uses some 2,500,000 pounds of cabbages. From each factory there are recovered annually 80,000 gallons of juice, or, in all, 1,500,000 gallons of waste. Multiply these figures by ten and we begin to get an idea of what this factory economy means, for there are similar factories around Chicago, St. Louis and many other large cities. —George Ethelbert Walsh in Leslie's.

BATTING IN BASEBALL.

The Style of Sticks Used by the Sluggers Varies Greatly.

Heavy hitters of the past and present have always been of widely different opinions regarding their bats. Dan Brouthers, the veteran slugger, expressed the feelings of most players when he said the bat makes little difference to a batsman as long as it feels comfortable and the owner looks upon his favorite stick with something like affection.

It can be well added that the style of the batter sometimes has little to do with his hitting, whether it be the choke effect invented by Willie Keeler or the crouch that was Sam Crawford's stock in trade. Young players make the mistake of copying the style of some great batter and of using a club that is as nearly a replica of the great one's as possible.

It used to be said of Larry Lajoie that he could "hit the ball a mile with a toothpick," and Hans Wagner was not particular about the flail he used so long as he could get a ball off the shoulder. As a matter of fact, most of the hard hitters make their long drives from balls that would not have been strikes had they been allowed to go to the catcher. Unless one stands fairly well back from the plate it is difficult to get the shoulders into a drive made from a perfectly pitched ball.—New York World.

Richelieu as an Editor.

The first reporter of France was Louis XIII. The national library possesses the manuscripts of thirty-six articles written by that king. Almost all are accounts of his military operations. These articles were published in the Gazette de France. The "copy," however, did not go directly to the printer. Louis XIII. wrote abominable French, and he had vague notions of orthography. His articles were corrected and often entirely rearranged by a secretary named Lucas, who copied them, sending to Richelieu the new manuscript. Richelieu examined it in his turn and often introduced additional corrections. At the siege of Corbie the king wrote a few lines eulogistic of the cardinal, but afterward crossed them out of his article. Richelieu wrote them in again, and so they appeared in the Gazette de France.

Habits of Game Birds.

I was riding along the shore of Great Bear lake, in Utah, one afternoon and, coming suddenly over a rise of ground, surprised a grebe in the edge of the tules. She swam into the lake, turning and calling repeatedly. Then two little grebes appeared, and, swimming low, with only their heads and beaks visible, hurried after their mother. As they overtook her, each one reached out, and, catching the feathers of her back in their beaks, they drew themselves alongside and quickly huddled under her wing, completely hidden. Had I not been a spectator to the act I should never have suspected her of carrying two little "stowaways" as she hurried off.—J. Alden Loring in Outing.

Keeping Peace at Home.

How do they do it—the couples who win the Dunmow flitches by going a whole year without a quarrel? Tact undoubtedly plays a part. One recalls the simple system of a Sussex couple to keep peace at home. When the wife came in a little ruffled she flung her shawl over her left shoulder, and the husband knew that silence was golden. If he came home with hat cocked forward the wife knew that something was wrong, and she likewise lay low. It's the simplest tact that keeps the peace at home, where you may never be at a loss for the quarrel you look for.—London Chronicle.

"It Suits to a T."

The clause "It suits to a T," meaning it fits exactly, is as old as the familiar instrument, the T square or T rule (so called from its resemblance to the letter T), used by mechanics and draftsmen for making angles true and for obtaining perpendiculars. The expression was in common use in the time of Dr. Johnson, who is quoted by Boswell as saying of Wharburton, "You see they'd have fitted him to a T."

Why She Couldn't.

"No, I didn't have a very good time," she said. "I wanted to talk, and there wasn't a man there."

"But there were plenty of other girls."

"Oh, of course, but that was no satisfaction, for they all wanted to talk too."

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 18, 1912

THE DOMINANT ISSUE.

The dominant issue of the State Campaign is whether a Republican or a Democrat will succeed Senator Crane.

Ex-Gov. Draper and Congressman Weeks are avowed Republican candidates. Mayor Fitzgerald will be the nominee of the Democrats. The Progressives have not yet crystallized in behalf of any candidate. Doubtless the great majority of them would seriously object to Fitzgerald, and perhaps a good many really hope to elect enough of their candidates to the Legislature to swing the senatorship to a candidate of their own.

Some of their leaders are not so confident of this result, apparently, because they are openly saying that Fitzgerald's Election would be a "rebuke" to the Republican party.

Between Draper and Weeks there is no personal feeling. Either would give way to the other rather than see Fitzgerald win. Each has an honorable ambition, but their individual ambitions are subordinated to their desire for the success of Republican principles.

As a practical question, the issue lies between these two men and Mayor Fitzgerald, and the answer will be determined by the vote for Representatives. If neither of the Republican Candidates for the senatorship typifies the ideal of the Progressives, does Mayor Fitzgerald more nearly approximate it? If he does not, the Progressives should keep out of Representative contests. They cannot win.

It will be another case of "a house divided against itself." It will mean the election of a Democratic legislature, and that in turn, will mean not only the election of John F. Fitzgerald to the United States senate but also that of Martin Lomasney as Speaker of the House.

We cannot believe the average Progressive contemplates such a possibility with equanimity. It is time, therefore, for sober calculation, which shall take account of hard facts as well as of dreamy fancies. If this is delayed too long, there will be an awakening on election night that will make the Progressives wish they had listened to the voice of reason.

It is either Draper, Weeks or McCall on the one hand, or Fitzgerald on the other. By their vote for Representative they determine the result.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY.

Three cheers for the people of Lawrence! Their demonstration on Columbus Day, when 33,000 marched to demonstrate their belief in God and their love for the American flag, is the rebuke the I. W. W. deserved.

Never again will this band of radical Socialists be permitted to dominate a New England community and even insolently threaten our courts. They were willing to use the Stars and Stripes as a shield when they were baiting the militia, and if any had been injured or killed, would have made their "patriotism" their cry.

But the Militia did not fire, and when the soldiers were recalled, the insolence of these leaders took on new courage until the Stars and Stripes not only had no place in their parades and "demonstrations" but was purposely and insultingly supplanted by their red flag and banners reading, "No God No Master."

That was the last straw. In a week's time the people of Lawrence organized the great procession of October 12. No flag but Old Glory was to be seen. Twenty-seven nationalities marched beneath it. A little band of I. W. W. members trailed into the country and picnicked by themselves as a counter-demonstration.

By contrast, their numbers were ludicrous. Lawrence got an object lesson of the tail that has been wagging the dog for so long, and wondered why it had permitted itself to be thus humiliated. Never again, it is safe to say, will it permit this domination, and never again will any other New England community.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. G. Maguire—Citation.
N E Tel & Tel Co—Sales, &c.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.
Edison Elec. Illum. Co.—Electric Show.

— Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dow and daughter are in Montreal, Canada.

— Camping parties are already leaving for Maine hunting and fishing

— The Dr. Daniel March Baraca class will commence their series of entertainments the first week in November.

— Mr W. E. McDonald of Bennett street is slowly recovering from injuries received by an auto accident in Boston.

— Mr. and Mrs. William Dresser of Kennebunk, Maine were in Woburn this week visiting relatives and taking in the Electric Show in Boston.

— Mrs. Robert Chalmers and Miss Margaret Bates are at Middleboro.

— Wednesday, Oct. 23 will be Donation Day at Choate Memorial Hospital.

— Mr. and Mrs H. C. Huntress will probably move into their new home on Warren avenue early next month.

— The alarm from Box 62 at 3 35 Wednesday morning was for a fire in the Buel Building in Buel Place. Damage small.

— Mr. Leon L. Dorr has filed nomination papers as candidate for Representative of the Progressive Party of Woburn.

— Several ladies from Woburn attended the sale and tea held at the Royal House Medford by the D. A. R. Society on Columbus Day.

— The burglar alarm system installed in the new Five Cents Savings Bank was done by Mr. Joseph Atwood of Lawrence street, Woburn.

— The annual entertainment and ball of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association will be held in Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 6.

— The alarm from Box 61 at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon was for a fire in the cobbler shop of Lewis Levine, on Main opposite Hovey street.

— Mrs. Augusta Goold and daughter Amelia will move from Pleasant street to the house of Mrs. John Hovey, 19 Church avenue, this month.

— Mr. Henry F. Bulfinch of Milford, New Hampshire a former business man of Woburn, but now retired, was in town last week calling on friends.

— The Republican City Committee gave a reception to Mr. J. J. Rogers of Lowell, candidate for Congress at their rooms last evening to meet the Republican voters of this city.

— Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Estes, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Dorr and Mrs. Hubbard Copeland were delegates from the M. E. church to the State S. S. Convention at Lawrence last week.

— The beautiful boquets of fall flowers from the garden of Mr. C. M. Strout with which he so generously remembers his friends are highly appreciated by all who receive them.

— Mrs. Winthrop Hammond, a former resident of Woburn, but now of Seattle, Washington, where Mr Hammond is a prosperous business man is visiting relatives and friends here.

— The Col. Loammi Baldwin Chapter D. A. R. held its first meeting Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Henry Clark, Billerica. Music was furnished by Miss Maude H. Littlefield and Mrs. Dora Winn Andrews.

— The latest reports from physicians of Col. Roosevelt are favorable for his early recovery from the bullet wound of the assassin and people of every nation are expressing their sympathy, as well as all classes in America.

— The Woburn Grange held its meeting last evening. Mrs. Lottie A Greene of the literary committee had charge of the lecture hour which consisted of reading, singing and an address by Mr. Cockum of Billerica.

— At the meeting in charge of laymen of the First Congregational church last Sunday evening, Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of Lexington a former member of the church was the principal speaker of the evening. There was special music by a male quartet.

— Do not forget the "Rainbow Bazaar" at the M. E church, Oct. 30 and 31. Arrangements are well under way and the occasion will no doubt be a most enjoyable one. There will be an entertainment each evening and on Wednesday evening a supper will be served.

— Mr. Buchanan has been harvesting his pears and although the yield is not as large as usual, the fruit is of larger size and will be ready for the table at Thanksgiving. He never forgets his neighbors, and generously distributed to each one a large basket of delicious fruit.

— At the Unitarian Church next Sunday morning will be observed as Harvest Sunday. The Sunday School will join with the congregation. The decorations, music and sermon will be appropriate to the occasion. The Subject of the sermon will be "A Grateful Spirit." All are invited.

— Gov. Foss accompanied by Hon. David I. Walsh, were guests Tuesday evening of the Elks Fair and Carniva now being held in Lyceum Hall. The Governor was introduced by John J. Costello, exalted ruler and made a brief speech. Hon. D. I. Walsh also was a speaker and it is estimated about two thousand people were present.

— The Massachusetts State Sunday School Association was held at Lawrence Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this week. Topics for discussion were "How to train Sunday School Teachers Today;" "How to Adopt the Pilgrim Standard;" "Definite Expression of Christian Discipleship;" "Money Offerings of Schools;" "Self-Support" and "Christian Service."

— Miss Josephine Sullivan twelve years old, who saved the life of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Harkins' infant child on Main street last July, and was herself seriously injured and confined at the Choate Hospital for several weeks where she was treated, has entirely recovered, and is now very happy by receiving from the Massachusetts Humane Society a bronze medal and button in recognition of her bravery.

Woman's Club.

The first meeting of the year of the Woburn Woman's Club will be held in Lyceum Hall, Friday afternoon, Oct. 25 at 3 o'clock. Miss Emily Johnson will read from "Nobody's Widow." The Schubert Trio will furnish music for the afternoon and there will be a social tea.

The Directors of the Woman's Club held the first meeting of the season with Mrs. Fred Shattuck, yesterday afternoon.

The Edison Electric Co. has kindly invited the members of the Woburn Woman's Club to attend the Boston Electric Show in Mechanic's Building. All members who desire to accept this invitation will please take the train which leaves Woburn at 12 52 Thursday, October 24.

Hutchinson—Whitney.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 16th, at 5 P. M., a very joyful home wedding occurred at the Duncan on Myrtle street, Waltham, in the presence of fifty relatives and friends from Marlboro, Woburn, Medford and Hyde Park, of various ages and types of beauty. A bridal bower was erected by loving hands and hearts in an alcove in the spacious parlor. It was composed of ferns, smilax and branches of autumn leaves and was a thing of beauty and a joy (not forever) but for a time. Roses shed their fragrance in the air. The contracting parties were Mr. Alvah H Hutchinson of Waltham and Miss Grace L. Whitney of the same city. They were attended by Miss Evelyn Howe of Marlboro, bridesmaid and Mr. ——, bridesman, of Waltham. The happy couple were bound in wedlock by two golden bonds which proved to be an interesting and amusing part of the ceremony. In nineteen hundred and seven the bride resided for nearly a year at 62 Pleasant street, and attended Fisher's Commercial College, Winter Hill. Numerous presents of value and rare beauty were on exhibition in the anteroom. At seven of the clock the bride and bridegroom, arrayed for a tour, disappeared in a shower (not of water or rice) but confetti, which is adhesive, and forms on attachment. The wedding guests departed early for home in a joyful condition, some with isinglass in their hair and wedding cake in their pockets guided by the beauteous hunter's moon and Jack Frost, who came with a cool embrace from the lowlands. LEO.

Electric Show.

The 1912 Boston Electric Show is irresistible, but it closes in one week. Over 45,000 people attended to this Show on Columbus Day. As soon as the doors were open at 10 o'clock that morning, people began coming in. In fact there were a few waiting for the doors to open. From that time on there was a steady flow of people through the three great entrances. Several thousands came early, stayed during the morning, got luncheon at the beautiful Baronial Hall Restaurant and left for the ball game. As soon as the Columbus Day parade was over, people began flocking to Mechanics Building in automobiles, in the street cars, and on foot. The street cars passing Mechanics Building were crowded with people from the time the parade ended until late in the evening.

In takes a great crowd to make 45,000 people. If the people who went in and out of Mechanics Building, they would pack the street full from building line to building line for more than two blocks. These people each purchasing a ticket and filing through one gate, would require at least ten seconds per person. This would be 450,000 seconds, 7,500 minutes, 126 hours, 17 working days of 8 hours each.

Crop Report.

The Crop Report for September, published by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, has just come from the press. Weather conditions of crops for the country as a whole are touched upon, but the larger part of the space is devoted to a discussion of crops in Massachusetts. This issue also contains an article upon "Pruning the Apple Tree," by C. D. Jarvis, Ph D., of the Connecticut Agricultural College, giving directions as to the proper methods to employ, and by illustrations, showing the most desirable type of tree for commercial apple growing. A copy of this Crop Report may be had by applying to J Lewis Ellsworth, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, 136 State House, Boston, Mass. The reports are issued monthly from May to October of each year and all applicants may have their names placed on the permanent mailing list, if they so desire.

In regard to the proper time for pruning operations Dr Jarvis calls attention to the following facts:

"Regular annual pruning or training will give best results. A severe pruning once in three or four years upsets the equilibrium of the tree, and in the long run is not economical. As a rule pruning should be done while the tree is dormant. Some prefer to prune in the early spring for the reason that wounds made at this time usually heal more readily. If the work is started in the fall it is more likely to get the attention that it deserves, and when the first suitable days for spraying arrive the trees will be ready."

The Danger After Grip

lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by All Druggists.

Advertisement.

The Youth's Companion For 1913.

The Youth's Companion appeals to every interest of family life, from housekeeping to athletics. It begins with stories of youthful vim and vigor, with articles which disclose the secrets of successful play in the great games, with charming tales of life at the girls' colleges. But The Companion does not surrender these readers when they have entered the more serious paths of life. Mothers will welcome the page for little children and the weekly doctors article. Fathers will find the important news of the day as it is, and not as it is rumored to be. The entire household will appreciate the sketches which touch gently on common foibles or caricature eccentricity. In short, for less than four cents a week The Companion brings into the home clean entertainment, pure inspiration, fine ideals, increase of knowledge.

Names rarely seen in tables of contents will be found in The Companion's Announcement for 1913, which will be sent upon request—with samples of the paper, to those not familiar with it.

Every new subscriber for 1913 will receive free all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1912; also free, The Companion Window Transparency and Calendar for 1913, in rich, translucent colors—the most beautiful of all Companion souvenirs.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

The most notable engagement of a season thus far replete with extraordinary attractions is announced for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week, when Mrs. Langtry, (Lady De Bathe,) returns to America after an absence of ten years For her tour this season over the B F. Keith Circuit Mrs Langtry has selected a one-act comedy written by Percy Fendall and herself, and entitled "Helping The Cause." Mrs. Langtry has the role of an English noblewoman, arrested for stone throwing and incarcerated in Holloway Jail for two weeks. But alas for her unhappy jailers, the lady makes herself so agreeable that the governor and warden of the jail quite outdo themselves in vieing with one another in paying attention to their titled prisoner. Her cell is furnished in gorgeous style, with sofas, gilt chairs, oil paintings, etc, and everything is done to make the lot of the Suffragette pleasant. The outcome of the story is both novel and amusing. Mrs. Langtry has the part of the titled Suffragette, who is imprisoned for stone throwing, and she is supported by an excellent company. A complete scenic production is carried. Mrs Langtry will head an excellent vaudeville bill, including Charles and Fanny Van in their new act, "The Stage Carpenter's Experience;" "Rube" Dickinson, the funny monologuist; Bobby Heath and Ruby Raymond in "The Good Old Summer Time;" Richard Waley, a celebrated European billiardist and juggler; the Three Mori Brothers, and a number of others yet to be announced. Mrs. Langtry's engagement is for one week only.

THE PARK.

I have been in to see Rose Stahl again in her new play by Charles Klein, called "Maggie Pepper," and this second visit makes positive my conviction that in this play our foremost comedienne has a character which will outlast and outshine her Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus Lady." Evidently the playgoing folks hereabout think so, too, for although the piece is now in the midst of a long engagement the house has been filled at every performance As a matter of fact and record Rose Stahl has scored in "Maggie Pepper" the only real success achieved by a drama in Boston this season and at the present writing there is no piece in sight which will share honors with her. The acting of Miss Stahl is simply great—we all know what an artist she is—but one of the delightful surprises of the performance at the Park is that Mr. Harris has surrounded his star with a company of splendid players and Miss Stahl is considerate enough of their ability to allow opportunity for the display of their talent. Therefore "Maggie Pepper" is one of the best acted plays we have seen on our stage in many days. It is a well known fact that Rose Stahl is insistent that no detail of the performance be slighted, and she never occupies the center of the stage to the exclusion of her fellow players, and yet while she is there on the stage, speaking or silent, the audience never forgets that she is the dominant figure in this story of real life which is being unraveled for their pleasure.

THE TREMONT.

Blanche Ring with her charming smile, her magnetic personality and her inimitable manner of singing songs, comes to the Tremont Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday and with matinees on Saturday only, in "The Wall Street Girl," a new musical comedy in which she has scored the most distinct hit of her career. In her new vehicle, Miss Ring is said to be given a greater opportunity to display her ability as a comedienne than she has had at any time in the past.

"The Wall Street Girl" can boast of excellent parentage. The book is by Margaret Mayo, author of "Baby Mine," and Edgar Selwyn, who wrote "The Country Boy." Hapgood Burt is responsible for the lyrics, while Karl Hoschna, of "Madame Sherry" fame composed the music. Miss Ring plays the title role of Jemima Green, daughter of a Wall street broker. Her father being disappointed in not having a son, brings her up in a mannish fashion. She enters his Wall street office and is deeply engrossed in high finance.

When Dexter Barton arrives in New York direct from Nevada, with a gold mining proposition to sell, he is turned down good and hard by Mr. Greene. Jimmy, however, feels that the gold mine is the real article and takes a half interest, much to her father's displeasure. Not only does Jimmy become interested in the gold mine, but she becomes even more so in Mr. Barton. She gives up all her mannish wearing apparel and adopts all the fluffs and flounces of her sex. How the gold mine saves Mr. Greene from financial failure and how Jimmy loses her heart to the Westerner, are cleverly worked out by the co-playwrights.

Miss Ring has half a dozen catchy songs, among them being "Deedle-Dum-Dee," "I Want a Regular Man," "I Should Have Been Born a Boy," "Whistle It," and "The Indian Rag."

LOCAL NOTES.

— Miss Helen Cox head nurse at the Choate Memorial Hospital passed away last night after a short illness. Dr. Chalmers in his efforts to save her life gave of his blood, by transfusion, but in vain.

— Mr. Henry M. Aldrich accompanied by Dr. Guy Lane went to New York yesterday morning to meet his son who had been taken ill on the steamer while returning from Europe.

Almost A Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

Letter From The State Ornithologist

BOBOLINKS AND ARMY WORMS.

Now the clear frosty nights send the tide of bird life southward. The smaller birds migrate at night and so escape the hawks which fly by day. When our birds leave their native fields and woods for the long flight southward, they enter upon a journey fraught with many unknown dangers, and many of them never live to come back. As soon as they reach the middle and southern states they become the targets of numerous gunners both black and white. I spent a part of the month of September in South Carolina and was an eye-witness of the wholesale killing of small birds there for food. I was told that every negro had a musket or a cheap shot-gun and all but one that I questioned admitted that they owned guns and shot birds. Even some of the boys were seen hunting small birds with air guns. In September, the Bobolink (known in the Carolinas and Georgia as the ricebird) is the principal game. Millions of these birds have been killed for the markets of this country and they have been shipped even to Paris. I saw many negroes hunting them in the marshes and rice fields and witnessed the operation of plucking the birds and packing them for shipment. One party of gunners had killed in one forenoon more than a thousand birds. Each man had taken from six to fourteen dozen. Others, in pairs, steal upon the birds at night with torches, one man carrying the torch the other seizing the dazed birds one at a time, biting their heads and dropping them into a burlap bag. Sometimes the men get as many as 30 dozen each in a night. Formerly when the birds were much more plentiful, vast numbers were taken in this way. The negroes told me they were paid twenty cents a dozen for "shoot" birds and twenty-five cents for "ketch" birds. At this time the bobolink is storing up energy for its long flight to South America. It grows fat upon the seeds of reeds, weeds, wild rice, wild oats and rice and is a dainty morsel for the table. We have been taught to believe that the bobolink is a great pest to the rice planters and that it is killed to save the rice fields from destruction. A brief examination of the facts on the ground shows that there is no truth in this tale today, and leads to the belief that rice birds were never shot so much to protect the rice crop as to secure to the hunters twenty-five cents a dozen and to the marketmen the profit that he gets by selling them at sixty cents a dozen. The planters told me that they never had allowed their "help" to shoot much shot at the birds as that would damage the rice, but "bird minders" were given large quantities of powder to shoot and long whips to crack at the birds to keep them moving and frighten them away.

This was considered a necessary part of the expense of rice planting and in the days of large plantations it was quite a tax; but rice planting today on the Atlantic coast is almost a thing of the past—killed by western competition. Now there are only a few thousand acres planted to rice, and the killing of the bobolinks for the market is both unnecessary and barbarous. Everybody admitted that the birds were fewer than formerly.

Aside from any injury that the bobolink may do now in the rice fields it is a very useful bird and is particularly destructive to army worms; so much so that in some parts of the South it is known as the "army worm bird." In recent years the fall army worm has become very destructive in South Carolina and in fact through most of the southern states. This year it has been so injurious that the United States Department of Agriculture has issued a special bulletin to southern farmers warning them and giving means of controlling the pest. Farmers told me that their crops were menaced by the army worm, until flocks of birds gathered on their lands and destroyed the worms.

Why should men be permitted to shoot these birds? Verily it seems sometimes that man has no more reasoning power than the ape.

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

WINCHESTER.

The Fortnightly began its thirty-second season with a social and tea last Monday night.

Judge George S. Littlefield of the Calumet Club has again been elected president of the Mystic Valley League by a unanimous vote.

Hon. John D. Long, Hon. Samuel J. Elder and others will be the speakers at the Republican Rally here on Friday evening, Nov. 1st.

Miss Janet Richards who will give a talk in the Town Hall this evening is a guest of the Misses Richards, Black House Terrace, having come there immediately on her arrival in Boston.

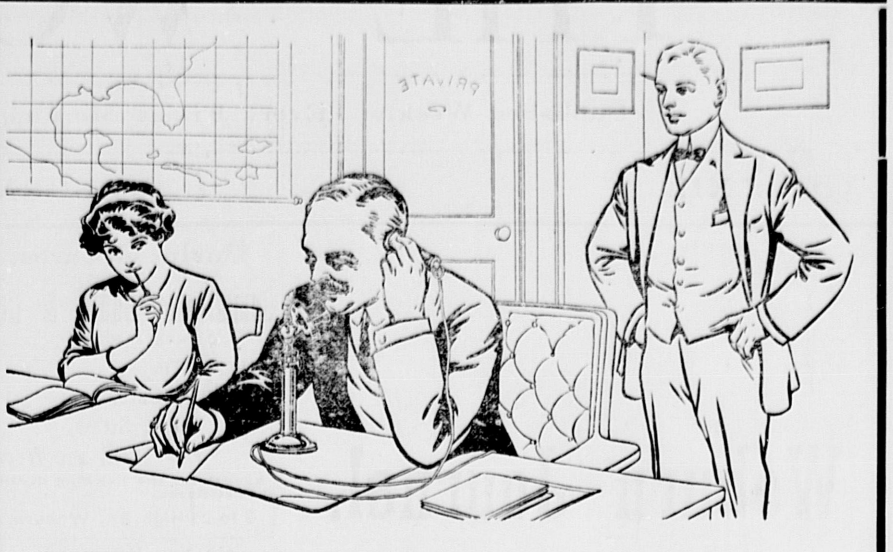
The Winchester Fortnightly ushered in its thirty second season last Monday with a social and tea. The delegates to San Francisco, Mrs. Nichols and Miss Mabel B. Ury gave reports of the biennial. Singing was by Ruth Humphery Knight.

Carl Truax was severely burned about the face and hands last Tuesday. He was removing a load of rubbish and excelsior; when the excelsior took fire, setting the wagon on fire and frightening the horse who ran through the streets with Truax who held the reins and went to the town stables near by. Truax was taken to the Winchester Hospital in a serious condition.

Food Value Of Milk.

ITS USE AND CARE BY CONSUMERS.

At the present time, when such vital interest is being taken in the milk situation, our readers will be glad to learn that the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture has issued a pamphlet entitled, "Food Value of Milk—Its Use and Care by Consumers." This has been prepared by Mr. P. M. Harwood, General Agent of the Dairy Bureau, and should have a wide distribution among consumers throughout the State. Its primary object is the education of the consumer to the real value of clean milk, as compared with the nutritive value of other common food stuffs.



Sales $74,400.00

TOLLS $13.50

"I had a of cargo grain to sell and started to call on customers in western Main and New Hampshire. Being unable to make suitable railroad connections, I decided to telephone some of my customers. This experiment proved so satisfactory that I continued selling by telephone.

"In two days I had made 38 toll calls from Portland. Result: sale of 126 cars of grain worth $74,400.00. The toll charges amounted to $13.50."

This is a bona-fide statement.

Have you looked at the telephone on your desk and ruminated: "I wonder if you couldn't help me in my business?"

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Convict Ship "Success"

Baseball and weather, a strong combination of enemies leagued against amusement enterprises, did not prevent record breaking crowds from visiting the Old British Convict Ship Success at Warren Bridge during the past week. Following the example of Emperor William of Germany, the King of England, Gov. Foss and other public men of note, scores of New Yorkers and other out of town people in Boston primarily for the World's Series, paid visits to the ship, oldest vessel now afloat. Several Bostonians, well known socially gave "Success parties," during the week, revisiting the ship with out-of-town people as their guests. A number of German physicians attending a medical convention in Boston paid a visit to the ship, and found much to interest them in the authentic documents preserved there, which describe in detail the medical treatment of prisoners sentenced to do time aboard the Success and other Australian convict ships and prison hulks. The brutal methods of punishment, the flogging posts and dungeons, and harness irons, and the small space given to sanitary and medical departments aboard the ancient craft were seen with the utmost astonishment by the Germans, fresh from Berlin and other cities, where criminal punishment is, one might almost say, an art, carried on on scientific and hygienic principles. The Convict Ship is soon to leave its dock at Warren Bridge, and Bostonians and visitors to Boston are hastening to view it before it is too late.

It Looks Like A Crime

to separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. His pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, sprains and bruises demand it, and its quick relief for burns scalds, or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healable and does it quick. Unequaled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 16, by Rev. George H. Tilton Clinton Earl Sevrens and Helen Adalaide Poole both of Woburn.

At Waltham, Mass., Oct. 16, by Rev. A. H. Spence, Alvah Frank Hutchinson of Waltham and Grace Leverett Whitney formerly of Maynard.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 9, Helen C. Nichols, aged 9 years, 29 days.

In this city, Oct. 9, William Finnerty, aged 32 years, 5 months, 6 days.

In this city, Oct. 14, Frank Milliken aged 52 years, 3 months, 5 days.

In this city, Oct. 14, Martin F. Duran, aged 43 years, 4 months, 4 days.

In this city, Oct 15, Susanna Poole aged 82 years, 21 days.

In Oakland, California, Oct. 3, Sarah Abby (Cutler-Kendall) Cutting, wife of Francis Cutting, aged 82 years, 8 months.

HENRY F. MILLER,

GRAND, UPRIGHT and PLAYER PIANOS.

In addition to our own HENRY F. MILLER pianos we sell pianos manufactured by others which we offer at,

$175, $200, $235, $265, $285, and $300

Our prices are figured at the smallest advance above cost, giving the buyer a great advantage. We take old instruments in exchange and sell on installment terms.

Victor Talking Machines and Records.

Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Company,
395 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
FACTORY: WAKEFIELD, MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in any of the real estate of Kate Kenney Hennessey, alias Catherine Hennessey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, John J. Hennessey of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he as the husband of said deceased, is entitled to take five thousand dollars and one half of the remaining personal, and one half of the remaining real property of said deceased; that the personal estate is insufficient to pay the said five thousand dollars and that the whole amount of the estate of said deceased does not exceed in value the sum of five thousand dollars over and above the amount necessary to pay debts and charges of administration; and praying that the whole of the real estate which is described in said petition may be assigned and set out to him by the Court according to law, to provide for said deficiency, at a value of eight hundred dollars, or at such other value as may be fixed by said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of November, A. D 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, once in each week, for three successive weeks, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

18 25-1 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Lavina B. Colb, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

18 25-1 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:
Woburn, Mass.:

I, Esther M. Colomb, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that Deposit Book numbered 33199 issued to me, has been lost or destroyed; and, pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

(Signed) ESTHER M. COLOMB.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

October 3, 1912. 4-11-18

READERS Take Notice!

That I have fifteen

HORSES and MARES

that must be sold, as I am replacing them with Auto Trucks I will have no further use for them. They are a fine lot of good healthy horses that have been used around the city and would be suitable for Grocer, Butcher, Baker, Milkmen, Truckmen, Farmers, or any general business purposes. They weigh from 11 to 14 hundred each, ages 6 to 9 years. In the lot are two mares that are in foal. It would pay any one that is in need of any horses to call and look them over, Call at the Express Office and ask for the manager, Mr. T. Boyle.

114 Washington St., North,
Near Causeway St., Boston, Mass.
Two Squares from North Station.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Homer W. Danforth, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to William H. Curtis, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

4-11-18 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of George A. Hobbs late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EMELINE W. HOBBS, Executrix.

October 3, 1912. Woburn, Mass.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

FLOUR
— IS —
LOWER

ALL OLD WHEAT

$7 bbl. 90c. Bag

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

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OUR

Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's

PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.15, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.20 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

406 Main Street, Woburn.
Tel. 314 W.

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Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

LAKE OF THE DEAD.

An Uncanny, Mysterious Spot In the Oban Country, Nigeria.

It will be a long time before the shores of the Lake of the Dead, in the Oban country, Nigeria, become popular for summer resort purposes. An English traveler says: "When I believed I was in the neighborhood of this haunted spot and altered my course my carriers begged to be allowed not to proceed and were left behind. After a struggle through dense bush we could see the edge of a sheet of water, along the banks of which were the holes of crocodiles, whose tracks covered the shore. The scene was a weird one. The surface of the water was absolutely still, and roundabout were ten foot high bushes, with what were apparently great tufts of creamy flowers. These, however, proved to be nests of tree frogs.

"The place is a sanctuary for all wild things, for no hunter would dare to penetrate the bush to this dreaded spot. As we stood at the edge, gazing out over the water, its quiet was suddenly broken by a broad ripple, and little fish were seen to spring agitatedly above the surface. A great python was crossing, and this, we learned, shared with the crocodiles the guardianship of the sacred lake. Nothing, we were informed, must be allowed to trouble the water or even to touch its outer edge or famine and pestilence would ensue.

"Here, according to popular belief, come by night the ghosts of long dead Ekoi to drift in sad companies hopeless and wailing over the surface of the water. Even in the bright sunlight the place has an uncanny look, and one can easily imagine that at midnight, when the white mists shimmer ghostlike in the light of the moon, people with the terror and mystery of the 'bush' in their blood would rather sit chatting around the fire or dance by torchlight in the open spaces of the towns than seek out this uncanny spot."—Chicago News.

WAKENED BY A GHOST.

A Woman's Startling Experience In a Washington Hotel.

From his diary under date of October, 1890, Sir Henry Lucy quotes in the Cornhill Magazine a remarkable ghost story which was told to him by a "lady bearing a name highly honored in the United States." The incident happened some years previously. The lady was at Washington at a time when congress was sitting and all the hotels were full. On applying for a room at the hotel which she was accustomed to patronize with her husband she was told that the house was full. After some little hesitation the clerk, observing her distress, undertook that a room should be got ready for her. It was a small, plainly furnished room on the sixth floor.

She went to bed early and slept soundly until she was awakened by the sensation of a hand touching her face and a voice which cried with piteous accent, "Oh, mother, mother!" She was profoundly startled, but, arguing with herself that it was only a dream, went to sleep again. Again she was awakened by a hand that nervously stroked her face and the blood curdling cry, "Oh, mother, mother!" She got up and lighted a candle. A chambermaid came with a startled look. The visitor related her experience.

"Yes, ma'am," said the chambermaid "I told them they ought not to have put you in the room. He was only carried out an hour before you came."

"Who was carried out?" said the lady.

"Why, the young man who was lying here for a fortnight in delirium tremens and died a couple of days ago. He was always stretching out his hands, feeling for something and crying, 'Oh, mother, mother!'"

Glass Spoons.

Most of the millions of spoons manufactured for many uses are made of some sort of metal, such as gold, silver, iron or tin, but there are also made and regularly sold spoons of glass. This might seem like an especially fragile material for such use, but these glass spoons, while they are made of precisely the same shape and proportions as a metal spoon, are made thick so that they will withstand any ordinary usage. They are made of pressed glass, though as they are finished they resemble cut glass. They are made in various spoon sizes. Glass spoons are used in the sickroom for administering medicines that would tarnish metal spoons.—New York Sun.

Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25c. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS
PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

ONLY ONE WEEK MORE
Are You Going To Miss It

This Greatest Opportunity Ever Given in The World to See and Learn About Electricity?

The 1912 Boston Electric Show

IT IS THE MARVEL OF THE DAY

25c Liberati's Band and All 25c

Select Sensible Silverware
FOR YOUR
Holiday or Anniversary Gifts

A set of triple plated knives and forks makes a sensible present, and if they bear this trademark

1847 ROGERS BROS WARRANTED 12 DWT

are as serviceable as they are sensible. A complete line of spoons, forks and fancy pieces are also made in the "*1847*" brand. They are handsomely put up in cases for presentation purposes.

Your dealer can supply you. Send to the makers for catalogue No. 234 explaining all about "*Silver Plate that Wears.*" It is beautifully illustrated and sent free.

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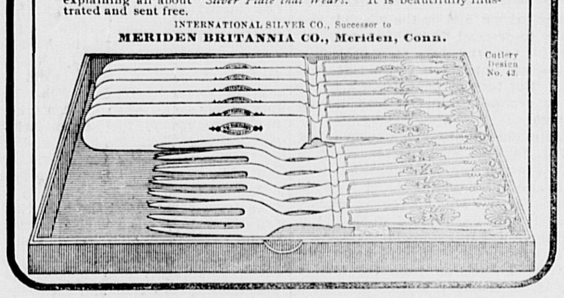

Cutlery Design No. 43.

ROSE STAHL in her latest success, Charles Klein's comedy "Maggie Pepper," Park Theatre, Boston.

PRINTS PARCELS POST MAPS

United States Geological Survey Gets the Postoffice Department Contract.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has awarded the contract for printing 125,000 parcels post maps of the United States to the geological survey, which submitted the lowest bid. Mr. Hitchcock is thus able to take advantage of the resources of the government to furnish these maps and rely thoroughly upon their accuracy.

The parcels post system must be in operation on Jan. 1. Mr. Hitchcock announced that the maps will be in the hands of the postmasters long before that time.

On the maps the whole area of the United States is divided into quadrangles, measuring thirty minutes on each side. These quadrangles are known as units of area. In the lower left hand corner of the map will appear a table of rates and brief instructions for its use.

A WOMAN COMPTROLLER.

Miss Bessie H. Townsend Appointed to That Office In Atlantic City.

The appointment of Miss Bessie H. Townsend as city comptroller is announced by the city commission of Atlantic City, N. J. She has been bookkeeper in the office for several years and will be the first woman, so far as known, to hold the position of city comptroller in this country.

Miss Townsend succeeds City Comptroller Barrett, who, with the city solicitor, Wootton, was removed from office.

His Little Scheme.

"Going to Wombat's dinner party?"

"Guess so. Why is he announcing that reporters will be rigidly excluded?"

"That's his scheme to get the affair well written up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Curious Canal.

Between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England, is the most remarkable canal in the world. It is underground from end to end and is sixteen miles long. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface. The canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canalboats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are crosspieces, and the men do the work of propulsion by lying on their backs on the coal and pushing with their feet against the crossbars on the roof.

An Expensive Drop.

Mr. Hiram Jones had just returned from a personally conducted tour of Europe. "I suppose," commented a friend, "that when you were in England you did as the English do and dropped your H's?"

"No," moodily responded the returned traveler, "I didn't. I did as the Americans do. I dropped my V's and X's."

Then he slowly meandered down to the bank to see if he couldn't get the mortgage extended.—Lippincott's.

The Doubtful One.

Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven.

The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he, "I don't see why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will."—London Tit-Bits.

Cruel.

Miss Yellowleaf—Yes, ours is a very old family. You know, we came over in the Mayflower. Miss Caustique—Indeed! And did you—er—have a pleasant voyage?—Judge.

PROGRESSIVES AID DEMOCRATS

Would Elect Democratic Legislative Candidates

RANK AND FILE PROTESTS

Real Progressives Organize to Defeat Fitzgerald and Will Vote For Republican Legislative Candidates —Will Not Be Used to Aid the Lomasney Machine

The past week has seen the state and national campaign in pretty fair swing all over the commonwealth, but especially in the eastern part. The crystallizing of public sentiment seems to be going on with great rapidity just now, and Republicans say that evidences multiply to prove that the prospects are steadily improving for the whole Republican ticket.

Perhaps the most significant thing in the whole campaign is the way the Roosevelt Progressives are resenting the attempt to force upon them a state ticket and legislative ticket in order to compass the defeat of the Republican state ticket and elect a legislature which will choose John F. Fitzgerald of Boston to succeed United States Senator Winthrop Murray Crane. This move in favor of Fitzgerald has the sanction and support of Matthew Hale, although he disclaims any intention of trying to elect Fitzgerald.

Hale Under Severe Criticism

Notwithstanding that, what he is undertaking to do would result in just that if he should succeed in forcing the Progressives to vote for Progressive party candidates for the legislature and thus split the Republican vote in two. From all parts of the state, however, have come protests in indignant denunciation of the Hale program, from the most prominent Progressives. In Cambridge a number of the Progressives have organized a Progressive Republican club to work against this edict of Hale, and to organize the Progressives there into a band which shall do the most active work for the Republican legislative candidates.

The circular sent out by this organization to all Progressives in that city who are supporting Roosevelt declares that the placing in nomination of local candidates by the Progressive party is a serious mistake, the inevitable result of which will be the election of Democrats to the legislature, the choice of Martin M. Lomasney as speaker of the house, and of Fitzgerald as United States senator. The circular also asks all Progressives who believe in Progressive reform and who deplore the result of voting for local Progressive candidates to unite with the club and aid in convincing the Progressive party managers of their folly.

Progressives Disrupted In Brockton

A similar state of affairs exists in Brockton and many other sections of the state, and it is believed that the Progressive party managers in Boston are smarting under bitter criticism.

Leading Progressives say the policy of Mr. Hale would be a distinct injury to the commonwealth in several respects:

That it would result, if successfully carried out, in the election of Mayor Fitzgerald as United States senator, and the choice of Martin M. Lomasney of ward 8 as speaker of the house.

That it would install on Beacon Hill the Boston Tammany, and result in Tammanyizing the various state departments, the removal of skilled non-partisan employes and the substitution of Democratic ward workers. They say, in fact, that the election of a Democratic legislature through Progressive help would convert the state government into an annex of the Democratic party such as Boston itself and its many departments have already become, a haven for politicians rewarded at public expense.

Today, under Democratic rule, ninety percent of the employes of the city of Boston are said to be Democrats. Under Republican rule a large percent of the employes of the state departments are Democrats. That shows the proscriptive policy of the Democrats and the non-partisan plan of government adopted by Republicans. Republicans say they do not believe in building up their party at the expense of the commonwealth. The Republican party established the merit system.

The Danger as It Exists

The Springfield Republican calls attention to the fact that last year about 100 legislative districts were carried by the Republicans by 250 or less majority in each, making a small Progressive vote in each enough to elect a Democrat, and thinks it discovers a vindictive purpose on the part of Progressive leaders to ruin the "grand old party" first in order to erect upon its ruins a long term of Roosevelt. The Republican declares that nobody denies that the Massachusetts legislature under Republican control has been steadily Progressive, for Mr. Roosevelt himself insists that the [illegible] of this state are more progressive than those of any other commonwealth. It is significant that this statement is made by a newspaper which is supporting Wilson for president, but which believes in maintaining the standard of Massachusetts senators.

Hale and Fitzgerald

George E. Saunders, a prominent Boston business man, charges that an alliance apparently exists between Mr. Hale and the Democratic Fitzgerald-Lomasney machine in Boston. He asks Mr. Hale to repudiate this alliance, and to help in the fight to keep Fitzgerald out of the United States senate. He declares that Hale is doing all he can for the election of Fitzgerald and that he could not do more for him if he were hired for the purpose.

Before election day the voters are likely to know just what the real issues in the campaign are and to learn that the sinister threat of Progressive aid to the Democratic party in its purpose to Tammanyize all the state departments is the principal one.

EXCESS OF MEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

Census Shows 106 Males to 100 Females—Due to Extensive Immigration.

The population of the United States (exclusive of Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and other noncontiguous possessions) comprised in 1910, according to the last federal census, 47,332,277 males and 44,639,989 females, or 106 male to every 100 females. In 1900 there were 104.4 males to every 100 females. These figures are contained in a statement issued by Director Durand of the bureau of the census, department of commerce and labor, and are based upon a tabulation prepared under the direction of William C. Hunt, chief statistician for population in the census bureau. The figures are preliminary and subject to revision.

The excess of males in the United States is mainly due to the extensive immigration, a much larger proportion of the immigrants being males than females. In the foreign born white population there are 129.2 males to 100 females. But the native white population also has a slight excess of males, the ratio being 102.7 to 100.

In the negro population the males are outnumbered by females in a ratio of 98.9 to 100. Among the Chinese in this country males outnumber females by more than 14 to 1, and among the Japanese by about 7 to 1. The Indians show a small excess of males, 103.5 to 100 females.

The preponderance of males in the aggregate population of the United States is most marked in the Pacific and mountain divisions (far western states), with ratios in 1910 of, respectively, 129.5 and 127.9 males to 100 females. The proportion of males is lowest in New England, this being the only geographic division in which there is a slight excess of females over males. There are only five states in which females outnumber males—namely, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, North Carolina and South Carolina.

Of the fifty cities having over 100,000 inhabitants there are twenty-eight in which the males outnumber the females. In thirty-nine of the cities the proportion of males was greater in 1910 than in 1900, and in eleven it was less. The number of males per 100 females was greatest in Seattle (136.2) and only slightly less in Portland, Ore. (134.5). Nashville shows the smallest proportion of males, with a ratio of 89.6 to 100 females. Of the eight cities having 500,000 or more inhabitants, Baltimore has the lowest number of males per 100 females (92.4), and Cleveland the highest (106.6), but the ratio is almost as high in Chicago, where there are 106.3 males to 100 females. New York city's population is almost evenly divided by sex; in Philadelphia the females outnumber the males.

A Giant Pepys Saw.

King James I. had a gigantic porter eight feet six inches in height, but he was not perfect, being round shouldered, knockkneed and lame in one foot. Of a similar height was Charles Munster, a yeoman of the Hanoverian guard who died in 1676, and seven years before there was being exhibited in London a Dutchman eight feet nine inches high anent whom in Pepys' diary we find the following entry on Aug. 15, 1669: "Went to Charing Cross to see the great Dutchman. I did walk under his arm with my hat on and could not reach his chin with the tips of my fingers."

Happiness.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is in his hand or on his head.

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Robert Chalmers, Physician.
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Woburn, January 30, 1911.

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THE DESERTED HOUSE

A Story For Halloween

By HELEN S. DICKSON

In one of those quiet New England towns where the changes are only in the growing up, decline and dying of its citizens stands a house that has been a landmark for many years. It was once the finest residence in the place, but has long ago fallen into decay. A family by the name of Hammond built it, stocked it with furniture of an antique type, then locked it up and went on a trip to Europe. From that trip they never returned.

One autumn afternoon, the afternoon of one Halloween, a party of girls were walking over the beautiful hills that overhang the town, kicking the dead leaves under their feet, some of them beating with improvised walking sticks they had picked up by the way an occasional low hanging bough to which still clung clusters of red and yellow and brown leaves. Halloween being at hand, the girls were proposing different schemes for tempting fate to give them a glimpse of future husbands.

"There's no use in Kit Cummings asking to see the man she is to marry,"

SHE SAW REFLECTED FROM THE GLASS THE FIGURE OF A MAN.

remarked one of the girls, "since Aunt Sarah has brought her to G. purposely to meet Joe Wilkins in order to make a match between her and him."

"Thanks very much," the girl referred to put in. "Neither Aunt Sarah nor any one else shall choose a husband for me. That privilege I reserve for myself. I have never seen Mr. Wilkins, and it is no more likely that I shall like him when I do see him than any other young man, and there is no reason why he should like me."

"He's very nice," spoke up one of the party.

"And since Kit is very nice," remarked another, "and since the meeting between her and the man intended for her is to take place on Halloween, it stands to reason that he is the man fate intends she shall marry."

"When and where is this important introduction to take place, Kit?" asked a girl.

"I don't know, and I don't care," replied Miss Cummings impatiently, not relishing this discussion of her private affairs.

"I do," put in another. "He's to be at the Halloween party tonight. We shall all see him there and all have an equal chance at him. You don't claim him, Kit, do you?"

"Not by any means. It's a free for all match."

"In other words, some one of this party on this Halloween may in Joseph Wilkins meet her fate. Now let's see who shall get him."

"Humph! Instead of leaving it to fate it seems to me you're leaving it to the best angler."

This girls' chatter went on till one of the party noticed a storm cloud lowering in the west, and they concluded that it would be better to get home. Since they lived in different parts of the town they scattered. Miss Cummings, after descending a part of the way with two of the girls, turned into a road leading down to her aunt's house, pursuing her way alone.

It was now after 5 o'clock and since the storm cloud shut off the twilight the darkness was falling—indeed a few drops of rain pattered on the ground. Miss Cummings hurried on, but not quick enough to escape a shower. Just as it began to pour she came to the house that has been described at the beginning of this story. Since she was a stranger to the place she had never heard of the Hammond house. She saw an ample porch on which she might obtain shelter and got under its roof just in time to escape a drenching.

It is not usual that a thunder storm comes in October, but this storm was accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Moreover, the wind was driving the rain against the porch and there was soon not a dry place on it. The girl finding that she must either take a soaking or get into the house began to look about her for an entrance. She tried the shutters of several windows opening on the porch and at last found one in which the blind was so rotted that she could open it. A pane of glass was broken, and inserting her hand she was able to turn the catch of the sash. Throwing up the latter she had no difficulty in getting into a window whose sill was but a few feet above the porch.

There was still a glimmer of twilight by which she could distinguish objects. The room she stood in was the drawing room and had been furnished sumptuously. There were damask and lace curtains of a pattern long out of date; sofas and chairs of mahogany, the satin upholstery of which was rotten with age. There were mirrors with gilt frames of an old pattern. In one corner stood a piano that had been built when that kind of instrument had advanced but little beyond the spinet. Miss Cummings approached it, raised the lid over the keys and struck a chord. The wheezy notes sounded like groans.

There was something intensely interesting in this former home of persons who had lived and enacted their parts on life's stage here. They had walked about, they had been moved by emotions, they had been happy, they had been miserable here. Doubtless fair hands had struck the keys of that piano now wheezy with age. And now where were they? Who were they? Were their hearts ever, of a bright morning, of a serene evening, touched by a chord of memory in unison with the thin once melodious piano and did they long for what had once been to them home?

Miss Cummings was so far interested that she yielded to a temptation to explore the house further. She went into the hall, stopped and looked about her timidly, wondering. An open door enabled her to see dimly into the dining room. A large oak table stood in its center surrounded by massive high backed chairs. Family portraits hung on the walls, some of them in costumes that had been in fashion more than a century before. They looked at her reproachfully, as much as to say, "What are you doing here? Go away and leave us to stare at each other."

Miss Cummings passed through a pantry and into a kitchen. Pots and pans, once bright, now rusty, hung on the wall. On a table was part of a candle and beside it a few matches, both probably left there more recently than the date at which the house had been left vacant. Miss Cummings was pleased at the discovery, for if she could light the candle she might persue her investigations more favorably since the twilight had nearly gone. She struck a number of the matches before finding one that would ignite. With that she lit the candle and, returning to the hall, started up a winding staircase.

Had Miss Cummings been a timid girl she would never have enjoyed that spooky experience. As it was she was fascinated with the old four post bedsteads with curtains and valances, the wardrobes, etageres and other furniture now seldom used. In one room was a bootjack, something the rising generation has never seen.

She was standing in a bedroom looking at herself by the candlelight in a pier glass when she saw reflected from the glow the figure of a man standing in the doorway looking at her. He was in evening dress, on his head a silk hat and on his arm a light overcoat. He stood there looking at the girl reflected in the mirror as she was looking at her own reflection.

At that moment there was a vivid flash of lightning, a terrific clap of thunder; the candle dropped from her hand and she sank unconscious on the floor.

When Miss Cummings came to herself all was still and all was dark. The young man in evening dress had evidently vanished in a clap of thunder. Then came something more real—the scratching of a match, and she saw by its light the vision of a few minutes before with a silver match box in one hand and a match in the other. On the floor stood the candle, and the man was holding the lighted match to its wick.

This commonplace scene served to restore the girl to her senses. She sat up and instinctively put her hand to her back hair. Then, having lighted the candle, the young man turned to her and said:

"Oh, you're all right, are you? I felt for you and found you lying limp. I thought I should never find the candle. I don't blame you for being frightened."

He assisted her to a lounge whose frame would endure for centuries, but the upholstering of which gave way. She said she would like to go home.

On comparing notes they found that both had entered the house to escape the storm, though at different times. They went downstairs together and, the rain having stopped, they left the house together. Reaching the business part of the town they secured a carriage, and the young man, saying that he had an engagement for which he was already late, put her into it, and she was driven away.

Miss Cummings did not find the strength nor the inclination to go down to the Halloween party till nearly 10 o'clock. The first person she saw on entering the room was the young man she had met at the Hammond house. The two stood and stared at each other.

"Katherine," said Aunt Sarah, using a conventional phrase for introduction, "have you met Mr. Wilkins?"

Both Mr. Wilkins and Miss Cummings smiled.

"I should think I have," said the latter.

There was no race among the girls for Mr. Wilkins. Kate Cummings had a walkover, and when the others heard the story of their meeting all vowed that Kate had chosen Halloween to show her friends her future husband.

And they were right.

SHORTHAND WRITING.

"Stenography" Not the Only Name by Which It Is Known.

Shorthand writing is known by other names than "stenography." "Tachygraphy" is only one of them. Its second part, of course, comes from the same root as the latter end of "stenography"—that is, from the Greek "grapho," meaning to write. "Tachy" is derived from the Greek "tachys," meaning swift; so only the shorthand writer who has the ability to take down rapid speech and transcribe it quickly has the right to call herself or himself a "tachygrapher." (The "ch" sound is like that of "k.")

"Stenography" comes from "grapho" combined with "stenos," which means "narrow" in Greek. So a "stenographer" is either a narrow writer or she or he practices "narrow writing."

Not so many years ago we heard a good deal about "phonography" as a name for shorthand writing, but the term seems to have gone out of use. It comes from that same useful root "grapho," combined with "phonos." The latter word means "sound," so that a phonographer is one who writes down sound as he hears it. The phonograph is, of course, an instrument for writing or recording sound.

Then there are "brachygraphy" "steganography" and "logography" as other names for what we generally call stenography. In the order given they are derived from "grapho" combined with "brachys," meaning "short;" "steganos," meaning "covered;" "secret" (a stenographer is one who writes in cryptic or mysterious writing, not to be read by the uninitiated) and "logos," meaning "speech."—New York Times.

Taking No Chances.

"I've long wanted to meet that aviator."

"I'll introduce you after the flight."

"Introduce me now. After his flight maybe"—

"I understand. Come right along."—Pittsburgh Post.

Not to Be Loaned.

Agnes—This novel looks awfully interesting. Is it good? Gladys—It's perfectly splendid. I'd lend it to you in a minute, but it belongs to me.—Life.

THE AUTHENTIC LEE.

His Two Master Spirits Were Lofty Pride and Fierce Enthusiasm.

Under the habitually unruffled composure of that ocean of reserve and dominated, as I believe, by two master spirits, lies the authentic Lee. And what were those master spirits which, blind to facts and deaf to reason, drove him on from Farmville? Were they creations of his own? No, not at all. Nature herself had planted them. And what were they? One, an all pervading, unconscious pride, a pride not sordid or arrogant, but lofty; the other, diffused through his whole being and pulsing in every vein, a burning, even fierce, enthusiasm.

These, in my judgment, were the ingrained, controlling temperamental qualities in Robert E. Lee which determined his fate. The former could not stand the humiliation of being overthrown completely in a cause he believed right; the latter converted him at danger's first challenge, as was again and again displayed in the field, into a prompt and inveterate fighter.

As, for instance, at Antietam, although he had met and stood off McClellan, yet with such carnage that it was in effect a defeat, still for a day after the battle he held his ground among his dead, resolutely challenging his adversary to come on if he dared.

So, too, he stood for a day at Gettysburg after his frightful repulses, inviting Meade to attack, and when with his bleeding army he reached the flooded Potomac, with every bridge swept away, undismayed he turned his back on the raging stream and, planting his colors, defiantly bade the Army of the Potomac to strike.

Who can forget, too, how quickly he accepted Hooker's gage of battle in the Wilderness and how a year later—the violets were just in bloom again for the first time on the blood stained ground of Gettysburg—he plunged at Grant?

No eagle that ever flew, no tiger that ever sprang, had more natural courage, and I will guarantee that every field he was on, if you ask it about him, will speak of the unquailing battle spirit of his mien. Be not deceived—Lee, notwithstanding his poise, was naturally the most belligerent man at the head of any army in the war.—Morris Schaff in Atlantic.

A NAVAL REBUKE.

Two Admirals, a Captain and a Fool In Manila Bay.

When Dewey's fleet was at Manila the late Admiral Chichester was then a captain. On one occasion Admiral Diedrichs, the German, sent out the Irene on an unrevealed errand and without the customary notification to the commander of the blockading fleet.

Admiral Dewey had suffered, he thought, sufficiently from that sort of thing, and so the admiral sent a vessel across the Irene's bows and notified her captain that she would not be permitted to depart without a statement as to her destination.

It was not Admiral Diedrichs' mission to quarrel with both the American and the English fleets on this critical occasion, so he sought to find out Captain Chichester's purpose in case of a collision. Going on board Chichester's ship, he angrily exclaimed, "Did you see what Dewey did to my ship?"

"Yes," replied Chichester.

"What would you have done if it had been an English ship?"

"Well," said Chichester, conveniently assuming that the Irene's captain had sailed without orders from Diedrichs, "I'd have put my captain in arrest, and then I'd have gone on board the Olympia and apologized to Admiral Dewey for having such a fool in command of one of my ships."—Harper's Weekly.

SADDLE MAKING IN MEXICO.

Entire Families Often Take Part In the Home Industry.

The making of saddles, while in the aggregate an important local Mexican industry, is purely a home affair, the artisans for the most part working independently in their own homes and often pressing the entire family into service. The manager of the largest wholesale and retail dealers in saddles in Mexico City says that all the saddles which they handle are made locally at home by hand, and he estimates that more than 100 families in the city are similarly employed.

Many of these handmade saddles are handsomely carved and most creditable in appearance, although the leather as a rule is far inferior to that used in American saddles. It is the practice of retailers to furnish the trees, leather and fittings of all kinds to the workmen and pay them for their actual labor. The labor is the cheapest item entering into saddle construction, many entire families being satisfied with a wage of 50 cents to $1 American currency per day.

The saddletrees used for the better grade of saddle are imported from the state of Colima, the cheaper grade of saddles using a tree of local make. No American saddles or saddletrees are carried in stock by local merchants, but are ordered from time to time according to the specifications of the individual purchaser.—Trade and Consular Reports.

ROLLING THUNDER.

Why the Rumble at Times Is So Long Drawn Out.

The prolonged roll of thunder is readily explained by comparison with a volley fired along a line of troops.

Suppose troops to be drawn up on a line in such numbers as to extend for a mile and ordered by a signal that all could see to fire at once. One standing at the end of the line would hear the report of the musket nearest him instantly. He would hear the others successively. Thus a report 550 feet away would come to him in half a second, and he would not hear the last report for five or six seconds after the gun had been fired. This would produce a sort of roll, which would gradually increase in intensity.

If the listener stood exactly midway between the two ends of the line the reports from both ends would reach him at once, and the sound would be but half as long in reaching him as if he stood at one extremity. If the soldiers formed a circle there would be one sharp explosion.

Flashes of lightning may be considered as representing three lines of troops along which the explosions occur at the same time. Consider the variety of distance and position of the listener and we account for the variety of sound in thunder. In mountainous regions the rolling is augmented by reverberations or echoes.

SWEET REVENGE.

Mark Twain Proved That His Old Time Chum Was a Liar.

When the great man "arrives" the associates of his boyhood days who used to laugh at the idea of his ever "amounting to anything" retire unobtrusively to the background. But when the opportunity arises to make an example of some such skeptical old friend surely no one could rise to the occasion more effectively than did Mark Twain on the occasion described by Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Magazine.

He came to Keokuk to visit and was offered $5 a week and board to remain. He accepted. In the same building was a book store in which a young man named Edward Brownell clerked. He and Sam Clemens became great chums.

Sam read at odd moments, at night, in bed, voluminously—until very late sometimes. One night Ed Brownell, passing upstairs to his room on the fourth floor, poked his head in at the door.

"What are you reading, Sam?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much—a so called funny book. One of these days I'll write a funnier book than that myself."

Brownell laughed.

"No, you won't, Sam," he said. "You are too lazy ever to write a book."

A good many years later, when the name Mark Twain had begun to stand for American humor, the owner of it gave his "Sandwich Islands" lecture in Keokuk. Speaking of the unreliability of the islanders, he said:

"The king is, I believe, the greatest liar on the face of the earth except one, and I am very sorry to locate that one right here in the city of Keokuk in the person of Ed Brownell."

ROMANCES OF PORCELAIN.

The Climax to Palissy's Sixteen Years of Misery.

The maker of porcelain and pottery has decidedly the most exciting and romantic trade in the world.

The great factories of Sevres and Dresden were founded by Bernard Palissy. This man invented white enamel, but it took him sixteen years to make the invention—sixteen years of hunger, misery and persecution, which culminated in the episode, used in H. A. Jones' play of "The Middleman," wherein Palissy maintained his furnace fire by burning all the furniture in his house and finally opened the furnace door to find within the glaze which he had sought throughout the best years of his life.

Bottgher invented hard porcelain. He was an alchemist, and one day, chancing to discover that his powdered wig was unusually heavy, he inquired the cause and found that the weight was due to the kaolin with which the wig was powdered. This kaolin was the substance for lack of which Bottgher's investigations had for years failed.

When Elers opened a porcelain factory at Burslem, England, he employed the most stupid and illiterate workmen, so that his secret processes might not become known. But Samuel Astbury resolved to learn the Elers method, and, affecting ignorance and stupidity, he got a place in the factory, mastered all of Elers' secrets and eventually opened a plant of his own, wherein he duplicated in every detail the work of Elers.

Terms of Venery.

There are terms of venery which a good sportsman will still observe in his speech. Thus he finds a "pack" or a "covey" of grouse and likewise a "covey" of partridges, but a "nid" of pheasants, a "bevy" of quail, a "wisp" or a "walk" of snipe and a "fall" of woodcock. Having found them, he "springs" the grouse and the pheasants, but "flushes" the woodcock, snipe and partridges. Further, he will tell you that grouse are "challenged" and pheasants "chuckered," that partridges "jug," quails "pipe," woodcocks are "fallers" and snipe are "at walk." So the bishop was strictly correct who spoke of "some who jug themselves like partridges into small coveys."—London Chronicle.

High Priced Copy.

During the siege of Kimberley the editor of the only daily paper there was often hard put to find enough news. One day in a clubroom he found Cecil Rhodes reading a fairly new paper from Cape Town. He borrowed it and rushed to his own office, where it soon reappeared as a special edition, selling like hot cakes. That same evening he met Rhodes, who inquired, "Where's my Cape Town paper?" "Oh, I cut it up for the printers," was the reply. "Please don't do that again," said Rhodes mildly. "That paper came through by native runners and cost me $1,000."

Ignored the Hint.

The midnight stillness of the darkened parlor was punctuated by a crash just overhead.

"Wha-wha-what was that, dud-dud-darling?" exclaimed the young man.

"Merely father dropping a hint," she replied as she snuggled a little closer.—Philadelphia Record.

Too Much Seasoning.

"What is this thing?" asked the man at the lunch counter.

"A sandwich, of course. What did you think it was?" said the girl behind the counter.

"I thought it was a mustard plaster."—New York Mail.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong. It is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than yesterday.

Advice From Her Lawyer.

Timothy Coffin, who was prominent at the Bristol county bar in the last century, once secured the acquittal of an old woman accused of stealing a piece of pork. As she was leaving the courtroom she put her hand to her mouth and in audible whisper said:

"Mr. Carfin, what'll I do with the por-ruk?"

Quickly came the retort: "Eat it, you fool! The judge says you didn't steal it."—Boston Herald.

Sure of His Umbrella.

Departing Guest—Dear me, what a wet night! I wonder if you could give me the loan of an umbrella? Host—Certainly, but—well, the fact is, I think I would be the better for a walk. I'll just take a turn home with you and shelter you by the way.

A Sad Feature.

Jack—Engagement is off, eh? Has she sent him back the ring? Tom—No; that's what's bothering him. He owes money on that ring.—New York Press.

QUEER OLD MINES

The Orpiment Workings In the Snow Clad Himalayas.

A DAZZLING BLAZE OF COLOR.

Splendors of the Dismal Mineral Pits as They Sparkle In a Brilliant Mosaic of Gold and Rubies In the Light of the Flashing Torches.

High on the flanks of Tirich Mir, one of the snow clad giant Himalayas of Chitral, are the old mines where orpiment is found. Orpiment is a flaky, flexible mineral, a compound of arsenic and sulphur, the basis of certain beautiful yellow pigments, the auripigmentum of the ancients. In "Sport and Life In the Farther Himalayas" Major Kennion describes his visit to these workings, the first visit to them, he was told, ever made by a European:

"The holes through which the mines are entered are in the face of a precipitous rock and are reached by a narrow, downward sloping ledge. They were about large enough for a hyena to walk into without inconvenience.

"On my arrival five or six men with bloodshot eyes and faces covered with yellow dust crawled out. Although not injurious to health, the orpiment, I was told, affected the hands of the miners in a peculiar way. That was obvious enough. The hands of many of the men I saw were shrunken to the bone, of a dark slaty color and covered with knots and excrescences.

"I told my guide to lead on, and he disappeared into one of the holes. I followed more deliberately, surprised at being able to get in at all. After crawling a few yards we found ourselves in a small chamber about eighteen feet long, in which a man could stand upright. The air was fresher than I had expected, but there was no orpiment in sight.

"In the farther corner there was what looked like a well, and toward this my guide led me. Following his example, I sat on the floor and let myself down feet foremost into this dark and narrow hole. The shaft did not go straight down, and on the whole it was easier to descend than a factory chimney, for here and there were projecting ledges on which you could rest your toes. But for any one except a sweep or an orpiment miner it was difficult enough.

"After descending some twenty feet I felt my legs swinging in space, a hand grasped one foot, guided it to a rock and I let myself down on solid earth. I was in another chamber, smaller than the first and stuffier. But still there was no orpiment.

"A hole appeared to lead away in a downward direction from the farther end of the chamber, and on one side a lot of debris had fallen. My guide cheerfully told me that this was the grave of eight men, who had been buried under this fall of stone while working at the end of the passage.

"My guide now disappeared into the hole and I had to follow. There was no room to crawl—you had to lie down and work yourself along with your toes. The air was foul and full of sulphurous dust. If it had been possible to turn round and retreat I think I should have done so. After traversing forty feet, which seemed as many miles, in this painful manner we reached another chamber, in which it was possible to sit up.

"Here at last was the orpiment, and it was almost worth the trouble of coming to see. Except where the roof was blackened by our torches—the miners do their work in the dark for the sake of purer air—the walls of the mine seemed a dazzling, scintillating mosaic of gold and rubies. The light was thrown back from an infinite number of glittering points, in which every shade of red and yellow, from the deepest ruby to the most brilliant scarlet, from old gold to the palest sulphur, was intermingled to form an indescribable blaze of color.

"After admiring the fascinating glitter and gleam and ever changing blaze of beautiful color of this display of subterranean splendor for awhile and breaking off a few specimens of various hues I began to long for the upper air. So we began the ascent from Avernus, which I was pleased to find considerably easier than the descent."

Just the Same.

"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to hang over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."

Not So Very Unexpected.

"Ada, dearest Ada, will you be mine?"

"Oh, Charles, this is so unexpected! You must give me a little time."

"How long, darling?"

"Oh, I will just call mamma. She is waiting in the next room."—Fliegende Blatter.

Retribution.

"Oh, George, who opened the canary's cage?"

"I did. You told me a little bird was whispering to you when I was naughty, so I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about, so I opened the cage and the cat's eaten him!"

Anxiety does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; it empties today of its strength.—Maclaren.

Insulted Him.

Mrs. Highupp—John, I was never so angry in my life as this afternoon, when that lecturer at our club deliberately insulted you. Mr. Highupp—Insulted me? Mrs. Highupp—Yes; he referred to the railroad of which you are president as a common carrier.—New York Times.

An Obstacle.

"I hear Stocsky's daughter is going to marry a nobleman."

"No, she is not. Her father had him investigated by a surety company and on their report refused to invest in him, as there was a defect in his title."—Baltimore American.

The Reason.

Gibbs—Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime. Dibbs—Well, you see, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything low.—Boston Transcript.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 20, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vii, 24-30; Matt. viii, 5-13—Memory Verses 27, 28—Golden Text, John vi, 37—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The two incidents of these lessons though far separated as to the time of their occurrence, are both illustrations of great faith on the part of two people who were not of Israel—foreshadowings, no doubt, of the time when blessing shall go from Israel and her righteous king to all other nations, as set forth in Ps. lxvii and many other places in such wonderful words as these, "God be merciful unto us and bless us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations," and meantime contrasting the "little faith" or "no faith" of Israel with the "great faith" of those of lesser privilege.

The story of the woman of Tyre and Sidon follows in the regular order of events, while that of the Roman centurion takes us back to a time just after the choosing of the twelve apostles. Both events are recorded by Matthew; the centurion also in Luke vii and the gentile woman in Mark in the lesson of today. The great words in each lesson are, to my mind, "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt," and "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. * * * Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee" (Matt. xv, 28; viii 10-13).

Taking the story of the centurion first, we note that his servant, who was dear unto him, was sick unto death, and the messengers who came to Jesus on his behalf spoke of the centurion's love for the nation and how he had built them a synagogue; but the centurion himself said, either personally or by his messengers, that he was not worthy to have the Lord Jesus come under his roof, but that if He would only speak the word his servant would be healed. When the messengers returned to the centurion's house they found the servant whole that had been sick. He had been healed in the same hour that Jesus had said, "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."

As Jesus commended the centurion's faith He said to the people that many would come from all parts and share the kingdom with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, while many who supposed they were sure of it would find themselves cast into outer darkness. How essential it is that we become in God's way His children and know that our names are written in heaven (Luke x, 20; Rev xx, 15; xxi, 8), for many who profess to be His will have to hear Him say, "I never knew you, depart from Me" (Matt. vii, 21-23). Mark the poverty of spirit of the centurion, no self conceit or consciousness of the importance of his position, but evidently from his heart, "Lord, I am not worthy." Something of the spirit of him of Luke xviii, 13, 14, who went to his house justified. There is only one who is truly worthy, and when we take our right place before Him He is ready to honor all the faith we place in Him.

As to the other incident I have often thought that Jesus went away off there to be refreshed by that woman's great faith, for knowing all things He knew all about her and her trouble, and the way she would come to Him and cling to Him and take no denial. Nothing pleases Him like faith, and without faith it is impossible to please Him. It is written that the centurion's servant was dear unto him, but here it is a mother pleading for her own daughter who must have been dear to her, and specially dear because of her affliction, for the sick one in a home generally has the sympathy of all. As we think of those who are dear to us do we consider the words of our Father in heaven concerning His only begotten Son, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased?" (John iii, 16; Matt. iii, 17; xvii, 5). Let us also lay to heart that we do not honor the Father unless we honor the Son; and that since God spared not His own Son He will with Him also freely give us all things (John v, 23; Rom. viii, 32).

Probably this distressed mother did not know these great truths, but she knew that she had a greatly afflicted daughter, she had heard of this wonderful teacher who could heal all diseases and cast out demons and had no doubt longed to reach Him, but He was too far away, and so her case seemed hopeless. But now He had come near to her, the blessing was within her reach, and as soon as possible she is at His feet beseeching Him for her daughter. To get the complete record we must put the accounts in Matthew and Mark side by side. To her first appeal Jesus answered her not a word.

The disciples besought Him to send her away. He then said that He was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. She first cried unto Him as the Son of David, now she says, "Lord, help me." To this He replied, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs." Then came her conquering appeal, "Yes, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Willing to own herself a gentile dog pleading for a crumb, she gets all she came for. "For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." In each of these cases note the extreme weakness and lowliness of the applicants.

Her Encouragement.

Mollie—And so you proposed marriage to her? Chollie—Yes. Mollie—And did she give you any encouragement? Chollie—Oh, yes. Mollie—Congratulations in order? Chollie—No, she refused me. Mollie—But I thought you said she gave you encouragement? Chollie—She did. She looked at me twice before she refused me.—Yonkers Statesman.

What Did the Bride Say?

The three times widower, with his newest choice, was once more making the necessary visit to the city official in Hoboken. Upon receiving the fee the clerk exclaimed heartily, "Thank you! Come again!"—Judge.

Appropriate.

Mai—She weighs only eighty-nine pounds, and he weighs 105. Lucille—What an ideal couple for light housekeeping!—Harper's.

To grief there is a limit; not so to fear.—Pliny the Younger.

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THE MIGHTY ONION.

A Tribute to This Vegetable With an Artistic Temperament.

Kill the onion and you leave a gap in the universe. Kill anything else and there is a substitute. The potato is akin to the cereals; squash and cabbage and turnips and cauliflower are of the same family; beans are elongated peas; the lemon is a pessimistic orange, beef reincarnated grass, watermelons just the survivor of a very fit cucumber, and so on.

But the onion is sui generis, alone, unique, triumphant. It is a special creation to tempt the palate of a weary world.

The onion proves the futility of man's wisdom. He might have guessed at everything else under the sun, but he would have never guessed an onion. Science may deduce a new star before it becomes visible or radium before its discovery, but this succulent, starry vegetable would have gone uninvented forever had not its own insinuating yet not bashful qualities forced themselves into tear brimmed eyes and liquescent anticipatory lips.

With what a mixture of gratitude and awe should we view the spectacle of nature turning her energies to the transmuting of mere clay into a vegetable with an artistic temperament!—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

HELD BY A COBRA.

Agony of a Prisoner In a Military Jail In India.

In the military cantonments of India the punishment cells, which are about fourteen feet high by twelve feet square, stand separately. There are no windows, but one side is a grille, the iron bars being about five inches apart.

On one occasion when a private was confined in one of them a large cobra, one of the most deadly reptiles in India, crawled between the bars and wriggled on to the bed to get warmth. It curled upon the prisoner's chest, and he was just about to turn over when, feeling the unusual weight, he saw the snake's glittering eyes staring into his face. He dared not move, so he had to lie in that position for four hours.

At 8 o'clock, when the sergeant went his rounds, he saw the position the prisoner was in and went for a long stick. With another soldier he entered the cell, and they drove the snake into a corner, where they killed it. The colonel released the prisoner, as he thought he had suffered enough punishment in the terrible experience he had gone through. The man's hair had turned white with the mental strain which he had endured.—London Standard.

Undetermined Joke.

"There's a crook gone to the island for ten days that I'll be looking for when he comes out," remarked a policeman on an east side post.

"Why?"

"Well, listen. I caught him trying a door on my beat the other night and took him in. He started to be nasty about it, and I swung my stick at him. Before I could land him one on the head he shouts out to me:

"'Don't hit me! Look out! There's a dynamite stick in me pocket!'

"I stopped quick enough, all right, for, you see, I get all the blowing up I need at the station now and again. But listen. When that chap was searched at the station there wasn't a sign of dynamite on him.

"Who was the joke on? Never mind that. The question is, who will the joke be on? Just wait."—New York Globe.

How He Would Stop Dueling.

Dueling survived in England until about the middle of the forties, "when," says Lady Dorothy Nevill, "an encounter between Lieutenant Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Monro, in which the former was shot dead, led to a debate in the house of commons owing to the wife of the former being refused a pension. On this occasion Sir Charles Napier declared that but one way existed of effectually putting an end to dueling. No duel should be allowed which was not fought across a table. Of the two pistols used only one should be loaded with ball, lots being drawn to see who should have the loaded one. If this produced no result then both pistols should be loaded with ball and the survivor, should there be one, hanged."

Business Principles.

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night?

Polly—Yes, and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."

Generous.

"You said that when we were married you would refuse me nothing."

"I'll be still more generous. I'll not even refuse you nothing. I'll give it to you."

Rightly Named.

Hewitt—Why do you call this your grill room? Jewitt—This is where my wife corners me when I get in late at night.—New York Globe.

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m. 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

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33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
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An Incidental Romance

Or, a Too Hastily Drawn Conclusion

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dick Morton had been without a care in the world until he met Dupont Roland in Fifth avenue that afternoon.

"Well, Ponty, old man!" he exclaimed as he wrung the other man's hand. "When did you come back to the land of the living?"

"Yesterday," beamed Ponty, who had been touring France in his motorcar, for he was a rich and idle individual. He was handsome, too, and as he chatted with Dick Morton his gloved fingers stroked his vandyke pointed golden beard and his smile showed a glitter of white even teeth between the thin red lips.

"You look as happy as a king is supposed to be," remarked Dick after awhile, for Ponty's gayety was overwhelming.

"I am happy," declared Ponty suggestively.

"What is her name?" grinned Dick.

"I may confide that to you later," returned Ponty carelessly.

"If the signs do not mislead me you are about to be married," hazarded Dick.

"Quite true, Dicky, my boy. If you will come with me I will show the pictured face of the future Mrs. Dupont

"THEN—IS YOUR NAME PONTY?"

Roland." Ponty whirled Dick's tall form about and steered him toward a nearby doorway where a fashionable photographer displayed portraits in glass frames.

"This is she—way down in this corner—too obscure a situation for a beauty like the future Mrs. Dupont," rattled Ponty, pointing his cane at Cynthia Ludlow's lovely face.

Dick's heart contracted, leaped and stood still. It was only last night that he had asked Cynthia to marry him, and she had half promised. He had no doubt that she would have been wholly his had not their tete a tete been interrupted. At this moment he was on his way to call upon Cynthia and get her answer, and—it could not be that she had been engaged to Ponty Roland all the while.

"Well, isn't she a beauty?" demanded Ponty inquisitively.

"Very lovely, Ponty," said Dick at last, and his voice sounded very tired. "Miss Ludlow is as charming as she is beautiful, and you are to be congratulated." He held out his hand, and Ponty laughed lightly as he shook it airily.

"Be my best man, Dick," he urged as they went into the street again.

"Thanks, Ponty, but I won't be here," said Dick with a vague look in his eyes. He was sure he could persuade his father to let him have the management of the Berlin office.

"Where you going?"

"Germany. See you later," and Dick disappeared without further ceremony.

"What's the matter with the youngster?" demanded Ponty of himself as he continued on his way to his club.

Cynthia Ludlow asked herself the same question as she waited for Dick to appear at the appointed time. As the clocked ticked the minutes past 4 her impatience gave way to indignation and was followed by uneasiness.

"He must have meant it," she assured herself with trembling lips. "Dick isn't that sort. I would have said 'yes' at once last night, only—somehow—he hurried me so!" A dimple played in her pink cheek for a moment as she remembered the blissful tete a tete of the previous evening. "He said he would come, and I know he will," she comforted herself.

But Dick didn't come.

Cynthia met him the following evening at a little dance in the house of his aunt. She thought he looked very white and ill, but by no outward sign did she display the slightest interest in him. When he approached her and asked her to dance she bowed coldly and displayed her overflowing card.

"I have been waiting for an opportunity to offer my best wishes," murmured Dick unsteadily. "Ponty is a fine fellow."

Before Cynthia could answer some one rushed up and swept her away without ceremony, and Dick's last sight of her face showed it a variety of emotions—surprise, bewilderment and anger. As she was whirled into the midst of the dancers Dick found his hat and overcoat and went away.

Two days later Cynthia read in the paper that Dick had gone to Germany to assume management of the Berlin office of Morton & Blank. She had presence of mind not to faint until she reached her own room, and as she had left the newspaper in the library below no one placed any connection between the two.

Cynthia had regained her color and animation by the time somebody introduced Dupont Roland to her, long after Dick had reached Berlin.

Their acquaintance progressed rapidly. Cynthia liked the amusing fellow, who had traveled the world over and had a fund of merry anecdotes to fit any occasion. Ponty paid assiduous court to the beautiful girl, but Cynthia quite ignored his attempts at love making. She had had enough of love, she told herself disdainfully.

In spite of Cynthia's discouraging attitude whenever he approached the tender topic, Ponty one day mustered courage to speak.

"I am sorry, Mr. Roland," said Cynthia gently, "but really I cannot marry you."

"If you only knew," murmured Ponty distressfully.

"Knew what?"

"I fell in love with your picture long before I ever met you," declared Ponty earnestly. "I was walking down Fifth avenue the day after my return from France when I glanced into Dell's window and saw you. Such was my enthusiasm that I vowed that you must become Mrs. Dupont Roland."

"Indeed!" cried Cynthia between amusement and displeasure.

"Indeed, yes. Furthermore," went on the heedless Mr. Roland, "I met a friend just beyond and showed him the picture and told him it was the future Mrs. Roland. He congratulated me, and I asked him to be my best man." Ponty gazed reproachfully at her amazed face.

"That wasn't quite—er—nice, was it?" asked Cynthia quietly. And Ponty felt more rebuked than if she had denounced him. He felt like a cad.

"No; it wasn't nice, and I humbly apologize," cried Ponty contritely, and even after Cynthia had shaken hands with him and had banished the topic under discussion he felt uncomfortable.

When he arose to depart a sudden thought smote Cynthia Ludlow and brought her to her feet white and trembling with emotion.

"Ah, Mr. Roland, I wonder if you will tell me something," she said in rather a shaky voice.

"Everything that I know," declared Ponty eagerly.

"Then is your name Ponty—that is, do your men friends call you that?"

"They do, and some girls who like me call me Ponty also," admitted the irrepressible Mr. Roland.

Cynthia drew a long breath, and her little hands clasped tightly before her.

"You—you spoke about seeing my picture and showing it to a friend," she said in a low tone, her face turned away from him.

"Yes, I did. Awfully sorry, you know."

"Who was your friend?"

"Why, Dick Morton. Perhaps you know him. He's in Germany now, I believe."

"You told him that you were engaged to marry me?" asked Cynthia with very bright eyes.

"I gave him that impression. I merely said that I would show him the future Mrs. Dupont Roland, and I took him to the window and showed him your picture. I didn't tell him I hadn't met you even." Ponty was feeling uncomfortable under Cynthia's steady gaze.

"What did he say?"

"He congratulated me. I asked him to be best man, and he said he couldn't—said he was going to Germany."

Cynthia was silent so long after that that Ponty grew anxious. She was looking at him—nay, through him—as if she saw something or somebody beyond. Her eyes were misty.

"I hope I haven't made any trouble or anything of that sort, Miss Ludlow," he ventured at last.

"You see," said Cynthia, with a slow smile, "it must have puzzled Mr. Morton to have you announce your engagement to me at that time because he was engaged to me himself."

"No," exploded Ponty, blushing furiously.

"Yes," said Cynthia.

"I'm the biggest fool in the world," mourned Ponty, turning to the door, and Cynthia did not deny it, neither did she try to stay his departure.

It was not until he was out in the street that a solution of the difficulty came to Ponty Roland.

"I'll cable old Dick all about it," he said, and because money was no object to him he spared no adjectives in describing the situation to the absent Dick, who was eating his heart out in Berlin.

The next day he received Dick's cable reply. "Coming today. Keep out of my way for awhile, Ponty," was all he said.

Ponty carried the cablegram to Cynthia.

"I've got one, too," she confessed, blushing beautifully, and Ponty felt a pang of regret, for he had never seen Cynthia look so lovely.

But he had an appointment with the little actress to motor in the park, and he hastened away, quite forgetting about Cynthia and her sweetheart, for that affair had been merely an incidental romance in the many heart affairs in which he had played the hero, but to Cynthia and Dick it had almost proved a tragedy.

Fair, Fat And—

"Don't call me 'ducky,' John. It's too suggestive."

"Why, precious?"

"Because ducks always waddle, you know."—London Tit-Bits.

No Room For Doubt.

Railroad Attorney—You are sure it was our flier that killed your mule? What makes you so positive? Rastus—He dun licked ebry other train on de road.—Puck.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

One They Tell In London on Two American Police Officials.

As an illustration of the good nature of Frank Froest, who used to be chief of Scotland Yard, they tell this story in London:

Many years ago two American detectives chanced to be in London together, awaiting the extradition of criminals who had been arrested in England for offenses committed in the United States. The Hotel Victoria was then American headquarters in London, and one evening the two Hawkshaws, who had had a convivial day, fell asleep side by side on a divan in the big smoking room of the hostelry. An American humorist found a pair of handcuffs in the office of the manager of the hotel and proceeded to shackle the pair together, when for two or three hours they slumbered peacefully while the guests of the hotel, American and English, including the ladies, came to gaze upon the scene.

When the detectives finally awakened about 1 o'clock in the morning it was impossible to find a key to the handcuffs and hence impossible to liberate them. They would not hear of sending to a police station for assistance lest the story of their ridiculous plight get out, but they had confidence that Froest, who was then a plain detective inspector, would not betray them. A messenger to Scotland Yard, near by, learned that Froest had gone home long before, but got his address several miles away in the suburbs. An American newspaper man who knew Froest reached his home by cab after 2 o'clock in the morning. He was awakened from slumber and without protest came all the way to the Victoria and released his fellow craftsmen.—New York Sun.

RAZORS IN CHINA.

They Cost Little, but They Are Made From Old Iron Horseshoes.

An interesting feature of Chinese industry is the making of knives and razors from old horseshoes. The local blacksmiths in the interior cities and towns supply the great population of the empire with knives, razors and scissors of an inferior quality at a very small cost. This cutlery comes from small shops, where only one or two men are employed, usually the proprietor and his sons, and is chiefly made from old horseshoes imported from England and the continent. A discarded steel shoe offers the best material for blades, but the blacksmiths prefer the old shoes of soft iron that come from Glasgow and Hamburg.

One British firm at Tientsin brought over a cargo of old horseshoes from Australia recently, but could not dispose of them, as the native smiths said that the iron was too hard. They like the soft iron because it can be more easily worked by their primitive methods.

A razor commonly used by the poorer class, having a cutting edge of less than two inches, costs 20 t'ung-tzus, about 9 cents in American currency. Upon the strop the blade takes a fair cutting edge, but is too soft to hold it. Any number of stroppings are necessary before the act of shaving can be completed. After the blades are forged they are simply case hardened and not subjected to the careful tempering employed in the production of western cutlery.—Youth's Companion.

The Greek Symposium.

The Greek symposium was literally "drinking together," but before the drinking fully began there was a banquet, more or less elaborate, as the wealth and taste of the host might dictate. The guests came in their best. Even old Socrates, Plato tells us in his "Dialogue" on the subject, was not above taking a little extra pains when he was invited out. Some one met him one day in the market place, "fresh from the bath and sandaled," and as the sight of the sandals was unusual he asked him whither he was going that he was so fine. "To a banquet at Agathon's," he replied, "and I have put on my finery because he is a fine creature. What say you to going with me unbidden?"

A Joke on His Clerical Brother.

Two brothers named Chalmers, one a minister and the other a physician, lived together in a western town. One day a man called at the house and asked for Mr. Chalmers. The physician, who answered the door, replied:

"I am he."

"You've changed considerably since I last heard you preach," said the man, who appeared greatly astonished.

"Oh, it's my brother you want to see; he preaches and I practice."—Kansas City Star.

SOFT SHELL CRABS.

They Don't Remain Soft Very Long After the Shedding.

The supply of soft crabs for market is obtained by catching hard crabs and keeping them until they shed their shells.

For this purpose large rectangular floats, made of laths and planking, are employed, and three or four times every day the stock on hand is carefully inspected, all the soft crabs being picked out and packed without delay. They are put into shallow boxes of moist seaweed, from ten to thirty-five dozen in a box, according to the size of the animals.

When the packing is done carefully the occupants may be kept alive from sixty to seventy hours after leaving the water.

Crabs have been shipped all the way from the Chesapeake to Canada, arriving at their destination in good condition. In summer, of course, ice is used.

But where soft crabs are concerned it is necessary that they shall reach the market quickly, because their new shells harden with great rapidity. At the end of twelve hours the shells are like parchment, and in three or four days the crab is as hard as ever—hence unfit for use in the form most highly approved by epicures.—New York Herald.

TAFT FLAYS THIRD PARTY.

Republican Party Will Gain New Vitality.

DESERTERS WILL COME BACK.

But When They Do Let Them Bring Forth "Works Meet For Repentance." Republicans Have Made the Grandeur of the Country For Sixty Years.

The address of President Taft to the Beverly Republican club, Beverly, Mass., Sept. 30 was as follows:

Gentlemen of the Beverly Republican club and, I am glad to say, my fellow citizens of Beverly, I thank you for this cordial greeting. This club suggests one or two thoughts of a political character that I did not touch upon in the remarks I addressed to you on Saturday. It suggests the necessity for renewed organization of the Republican party under present conditions. The Republican party has been successful for many years. I think the last national defeat we suffered was in 1892, and that is twenty years ago. We have reached a point where it was natural that there should be some gentlemen who were convinced that their position in the party was not all that they thought they were entitled to have it and therefore they were in favor of sloughing off into a third party. Now, the danger in the continuance in power for a long time to the party itself is the jealousies, the factions, the quarrels within the party that long life and success are apt to generate, and, while, of course, a third party is a misfortune to the Republican party, in the loss of some votes, we must be philosophical and look at this result on its good side as well as on its bad side.

I conceive in respect of the life of the Republican party that secession of a third party is going to give us new vitality in the very feeling of fight that the injustice of the claims of the third party will arouse in us as real Republicans. We know that we are a better set of men than we are now called by those who were very glad at one time to be known as leading Republicans. We know that we stand in the nation as the guardian of those institutions of civil liberty under our constitution, the preservation of which has made this nation permanent and great, and that nothing could come to this country of greater political injury than such a split in the Republican party as would destroy it.

The importance of this campaign in its immediate result is great. I could hardly state with more emphasis than I really believe the crisis that we now face with reference to the continuance of prosperity in this country by reason of the vote that we are to have in November, but there is something beyond November with respect to the Republican party. It is essential that we should continue and revitalize it as a permanent party and a permanent force in this nation for the continuance of the progress that has made it great. No student of history can deny that the grandeur of this nation and the height that it has reached among nations during the last sixty years has been due to the guidance and the force and the energy and enterprise of the Republican party. We propose to have that continue. We propose that the force represented by the Republican party shall continue useful in the history of this nation. With that in mind, I would urge upon you the necessity for closing up the ranks, finding out who is a Republican, and who is not, and when you find a man who is not, do not count him in the party. One who is not loyal never helps.

There is no use, gentlemen, temporizing about this matter. A man is a Republican or he is not. Is he going to support the national ticket, and is he going to support the state ticket? If he is he is a Republican, and if he is not he is not a Republican. Now, such a policy may cost us some votes, but in the not distant future these gentlemen who have deserted us in the hope of enjoying office, on the one hand, or a millennium, on the other, will find themselves without office, millennium or party. They will feel a bit lonely, and then when they come back to the Republican party, as they will come back, let them come back as Republicans, but bringing forth works meet for repentance.

The Tariff and Cotton Stockings.

The last Republican tariff did not increase the duty on wool or woolen.

Woolen clothing and woolen cloth are better than ten or twenty years ago and cheaper.

But the duty on cotton stockings was raised a few cents A DOZEN, and there was a great outcry.

The importers said no more cotton stockings could be sold here in good quality at 25 or 50 cents a pair.

But the industry is flourishing here. Cotton stockings are no higher at retail, and, on the other hand, silk socks are sold at 25 cents and silk stockings at 50 cents or less in every dry goods store in the land.

Boss Flinn testifies that he spent $144,308 in influencing elections to let the people rule, a statement which must prove puzzling to a foreign student of our politics.

A Bright Scholar.

Teacher—John, what is wrong with the sentence, "The goat went in the garden?" John—The words "garden" and "goat" should be transposed.—Exchange.

Today.

Live today as though it was the only day you had to live. This is the secret of the forceful life, the life of vitality and beauty, the only life that is worth while.

REMEMBER 1893-6.

How Prosperity Changed to Panic When Democrats Elected a President.

In January, 1892, this country was prosperous, and all conditions indicated continuance of prosperity.

In November of that year a Democratic president was elected.

In 1893 the Democratic congress, convened in extraordinary session, began its anti-protection activities. After a time it enacted the Wilson low tariff law.

In the early summer of that year came the panic. In the period from May 1 to July 23, 301 banks, with a total capital of $38,000,000, suspended. The total number of banks suspended in that year was 585.

In 1892 the total amount of liabilities on account of business failure was $114,000,000. In 1893 the total was $346,000,000.

In the year 1893 railroad properties whose aggregate value was $1,200,000,000 were in the hands of receivers. Between May 4 and Oct. 3 $378,000,000 was withdrawn from national banks.

In this state alone withdrawals of deposits from savings banks were $34,000,000 in excess of deposits made.

In the period from Jan. 1, 1892, to Jan. 1, 1896, there was a shrinkage of $1,400,000,000 in the total value of farm products and live stock in the United States.

In that period prices were lower, but hundreds of thousands were wageless and other multitudes worked at low wages and on short time. They had little money or none with which to buy even the most ordinary necessaries of life in adequate quantity.

Now, after twenty years, the Democratic party is again asking the electorate of the United States to put it in control of national affairs in order that the performances of its last period of control and their disastrous consequences may be repeated.

The Republican party, under whose administration during sixteen years the country has become newly prosperous and more prosperous than ever it was before, pledges itself to maintenance of the policies which restored and promoted prosperity.

There is a paramount issue. What intelligent American can hesitate to make his choice?—Albany Journal.

Business Confidence.

In his speech of acceptance Woodrow Wilson asserted that the tariff has made the business men of the country "timid, fretful, full of alarms; has robbed them of self confidence and manly force until they have cried out that they could do nothing without the assistance of the government at Washington."

Present day conditions challenge the accuracy of this statement. The excellent doctor would do well to point out some of the "timid, fretful" business men who are now "full of alarms" and who are lacking in "self confidence and manly force." Where can he find them?

The country is at the high tide of prosperity. Business confidence is in evidence everywhere. The course of the Republican administration is directly responsible for this condition. Danger lies only in a change of administration, with the consequent change of policy that is promised. Then, truly, the business men of the country would be "full of alarms," and they would have justification.

A Babylonian Ruse.

Recent research has demonstrated that 4,000 years ago folks were complaining of the high cost of living in Babylon. And doubtless some Babylonian politician was trying to demonstrate that the way to reduce the cost was to elect him to office.

STANISLAUS GRODZIK HAS ENOUGH SAVED TO LAST FOUR YEARS IF WILSON'S ELECTED, SO IS WILLING TO LOAF.

[Special to Telegram.]

Webster, Mass., Sept. 29.—Stanislaus Grodzik, who lives in the East village, although he isn't a voter, is red hot for Wilson and has one of the strongest arguments ever in favor of the Princeton professor for president.

Grodzik has lived in Webster fifteen years and is a candidate for naturalization next year. He won't be able to vote for Wilson this year, but has advised all his friends to vote for Wilson.

Grodzik's argument is that he works too hard under the prosperity administration of Taft and Republicans and wants a rest. With Wilson and Democracy at the helm Grodzik, who has experienced the administration of one Democratic president, knows that there will be plenty of chance to loaf.

For ten months the East village mill of the S. Slater & Sons, Inc., has been working night and day to fill orders, and as a result of the prosperity at the mill Grodzik has been worked overtime. If Taft is re-elected Grodzik fears that the overtime schedule may be extended to another term of ten or twenty months and wants to call a halt.

"Too much work when Republican he's president," said Grodzik today. "With Democrat lots time to loaf and spend all the money we make when Republican is boss. By gosh! I'm sick for work so hard and no chance to spend my money. If Democrat he's elected we have lots of time then. I guess I got enough save to last four years if we work half time."

—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

A Friend In Need.

"Had a queer experience recently," said the Billville poet. "Robber held me up on the highway. Didn't have a cent in my pockets, only a poem which I was takin' to the editor."

"Didn't take the poem, did he?"

"No. Read three lines of it, handed it back to me and said: 'Friend, here's $2. You need it worse than I do.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, OCT. 25, 1912

VALEDICTORY.

With this issue of the WOBURN JOURNAL, the property passes into the possession of George H. Newcomb, for many years intimately associated with it.

In announcing the passing of the JOURNAL into other hands, I desire to thank its patrons for their loyalty and devotion to its late editor during his long illness.

I also desire to acknowledge Mr. Newcomb's faithful service and to bespeak for him a continuation of the patronage so generously extended to its former owner.

EMELINE W. HOBBS.

McCALL FOR SENATOR.

The Progressives are sincere men but they handle political figures with strange credulity. They are opposed to Mayor Fitzgerald as United States Senator, but they are unconsciously his allies, and the fact is never so patent as when they attempt to disavow it.

According to their latest pronunciamento, they are going to elect many members of the Legislature, and so are the Republicans. Then the Representatives elected on both tickets are going to get together and elect the man best qualified for the Senatorship.

This "listens good," as the slang expression has it, but meanwhile what are the Democrats going to be doing? Has it occurred to these confident prophets that whatever Progressive support is vouchsafed must come from the Republican party? And has it occurred to them, that in the event of a really serious schism—a "house divided against itself"—there would be few, if any, Progressives or Republicans elected to the Legislature? Apparently not. If these two elements are going to get together in support of any particular candidate for United States Senator they would better do it before election. It may be too late, after that date.

By the way, why not unite now on Samuel W. McCall and let Republicans and Progressives combine in candidates to the Legislature pledged to Mr. McCall.

AUTO ACCIDENTS.

Auto accidents of a more or less serious nature are occurring frequently at the South End. Last week James Fleming was seriously injured, at first it was thought fatally, by an auto, and Sunday afternoon Joseph Wood, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood, Conn street was knocked down. A fatal accident was only averted by the fact that the machine was moving at a slow rate of speed. The boy was running from a companion and darted directly in front of the auto. The locality is a busy one and autos are constantly passing up and down Main street. Mothers should caution their children not to play in the street and to look both ways before crossing.

☞ Business men are greatly interested in the campaign now being conducted for one cent letter postage. The present outlook is that active steps looking toward the inauguration of a lower postage rate will be taken by Congress this winter. Under present conditions first-class mail is paying a surplus to the government of over $62,000,000. Although it costs the individual two cents to mail a letter it actually costs the government about one cent to carry it.

☞ No amount of theory can possibly overcome the fact that American workingmen receive better wages, work shorter hours and live better than those in Europe. Millions of wage-workers come to this country from the old world every year for this very reason. The condition of the wage earner in America speaks for itself and is an eloquent refutation of the free trade arguments of the theorists.

☞ Since the passage of the present tariff law the aggregate of wages in the United States is estimated to have increased more than $500,000,000. The argument of the pay envelope ought to be a convincing one.

☞ Practicing political morality is a lot harder than merely preaching it.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. & E. F. Johnson—Citation.
N E Tel & Tel Co—Thaill of Rome.

— Mrs. W. B. Shay of 21 Bow street has returned from an enjoyable trip to Nova Scotia.

— Mrs. William Murdock of Saulte Ste Marie, Michigan, is visiting her father Mr. Arthur B. Wyman.

— Robert Sherburne has been elected president and Gordon K. Shattuck vice president of the High School class of 1915.

— Herbert C. Kendall of Oakville, Ontario, Can., formerly of this city, has been spending the past week with friends here.

— The City Farm is to the front in turnip raising. Supt. Begley is proudly exhibiting a rutabega weighing eleven pounds.

— Ernest N. Hartwell has been spending the week end with his brother Edward A. Hartwell who is a plumber in Attleboro.

— Miss Grace W. Pound of Wilmington, who until recently lived on Court street this city, is visiting friends here for a few days.

— Mrs. Rebekah J. Brooks of Mishawum Road has returned from an extended visit to her grandson, Carl Brooks, at Sagamore, Mass.

— There will be no session of the High School today as the teachers are attending the Convention of the Middlesex County Teachers' Convention.

— Mrs. Laura I. Moody, who has been spending the summer with her brother, Mr. F. A. Partridge, Charles street, left for her home in Los Angeles, Calif., last Monday noon.

— Mr. Jesse Cutler of Cummingsville, celebrated his 94th birthday last Tuesday. He is hale and hearty for one of his age and reads the daily papers without the aid of glasses.

— Mrs. Jennie McCullough of Lennoxville, Can., is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. Jane Butters, Winn street, and renewing many pleasant acquaintances formed here two years ago.

— The regular convocation of Woburn Royal Arch Chapter was held last Wednesday evening in their hall, Main street. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was a goodly number present.

— The Gabalotte Club held its first meeting of the season last Friday evening at the home of Fred E Leathe, Francis Street. Mr. Leathe was elected president of the Club for the ensuing year.

— The Sons of Veterans Auxiliary held a rummage sale in the store recently vacated by the Holdridge Hardware Co. last Friday and Saturday afternoon. The sale was well-patronized and a goodly sum was added to the treasury of the Auxiliary.

— Charles H. Ellard, who was born in this city and resided for many years in Cummingsville in the house now occupied by F. E. Gustin, passed away at his home in Allston, last Tuesday. Burial was in Woodbrook cemetery this city.

— The winners in the recent tennis tournament, Kenneth Parker and Al. White, were presented with silver loving cups at a party held at Elmwood Bungalow last Monday evening. Rep. Parker was master of ceremonies and Frank E. Wetheral presented the prizes.

— At the annual meeting and banquet of the Boston Life Underwriters' Association last Tuesday evening at the Boston City Club, Elmer E. Silver of Arlington Road, was elected President for theensuing year. Mr. Silver is one of the best known underwriters in New Englahd.

— The October Council of the Mianimo Camp Fire Girls of America, was held Saturday afternoon the rank of Fire-Builder being conferred on three girls, Dora Gilbert (Shingebis), Cora Boutelle (Zeezeewin), and Isabel Brooks (Ihaba). Twelve new members were admitted.

— The Baraca class of the First Church held its annual meeting and banquet in the vestry last Monday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Clifford Soles; Vice President, Raymond W. Brown; Secretary, Elwyn Cotton; Treasurer, N. S. Hopper.

— Ex-Companion Frederic A. Flint of Woburn and Ex-Companion Benjamin T. Morgan, of Winchester, represented Woburn Royal Arch Chapter at Reading Royal Arch Chapter Wednesday evening, it being the annual visitation to that body by the Grand Officers of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Masschusetts.

— Rehearsals for the cantata "Belshazzar" to be presented by the Sons of Veterans Camp and Club under the direction of Prof. A. H. Newton are progressing and all indications point to a success. The amateur theatricals presented by this society in the past have been very successful and this new departure is looked forward to with interest.

— The annual business meeting of the Woburn Teachers' Association will be held Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 4.30 P. M. in the High School Hall. There will also be music and an address by Mr. Henry L. Clapp of North Woburn formerly master of the George Putnam School in Boston. Mr. Clapp made his school one of the most noted in the City of Boston along certain lines, and is sure to give us an excellent address.

— The Glen Ridge Club will hold a Hallowe'en party in Charles Cummings' barn, Cambridge street, on the evening of Oct. 31st. An orchestra from Boston will furnish music. There will be Hallowe'en games and dancing. The committee in charge of the games is Mrs. Charles Cummings, Mrs. Carrie Cox, Mrs. T. L. Pierce and Mrs. Robert Gibson. Refreshments will be served. Tickets will be on sale by the committee.

— The Towanda Club will hold its first Ladies' Night of the season next Monday evening. There will be a concert by the Baker Concert Company of Boston, Mr. Percy F. Baker, baritone; Miss Nina Bearse Wilbur, reader, and Miss Marguerite Pearson Moss, violinist. The club house has been handsomely renovated throughout and will be thrown open for inspection. Bowling, billiards and pool will be open to the ladies, and there will be dancing to the music of Hern's orchestra.

— Mrs. Susan T. Greenough, widow of the late John B. Greenough, passed away at her home, 366 Montvale avenue, Monday morning, after an illness of nearly ten years' duration. She was born at Boscowan, N. H., Oct. 6, 1828. She had resided in Woburn for many years and had been a member of the Montvale Congregational church for a long time. She is survived by one daughter, Miss Jane L. Greenough and a son William F. Greenough. Funeral services were held from her late home last Wednesday afternoon and interment was at Boscowan, N. H.

— Booker T. Washington is to speak in the First Congregational church Winchester Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

— Ruth M., wife of William A. Miles, known to many Woburn people, died at her home in Dorchester last Saturday.

— Francis Healy, one of the earlier patent leather men of Woburn, died at his home in Traverse sraeet last Sunday evening after an illness losting about three years.

— Miss Blanche Dadmun of Somerville, well known in Woburn from assisting her father who has staged several of the Towanda club shows, was awarded a verdict of $2,000 by the Superior Civil Court, Cambridge, against the Boston Elevated for injuries received.

— The Sons of Veterans Auxiliary are making plans for a Poverty Party to be given in Mechanics Hall Friday evening, Nov. 1. The party will open with a grand march in which only those dressed in costume will be in line. Old-fashioned dancing will be introduced during the evening.

— Miss Alice M. Murray, daughter of Mayor Hugh D. Murray, was united in marriage Wednesday evening to Dr. Joseph F. O'Connor of Lynn. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride from 7 to 10 o'clock, after which the couple left on a wedding trip to New York and Washington.

— The Veteran Odd Fellows Association of Massachusetts, composed of Odd Fellows that have continued membership in a lodge for 25 consecutive years, will hold thier annual meeting and banquet in Berkeley Hall, Boston, next Wednesday evening. There are eight members of Crystal Fount Lodge of this city that belong to the Association, most of whom will attend this function which is annually anticipated by them.

— Mr. Herbert A. Faulkner, who for the past seven years has been General Passenger and Advertising Agent of the Bay State Street Railway Co. has tendered his resignation to the Company to be effective Nov. 1. Mr. Faulkner has been elected Secretary of the New England Street Railway Club. Mr. Faulkner will have full charge of all publications of the Club. Mr. Ralph M. Sparks has baen appointed to succeed Mr. Faulkner.

— Representatives of the Boston Labor Unions have formed a special Labor Committee to aid the Free Consumptive Home in Dorchester. Plans have been decided upon and the work will begin at once. Each organization will be asked to buy a young pine tree and set it out on the home's grounds on Arbor Day, next spring. A program of exercises for the general planting will be arranged. A garden party on the home grounds will be held on the last Saturday in June of next year. Donations to the home will be acceptable.

— A double surprise was given the Misses Elsie M. Patterson and Anna E. Gage at the home of Mrs. George L. Worcester of Beverly last Monday evening. Miss Patterson, who is soon to become the bride of Mr. Winfield Reed of Townsand, was tendered a linen shower of a dozen hand-embroidered luncheon napkins, and Miss Gage who left yesterday for Chicago to attend the Baptist Missionary Training School, was given an ivory toilet set, consisting of comb, brush and mirror. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening enjoyed. Those present were: Mrs. Carl Carlberg, Mr. Hiram West, Misses Mabel Rosenquist, Elma Larsen, Louise Turner, Anna E Gage and Elsie Patterson from this city and Misses Gertrude Cameron, Cassie, Ida and Jennie Sands of Winchester.

— The Christian Endeavor Society of the First Baptist church held a well attended social in the vestry last Friday evening. It was a farewell gathering to its president, Miss Annie E Gage who left the city yesterday for Chicago where she is to enter the Baptist Training School to prepare for missionary work. A pleasing program was given consisting of piano solo, Miss Charlotte Burns; violin solo, Miss Emily Bromley with Miss Florence Poulson, accompanist; Musical game, Mr. Wendell Jones at the piano; address by Dr. Williams, in which he alluded to the going away of Miss Gage and in behalf of her young friends presented her with a large travelling bag, umbrella and Bible. Miss Gage, although taken by surprise, thanked them all for their kind remembrances. The closing number was a game "What is found on a cent." After the conclusion of the program ice cream and cake was served. Miss Gage is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Gage of 8 Sherman Place.

Eliphaz Prior.

Eliphaz Prior, one of the best-known residents of the city, passed away at the home of his son, William A. Prior, 602 Main staeet, late last Sunday evening. Mr. Prior had been in ill-health for some years and last week Thursday sustained a shock from which he failed to rally. Mr. Prior was born in Duxbury Feb. 16, 1838, the son of Allen and Sophia A. (Peterson) Prior. He was educated in the schools of his native town and was graduated from the Partridge Academy. He engaged in the flour and grain business with his father for a number of years. He moved to Woburn in 1871 and opened a grocery store, later keeping a variety and kitchen furnishing store. After retiring as a merchant he opened a real estate and insurance office. He was also an able auctioneer and his services as such were in great demand. He was for 15 years a member of the Board of Assessors. He is survived by two sons, William A. and Fred W. and a daughter, Miss Mary D. Prior, a teacher of ancient history in the High School, and two grandchildren, Allen and Ruth Prior. His wife died several years ago. Funeral services were held from the home of his son, William A. Prior, at 1.30 last Tuesday afternoon and burial was at Duxbury.

— The City Documents for 1911 are now in the hands of the City Clerk ready for distribution after a delay of more than 7 months, a delay that should be avoided in the future.

77th Anniversary.

The 77th Anniversary of Woburn's pride, the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, G Co, 5th Regt. M. V. M. was celebrated last Wednesday in the customary manner with a target shoot at Brookside Range in the afternoon closing with a banquet in the Armory in the evening.

It is no idle boast when we say Woburn's pride, for every citizen in this city with the least spark of patriotism within him, ought to feel proud of the achievements of the Company, containing as it does within its ranks a most modest hero with the rifle, the acknowledged champion crack shot of the world, whose record at the butts has never yet been equalled; this model citizen soldier Sergeant Frank H. Kean is a native Woburnite, who bears his well-earned laurels with becoming modesty and dignity.

Previous to the banquet the Phalanx Associates held their annual meeting in the parlor of the Armory and after the reports of the officers were read and accepted the following officers of the association were reelected for the ensuing year.

President, Samuel W. Mendum.
1st V. P., Philip D Gambell.
2nd V. P., Harold P. Johnson.
Sec. and Treas., M. Littlefield.

At 7.30 the Company with Associate Members and invited guests sat down to a banquet provided by Wm. Young of this city.

In less than an hour the viands that had been spread in a tempting way before the company assembled had all disappeared from view and upon the lighting of fragrant Havanas the feast of reason and the flow of soul began with the introduction by Capt. Graham of the veteran toastmaster of many similar events, Mr. Frank E Wetherell who, in his usual affable and felicitous manner, introduced the speakers of the evening

Col. Upton, Chief of the Mass. Ordinance Bureau, was the first to be called upon and he highly praised the well merited honors that had been won by Co. G, and many of its individual members.

Col. F. F. Cutting, commander of the Dandy Fifth, was the next speaker and he gave a record of the accomplishments of Sergt. F. H. Kean, which culminated the present season in his winning the highest honors in at least 13 events, some of which were of making 194 out of a possible 200 at 200, 600 and 1000 yards. A string of 35 consecutive bulls eyes. A record of 104 out of a possible 105 at 800 and 900 yards. and at other times making 22 and 25 straight bulls eyes, besides having the highest score and being the means of bringing to Massachusetts the famous International Leech Trophy, a silver vase 18 inches high, valued at about $3000, from the New Jersey Rifle Association.

The Colonel closed his interesting address by presenting to Sergt. Frank H. Kean in behalf of his associates for his 1912 successes a valuable gold watch for which he could only reply with "I thank you."

With it he was given 3 rousing cheers and a tiger.

Other speakers who lent much enjoyment to the occassion were Rev. R. W. Magoon, George W. Low, Principal of the High School, Rev. H. C. Parker, S. W. Mendum, President of the Associates, Rev. H. B. Williams and Henry L Andrews, Representative to the General Court.

The festivities of the evening closed with the presentation of the prizes won at the targets in the afternoon as follows:

		Score
1	Sergt. F. H. Kean	21
2	Lieut. F. C. Kean	21
3	Sergt. Bowers	21
4	Priv. Lally	21
5	Sergt Shea	21
6	Priv. Draffin	21
7	Cook Durward	19
8	Capt. J. E. Graham	19
9	Corp. Bustead	19
10	Priv. Thompson	18
11	Sergt. Smith	17
12	Corp. Doucette	16
13	Private Carroll	15
14	Private Shay	15
15	Corp. Armstrong	14
16	Sergt. Shannon	12

Prizes to the Associates were awarded to

D. W. Kelley	20
Capt. H. N. Conn	19
Lieut. M Littlefield	10
Dr. C. H. Buss	10
S. W. Mendum	10
L. W. Thompson	10
J. C. Andrews	9
Samuel Highley	2

Invited Guests

Capt Murphy	16
E F. Dwyer	15
D. P. Hogan	13
Rev. H. B Williams	12

Almost A Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

Baby Show At The Rainbow Bazaar.

The Baby Show will be held in the Methodist gymnasium at 3 o'clock next Thursday. All babies of the city under two years of age may be entered for this event. The prettiest baby under two years will be awarded a beautiful silver cup, the gift of our well known and popular jewelry house, Smith & Varney. The heaviest baby under one year will receive an order on our leading photographer, Mr. F. W. Legg, for one half dozen best cabinet portraits.

Don't miss this opportunity to make your baby famous for beauty or robustness.

The prizes are on display in Copeland & Bowser's window.

Sure Thing.

Gabe—Why would not women make good umpires? Steve—And why would they? Gabe—They always have the last word, don't they?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Jesse L Lasky's newest and most pretentious musical production, "The Trained Nurses," with Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman, heads one of the best vaudeville bills seen at B. F. Keith's Theatre in several months. Aside from "The Trained Nurses," the week will be notable for the number of new acts on the list, practically everyone of them being new to Boston audiences. In "The Trained Nurses" Mr. Lasky has surpassed all his previous efforts as a productioner. He has been especially fortunate in the selection of his cast, with Clark and Bergman in the two principal roles. This well known team, which last season scored one of the biggest hits of the year in vaudeville, appear respectively in the roles of "Sammy Sloane," a patient in a private sanitarium in New York City, and "Susan Grey," the new nurse to whom falls the care of "Sammy." A large company of comedians appear in the production as well as a big chorus of dainty and demure trained nurses. Seven catchy musical numbers are introduced in the course of the act, and the fun is fast and furious from start to finish. Other big features will be Brown and Blyer, the song writers; Furbor Sisters, a troupe of clever girl entertainers; Maxime and Bobby in an original specialty; Edwina Barry & Co. in a funny character stunt; The Barrons, two skilful musicians; Wateen and Sentes, singing comedians; and the Eugene Trio, a new act from Germany.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

But one more week remains for theatregoers of Boston and Suburbs to see "Coming Home to Roost" the new play of American life by Edgar Selwyn at the Hollis Street Theatre, which has scored an emphatic hit.

From a Fifth Avenue Mansion to a Chicken Farm is what Martin Boldt a millionaire broker does to cure his wife of a nervous sickness which is caused by her inactivity to participate any more in her husband's affairs. This simple though novel little story is worked out with abundant humorous complications that naturally would follow a colossal lie like Bodlt has told his wife to get her to move from the mansion to the farm. The fun is quiet and wholesome and the story is presented by a cast of excellence.

William Courtleigh and Grace Elliston carry the principal roles of the drama; he as the husband, who has been busy amassing the fortune and she as the wife, whose simple tastes and habits were unable to stand the pace that usually accompanies sudden wealth.

The piece is replete with amusing situations from start to finish and the interest is sustained until the very end Seldom has a play been presented in Boston in which the outcome is so well concealed until the last minutes before the final curtain. Certainly no play of recent years presents a more interesting view of our American life of today.

There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Mail orders given prompt attention.

The Danger After Grip

lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by All Druggists.

Advertsement.

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

At 10.30 next Sunday the pastor will speak on "Tenting toward Sodom" His evening subject will be "The Universal Desire to Know God."

Leon L Dorr will conduct the Epworth League service at 6 o'clock, that being Temperance Rally Sunday. Subject: "The Perils of Drunkeuness."

The Normal Study Class for teachers of Beginners, Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments met for its first meeting, Monday evening in the church parlor. The class is under the leadership of Mrs. Lottie Bailey who is taking up this course of study in Boston under the direction of Prof. Norman E. Richardson.

The midweek Prayer Service was held Wednesday evening at 7.45. Subject: "Which is the most important: Home or Foreign Missions." The Mission Study Class met at the close of this service. The class is studying the book "Aliens or Americans" with a view to a Missionary Service later on.

Stephen R. Moreland

Stephen R. Moreland, an aged civil war veteran, passed away at the Soldiers Home, Chelsea, last Saturday morning at the age of 88 years and 8 months. He was born in Methuen, Feb. 17, 1824, son of Amos and Syn da Moreland. He enlisted in Company F, 22d Massachusetts Regiment, Aug. 10, 1861, for a term of three years but was honorably discharged Feb. 22, 1862 for disability

He was a comrade of Post 161 G. A. R. He is survived by two sons, Leonard L. of Winchester and Arthur S. of Melrose, and a daughter Mrs. Louise Adamson of Medford. Funeral services were held at the First Congregational church last Tuesday at 10 A. M. and burial was at Woodbrook Cemetery.

Six comrades of Post 161, G. A. R, Captain Edwin F Wyer, J. Fred Leslie, W. F. Taylor, Daniel Waters, Rufus Poole and J. W. Field, acted as bearers and seventeen members of the Corps accompanied the funeral procession to the grave. The casket was draped with the American flag.

Mr. Moreland spent the greater part of his life in this city living at 71 Burlington street in the house now occupied by William O. Porter.

Puts End To Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25c. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Brings The Thrill of Home

"Just arrived this minute, Mary. How are the children? *** Good! That relieves my anxiety. I really couldn't stop to take off my hat until I called you.*** Me? Oh, we had a splendid trip. I felt a little worried about the baby, but now I've heard from you it seems as if I hadn't a care in the world."

Keep in touch with home by telephone. There's a magnetism in the voice that no written word can equal. The cost is a mere trifle when weighed against the satisfaction derived from such a call.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE BELL SYSTEM AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Rainbow Bazaar.

The next great social event in the city will be the Rainbow Bazaar at the Methodist Episcopal Church Wednesday and Thursday, October 30 and 31.

The Bazaar will open Wednesday at 4 o'clock and close at 11 Thursday evening. There will be many attractions for children as well as for adults Among the novel and inviting features are the Sunday School table which will be arranged to represent a mining scene in the Klondike. At the doll table will be found educated dolls that will perform various stunts. The Japanese booth will be one of the chief attractions. The ice cream parlor will afford a place of retirement where the young people can form and renew acquaintances and where all can find rest and refreshment.

At the various tables fancy and useful articles will be on sale at prices that will compel ready purchases. The decorations will alone be worth the price of admission The color scheme gives name to the Bazaar, consisting of the radiant colors of the rainbow

At 6 30 Wednesday the supper prepared by a large corps of ladies will be served. The entertainment provided by Mrs. H. Frank Keeler, musical director, and Mrs Wilbur True, church organist, will be given at 8 o'clock The talent for the entertainment includes Miss Eleanor Gordon, violinist; Miss Marjorie Davie, reader; Mrs H. Frank Keeler, soprano; and Mrs Wilbur True, accompanist.

Thursday at 3 o'clock the Baby Show will be held. Babies of all colors and creeds will be admitted, and if the baby has not yet adoped a creed it will make no differance. Prizes will be awarded as follows: to the prettiest baby and to the heaviest baby under one year. (See the prizes in Copeland & Bowser's window.)

At 4 15 there will be a soap bubble tournament for the children. Prizes will be awarded to the successful contestants.

Supper will be served at 6 30. At eight o'clock there will be a mirth provoking entertainment that will be good for overworked people and for jaded nerves. It will consist of a sketch entitled "The New Woman," and a musical mystery known as Apollo's Oracle. In connection with the latter persons in the audience may ask questions regarding their life problems and have them answered.

What Others Say.

A NEWSPAPER CHANGE.

The WOBURN JOURNAL, one of our valued weekly exchanges, has passed to the ownership of George H. Newcomb, who has been connected with the paper for over 40 years, having begun newspaper work as the "devil" of the office when a mere lad The WOBURN JOURNAL has a record of 61 years of successful life and under its new management will be good for many more.—*Lynn Daily Item Oct. 21.*

The Highest Railway.

For thirty-nine years the highest railway in the world was the Oroya line in Peru, which at one place reaches an altitude of 4,834 meters above sea level. Passengers who wish to avoid the risk of mountain sickness in its most aggravated form have to make two or three stops of a day or two on the way up. Since July this line has taken second place, as the new Bolivian railway which connects Potosi with Rio Mulati reaches an altitude of 4,880 meters. It is not considered likely that this record will ever be surpassed unless Tibet is opened to civilization.

Two Puns.

Miss Young—After all, what is marriage but a mister-y?

Miss Older—Yes, and what is spinsterhood but perpetual missery?—London Tit-Bits.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 20, by Rev. Patrick T. Higgins, John Francis Quinn and Almira Cora La Purl, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 17, Nellie G. Cox, aged 27 years, 1 month, 24 days.

In this city, Oct. 21, Francis C. Healy, aged 73 years, 8 months, 3 days.

In this city, Oct. 19, Eliphaz Prior, aged 74 years, 8 months, 3 days.

In this city, Oct. 21, Susan T. Greenough, aged 84 years, 15 days.

In this city, Oct 19, Stephen R. Moreland, aged 88 years, 8 months, 2 days.

In this city, Oct. 23, Reginald Hosford, aged 71 years

In Dorchester, Oct. 19, Ruth M., wife of William A. Miles.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Stephen R Moreland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

25-1-8 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the State Board of Insanity, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John C. Nichols of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward for his maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of November, A. D, 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the State Board of Insanity seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

25-1-8 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

READERS
Take Notice!

That I have fifteen

HORSES and MARES

that must be sold, as I am replacing them with Auto Trucks I will have no further use for them. They are a fine lot of good healthy horses that have been used around the city and would be suitable for Grocer, Butcher, Baker, Milkmen, Truckmen, Farmers, or any general business purposes. They weigh from 11 to 14 hundred each, ages 6 to 9 years. In the lot are two mares that are in foal. It would pay any one that is in need of any horses to call and look them over, Call at the Express Office and ask for the manager, Mr. T. Boyle.

114 Washington St., North,

Near Causeway St., Boston, Mass.
Two Squares from North Station.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in any of the real estate of Kate Keaney Hennessey, alias Catherine Hennessey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, John J. Hennessey of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he as the husband of said deceased, is entitled to take five thousand dollars and one half of the remaining personal, and one half of the remaining real property of said deceased; that the personal estate is insufficient to pay the said five thousand dollars and that the whole amount of the estate of said deceased does not exceed in value the sum of five thousand dollars over and above the amount necessary to pay debts and charges of administration; and praying that the whole of the real estate which is described in said petition may be assigned and set out to him by the Court according to law, to provide for said deficiency, at a value of eight hundred dollars, or at such other value as may be fixed by said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, once in each week, for three successive weeks, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

18 25-1 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Lavina B. Cole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

18.25-1 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of George A. Hobbs late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EMELINE W. HOBBS, Executrix.

October 8, 1912. Woburn, Mass.

A BREAK

In High Prices!

Gran. Sugar, 5½c, lb.
Pillsbury's Best Flour 90c. bag, $6 75 bbl.
Best Shrimp, 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Campbell's Soups 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Soup 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Milk 8c. can 2 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Spaghetti, 15c. can.
Macaroni 7c. package
Shredded Wheat 10c. package.
New Buckwheat 10c. package
New Pancake Flour 10c package.
Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit 12c. package.
Grape Nut 13c. package 2 for 25.
Best Rice 10c. lb. 3 lbs for 25c.
10 cakes Chick Soap for 25c.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5 45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M.. then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8 15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M, then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
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Fair Committees.

Don't forget the Rainbow Bazaar to be held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, October 30 and 31.

The following are the committees who have it in charge:

Executive: Mrs. Lillian Parker, president; Rev. F. M. Estes, Mrs. F. M. Estes, Mrs. James Fraser, Nathan W. Frye, seretary.

Supper Committee: Mrs. James Greydon, cairman; Mrs. Frederick L. Fountain, Mrs. Edward Banwell, Mrs. Rufus R. Patterson, Mrs. Wesley F. Adams, Mrs. Benjamin F. Parker, Mrs. Edgar C. Allen, Mrs. E. J. Borden, Mrs. Arthur Carter, Mrs. H. S. Dickson, Mrs. Edwin T. Bailey, Mrs. C. A. Boutillier, Mrs. M. M. Stowers, Mrs. Emily Frizzell, Mrs. Fred Given, Mrs. Everett Dickinson, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. Selwin Given, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. James Livingston, Mrs. J. E. Stewart, Mrs. George Bruce, Mrs. Andrew Harron, Mrs. James F. Sudsbury, Miss Lulu Buckler.

Fancy Table: Mrs. F. M. Estes, chairman; Mrs. C. F. Budd, Mrs. Edward Robinson, Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Mrs. James S. Fowle, Mrs. George I. Clapp, Mrs. Rufus Snow, Mrs. Charles H. Kimball, Mrs. Susan French, Mrs. F. K. McMahon, Mrs. Herbert E. Stevens, Mrs. Frank W. Legg, Mrs. William Dobbins, Mrs. James Farrell, Miss May Armstrong, Mrs. Ruby Waughn, Miss Etta Jackson, Miss Maud West, Miss Bessie Moore.

House keepers: Mrs. D. C. Page, Mrs. M. W. True, Joint chairmen; Mrs. Port Staples, Mrs. Amos Langill, Mrs. John Cummings, Mrs. Andrew Harron, Mrs. John Harron, Mrs. Alex Porter, Mrs. Jennie Young Mrs. William Scott, Mrs. Lucy Ball, Mrs. F. A. Crouthers, Mrs. E. F. Rollins, Miss Susan Boyd, Mrs. Forest Dixon.

Apron Table: Mrs. Emma Brooks, chairman; Mrs. Charles Thompson, Mrs. James Given, Mrs. C. W. Hawkins, Mrs. H. L. Young, Mrs. Augusta Corbett, Mrs. Frank Newcomb, Mrs. F. W. Greydon, Mrs. F. W. Gamester, Mrs. Wm. A. Sherburne.

Bargain Table: Mrs. Nathan W. Frye, chairman; Mrs. Chester Fowle, Mrs. M. A. Burnes, Mrs. Chester Corbin, Mrs. Edwin T. Bailey, Mrs. Loud, Mrs. Harry McDonald, Mrs. Ralph Whitney, Mrs. Jennie Andress.

Country Store: Walter A. West, chairman; Mrs. Selwyn Given, Arthur Johnson, John Hanlon, Frank Newcomb, Wilbur Dickinson, Brainard Barnum.

Sunday School Table: Miss Daisy Holdridge, chairman; Mrs. L. L. Dorr, Mrs. Hubbard Copeland, Miss Veva Boyden, Miss Katherine Given, Miss Dora Frizzell, Mrs. John Buckler, Mrs. Frank Bartlett, Miss Alice Adams.

Handkerchief Table: Miss Lillian Estes chairman; Miss Carrie Legg, Miss Garda Andress, Miss Carrie Long, Miss Jennie West, Miss Cora Burrell, Miss Bertha Long.

Candy Table: Mrs. Hiram E. West, Miss Elsie Patterson, chairmen; Miss Louise Turner, Miss Veva Boyden Mr. Hiram E. West, Mr. Winfield Reed.

Doll Table: Mrs. Melvin Gould, Jr., chairman; Miss Evelyn Snow, Miss Emily Turner, Miss Jennie Turner, Miss Lora Given, Miss Marion Cook, Miss Bessie Queen, Miss Hester Baker

Flower Table: Miss Carrie Armstrong, chairman; Miss Sadie Bryenton, Miss Celia Turner, Miss Rachel Huett, Mrs. Carl Roesseler, Miss Mable Parker, Miss Ethel Frizzell, Miss Gladys Cobb, Miss Margaret Marshall, Miss Ethel Given, Miss Susie Long.

Children's Table: Mrs. Frank Newcomb, chairman; Mrs. Walter A. West.

Japanese Booth: Mrs. A. P. Tabor, chairman; Mrs. Ed. S. Knowlton, Miss Avis Sherburne, Miss Laura Tabor, Miss Mildred Holdridge, Miss Isabel Brooks, Miss Sadie Bryenton.

Ice Cream: Mrs. M. W. True, chairman; Miss Blanche Blackburn, Miss Edith Porter, Miss Elizabeth Porter, Mr. W. A. True, Mr. Ed. S. Knowlton, Mr. Robert Sherburne, Mr. Harry McDonald, Mr. Irving Buckler, Mr. William Dobbins.

Punch: Mr. Hiram E. West, chairman.

Decorations: Mr. J. E. Fraser, chairman; Mr. L. L. Dorr, Mr. Selwin Given, Mr. H. W. Beecher Powers, Mr. Wallace Turner, Mr. Iving Buckler, Mr. Everett Dickinson, Mr. Melvin Gould, Mr. Harry Holdridge, Mr. Harold Fraser, Miss Blanche Blackburn, Miss Jennie West, Miss Garda Andress, Miss Avis Sherburne.

Entertainment: Mrs. H. E. Keeler, chairman; Mrs. W. A. True.

Table Committee: Mr. William Dobbins, chairman; Mr. Edward Robinson, Mr. Charles Thompson, Mr. Charles Flagg, Mr. George Waughn, Mr. Harding L. Young, Mr. Frederick Fountain, Mr. Forest Bezanson, Mr. John Buckler, Mr. Rufus Snow, Mr. James Fraser, Mr. Elmer Adams.

Ticket Committee: Mr. A. P. Tabor, chairman; Mr. F. W. Legg, Mr. James Farrell, Mr. D. C. Page, Mr. N. W. Frye.

It Looks Like A Crime

to separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. His pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, sprains and bruises demand it, and its quick relief for burns scalds, or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healable and does it quick. Unequaled for piles. Only 25c at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Hence the Lemons.

"How in the name of goodness did you come to buy so many lemons when I told you plainly to get only one dozen?" complained Mrs. Wratts to her new Scandinavian maid.

"Vell," answered Hedvig slowly, "yoy tolt me to git ay dozen. So I don't speak dass Inglish vell, so Ay tought you sayed two dozen. So Ay tolt de grosery man, an' Ay don't speak de Inglish very vell, so he tought Ay sayed tree dozen. So he tells it to hiss boy, but hiss boy ban a Irisher, and he gits four dozen. Oot's vy Ah bane gitting five dozen lemons. Ain't dey keep?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woman's Club Notes.

Thursday, Oct. 3, Mrs. Martha W. Bond, President and Mrs. Dora W. Andrews, chairman of the music committee, attended the guest day of the Wilmington Club. Oct. 9, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Winn and Miss Leslie were guests of the Melrose Club. Oct. 22 Mrs. Bond and Miss Leslie were guests at the reception and tea tendered Mrs. Henry Coolidge Mulligan, President of the State Federation, by the Women in Council Club. Oct. 23 Mrs. Bond and Mrs Pratt were present at the guest day of the Hyde Park Current Events Club.

The Kosmos Club of Wakefield entertained the Art Committee of the Massachusetts State Federation last Friday afternoon. Guests were present from all the neighboring clubs, the Woburn Club being represented by Mrs. Gertrude W. Linscott, chairman of the art committee, Mrs. Katherine Linscott, Mrs. Abby W. Watson, Mrs. Alice Bond Winn and Mrs. Lena H. Pratt. Gunnar Ekman of this city gave violin solos.

The first meeting of the season will be held in Lyceum Hall this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Miss Emily Johnson will read "Nobody's Widow" and the Schubert Trio will furnish music. Social tea will be served with Mrs. Alice Bond Winn and Mrs. Edna L. Foss pouring.

Friday afternoon, Nov. 1, Charles Wellington Furlong will give an illustrated lecture before the Club on "The Greek Sponge Divers of Tripoli."

Lawrence Grant At Tremont Temple.

Lawrence Grant captures Boston in one night with his wonderful "Travel by Kinemacolor" through Yellowstone Park.

Tremont Temple was packed from pit to dome last Monday evening, and after a stirring talk illustrated by the miraculous pictures had finished, two distinct rounds of applause were given, calling back Mr. Grant from his dressing room.

"The Yellowstone" will be presented twice daily at Tremont Temple, at 2.30 and 8.15 P. M., the evening performance closing at just ten o'clock. Suburban patrons thus may catch trains home, and the daily matinees have been arranged for their special benefit. Prices range from twenty-five cents to one dollar a seat.

WINCHESTER.

Caterer Charles Young has a fine new White delivery auto.

Mrs. Daniel March, widow of the late Dr. Daniel March is in town and will make quite a lengthy stay.

Mr. George A. Fernald and family have returned to Winchester after spending the summer at their farm in Lancaster, N. H.

At its last meeting the Fortnightly Club voted to increase its membership limit to 500 and the names of fifty of the ladies on the waiting list were added to the roll of the club.

The Calumet Club observed their first regular ladies' night of the season last Tuesday evening. It was an informal gathering with whist, dancing and bowling. An orchestra rendered music and refreshments were served.

The wedding of Miss Lillian M. Bowles, of Riverbank Court, Cambridge, formerly of Winchester, and Mr. Walter K. Brownell of Brookline will take place tomorrow evening at the home of the bride's mother. The couple will make their home in Brookline.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Quaint Inscriptions on Ancient Tombs In England.

A desperate attempt at an epitaph in the nonconformist Campo Santo in Bunhill fields, where Bunyan, Defoe, the Cromwells and Mrs. Wesley lie buried, is found on the tomb of Lady Page, a person who seems to have suffered terribly from what we call dropsy, but which might have had another name in those days:

Here lyes Dame Mary Page,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page (Bart.).
She departed this life March 11, 1728,
In the 56th year of her age.
* * * * * * *
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times.
Had taken away 240 gallons of water
Without ever repining at her case
Or ever fearing the operation.

A more successful attempt is that found on the tomb of Vavasor Powell, who seems to have suffered eleven years' imprisonment for preaching the gospel. He was known as the "Whitefield of Wales:"

In vain oppressors do themselves perplex
To find out arts how they the saints may vex.
Death spoils their plots and sets the oppressed free;
Thus Vavasor obtained true liberty.
Christ him released, and now he's joyned among
The martyred souls, with whom he cries, "How long?"

—Chambers' Journal.

The Sinner.

Of the late Bishop Charles C. Grafton a Fond du Lac man said the other day:

"Bishop Grafton was remarkable for the neatness and point of his pulpit utterances.

"Once, during a disastrous strike, a capitalist of Fond du Lac arose in a church meeting and asked leave to speak. The bishop gave him the floor, and the man delivered himself of a long panegyric upon captains of industry, upon the good they do by giving men work, by booming the country, by reducing the cost of production, and so forth.

"When the capitalist had finished his self praises and, flushed and satisfied, had sat down again Bishop Grafton rose and said with quiet significance:

"'Is there any other sinner would like to say a word?'"—New York Tribune.

He Knows Which Side His Bread Is Buttered On.

THE CAMPAIGN WAXES WARM

Strong Undercurrent of Feeling to Bring Out Large Vote

DEMOCRATS AID PROGRESSIVES

Said to Help Them Against Republicans—Many Democrats Want Boston Charter Changes—Fight For Police Control

The presidential campaign is beginning to be energetic. Three parties are waging the most active canvass seen in the state in many years. Even the Socialists are putting up the hottest fight they have made for nearly a decade.

Boston has seen more spectacular campaigns, more red fire and flags, torches and marching bodies, more cheering multitudes on the streets and in halls, but seldom if ever such a man to man canvass, such personal appeal, such house to house presentation of arguments, as has been going on in every district for the last three weeks.

With a real fight in every district in the state this must be the kind of an appeal to win. That is, for the Republicans. The Progressive bolt has brought in a new kind of canvass. Democrats have always rung doorbells in their local fights. Not only within the party, but in their fights against other parties. They have found it a successful method. Republicans will see what they can do with that style of campaigning. The outlook seems good.

It may be said with perfect confidence that the prospects for President Taft in the state are improving steadily. Republican leaders say they believe he will carry the commonwealth by a substantial majority, and that the size of the total vote cast will astonish everybody. They say it is many years since there was so strong a feeling on the part of all Republicans that not to vote this year would be a disgrace, and that the stay-at-home vote will be extremely small.

Local Contests Interest Voters

Those who are not particularly interested in the presidential election are absorbingly interested in the vote for state officers and congressmen, and still more so in the choice of members of the legislature. The local contests will bring out the vote in every part of the commonwealth, unless all reports are misleading. With a great vote, the prospects of Republican success are most cheering. This is the story which comes to Boston from all over the state. It inspires confidence. There are some so optimistic as to say that President Taft will have close to 50 percent of the total vote in Boston. There is no doubt that he will receive many Democratic votes, especially of the foreign born voters.

Governor Foss is finding much difficulty in trying to placate the western part of the state in the matter of his veto of the Western Trolleys bill, so greatly desired in that section. Because he could not get the legislature to pass his pet scheme for a public utilities commission in order that he might make places on it for his political supporters, the governor threatened to veto all other legislation, and the Western Trolleys bill happened to come along just then. He vetoed it to impress the legislature, but the legislature refused to be impressed. He had promised to sign it, but that counted for nothing. Now he is talking waterways for the western part of the state, but the people up there decline to trust the promises of a man who makes them only to break them. His visits there seem to be marked with a coolness on the part of the voters which discourages many of his friends. There is no doubt that he will lose heavily over the vote of last year, when he was aided by the votes of the farmers.

Fight to Succeed Crane

The great contest of the whole campaign seems to be over the succession to Senator W. Murray Crane, and Mayor Fitzgerald is making a tremendous fight to elect a Democratic legislature. It is said that there is to lack of funds for Democratic candidates, and substantial encouragement is being given to Progressive candidates for the legislature all over the commonwealth. It is significant that the Progressives have made no nominations in the strong Democratic districts, but in all the strong Republican districts, and in fact in all other Republican districts, they have put candidates in the field. The charge is made by many Republicans that the Progressive leaders are in a combination with the Democrats for the purpose of defeating Republican candidates for the legislature, and throwing the United States senatorship to Fitzgerald.

As a matter of fact, the Progressive leaders have indicated that they would as soon see Fitzgerald elected senator as a Republican. Mr. Bird started out in a strain like that, in his canvass for governor on the Progressive ticket, but the storm of protests from Progressives themselves at such sentiments has caused Mr. Bird and the party leaders to take another tack, and seek to disavow their responsibility for Fitzgerald and make a show of opposing him. Nevertheless, every vote cast for a Progressive candidate for the legislature is admitted to be a vote for Fitzgerald members of that body.

Democrats Would Repeal Charter

But it is said that the Democrats desire to control the legislature for other reasons than to name a successor to Mr. Crane. The Boston Democracy has always opposed the state control of the police of Boston, because it took a powerful agency out of their hands. Boston has never seen, under state control, any such scandal as is now being uncovered in New York because the control of the police is in the hands of men free from Democratic domination. One of the first things the Democrats are said to plan to do in the event of a Democratic legislature, is to turn back the control of the police to the Boston Democracy, together with the excise commission.

The Boston Democracy has never concealed its aversion to the new Boston charter bill, and it has tried to repeal it in vain. A Democratic legislature would make short work of that charter, with its checks upon such grafting as were seen during the first term of Mayor Fitzgerald, and for which jail sentences followed in at least one case. The Democracy has never taken kindly to the civil service law, and a Democratic legislature would have an opportunity to amend the Massachusetts statute to suit its own sweet will.

The Last Big Rally

The last big rally of the campaign on the Republican side will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Saturday evening, Nov. 2, which will be preceded by a band concert. Hon. Samuel J. Elder, president of the Republican club of Massachusetts, under whose auspicies it will be given, is to preside, and the other speakers will be Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, former Governor John L. Bates, former Governor Utter of Rhode Island, former Speaker Joseph Walker, candidate for governor, and others.

AVIATOR'S SICKNESS.

Sensations That Come With Flights Into High Altitudes.

Mountain climbers are subject to what is called "the mountain sickness," due to the rarefaction of the air and the muscular work done by climbers. Then there is the balloon disease, with analogous symptoms, but which does not appear except at very high altitudes.

Newer than either of these is aeroplane or aviator's sickness. Its effects are due to the rapidity with which the maximum height is reached and the still greater speed at the descent, involving the passing from a low air pressure to a higher one. Aeroplanes sometimes reach altitudes of 10,000 feet in an hour, and here the effects on the ear, such as humming or cracking noise, are about the same as in a balloon, but the effect on the respiratory organs is different. The pilot is sooner out of breath and he feels a special kind of uneasiness.

During the descent the heart beats are of greater amplitude, but without accelerating. A quick descent in a sailing flight at a speed of 1,000 or 1,200 feet a minute or even more—since Morane descended at Havre from 8,000 feet in six minutes—causes a feeling of a special kind or uneasiness, accompanied with humming in the ears.

Burning in the face is also felt and a severe headache; also great tendency to sleep. The movements of the body are sluggish and unskillful. These symptoms continue for some time after the landing, and the tension in the arteries is noticed to be higher than the normal.—Chicago News.

Ill Luck, For Sure.

"Oh, papa, see these lovely opals! I don't believe opals are unlucky. Do you?"

"It will be very unlucky for you if you take a fancy to a high priced one, Ethelinda. You won't get it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Proper Way.

"When you leave on the train," said the young man yearningly, "I will throw you a kiss."

"But," rejoined the girl, "don't you know that it isn't polite to throw things at people? You should always give them."—Exchange.

PIKEMEN OF OLD.

Their Ponderous Armor and Their Sixteen Foot Weapons.

The pikeman was covered with defensive armor, an iron headpiece, iron "back and breast" and "tasses," a kind of iron apron protecting him from waist to knee. He carried a pike sixteen feet long, with an ashen shaft, an iron head and a blunt iron spike at the butt end, whereby to fix it in the ground, and, besides the pike, a rapier.

The pike, from its great length, was a weapon which required deft handling in order to be of effective use and, as may be imagined, was excessively showy on parade. The modern lance exercise is a pretty sight enough, but the old pike exercise, perfectly executed by a large body of men, must have been superb. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the postures or instructions for this exercise are extravagantly minute.

To give one example, at the close of the instruction, on the word "Order your pikes," we find after a mass of complicated details the following conclusion: "You place the butt end of your pike by the outside of your right foot, your right hand holding it even with your eye and your thumb right up; then, your left arm being set akimbo by your side, you shall stand with a full body in a comely posture."—Westminster Gazette.

THE ANCIENT TRAVELER.

Outfit He Was Advised to Carry In the Eighteenth Century.

A small "Traveler's Guide," dated 1780, contains a good deal of serious advice as to the luggage which should be carried.

"Take," says the book, "two suits of clothes, one coffee colored and one blue; a chest flannel, a pair of leather breeches, a sleeping suit, three pairs of stockings, two pairs of gloves, two wigs, one hair bag (?), two caps, two hats, two pairs of shoes, one pair of slippers, six 'undershirts,' four 'overshirts,' six neckties, six collars, six handkerchiefs, four pairs of cuffs, three cravats, two pairs of cotton hose and two pairs of socks."

But this is not all, as is shown by the following items: "Take a Bible, a book of sermons, a 'Traveler's Guide,' two albums, a diary, a quire of white paper, quills and ink, an almanac, a mirror, a silver watch, a silver snuffbox, a silver spoon, a pair of silver shoe buckles, a silver tie pin, three silver studs, a gold seal ring, a knife and fork with silver handles, a sewing case, an opera glass, a compass, a wax light and a tinder box, a toothbrush, a silver toothpick, a sword, a silver mounted cane, a padlock with which to fasten your door at night inside, a clothes brush, a box of medicine."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Marking a Book.

There's a dear old chap in this town—too gentle and too modest to put his name or profession into print—who administered a rebuke worth remembering to a young friend. The young man showed him a book in which certain passages were marked with pencil. The older man asked if he might borrow the book.

"I—I can't lend it," said the other. "I borrowed it myself."

"Ah! And who marked these passages?"

"I did."

"Oh, my boy! You shouldn't make penciled comments in a borrowed book."

"I—I—I know it—I"—

"The owner might erase them, you know. Always use ink and so pass your wisdom along!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Properly Boiled Meat.

To boil meat so as to retain the juices and soluble salts and yet cook it sufficiently it should be plunged into boiling water and boiled rapidly for about ten minutes. After this fast cooking the kettle must be pushed over to the back of the fire, where its contents will simmer gently. This tends to coagulate the outer rind of the meat so that the juices cannot escape. If meat is treated in this manner the inside will be found juicy and tender, but if the meat is allowed to boil it will be found hard and chippy, the goodness having all boiled out of it.

He Waited Until Tomorrow.

Kansas City furnished the other day one of "life's little ironies" that might have interested even Mr. Hardy, the novelist. A business man made a memorandum saying that he was to notify a certain young woman from Illinois to report for work as his stenographer. He allowed the matter to go over until the next day. In the morning papers of the next day he read of the girl's suicide. She had been looking for work for a month without success.—Kansas City Star.

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A BROKEN LEG

It Caused Embarrassment, but Achieved Pleasing Results

By RYLAND BELL

There was a bend in the road within a stone's throw of Mrs. Montague Upton's place. Signs, "Automobiles Go Slow," had been affixed to trees on each side of the curve, but they were constantly being disregarded.

One morning Mrs. Upton heard a crash, and a few minutes later a man was carried to her house with a broken leg. When their eyes met he exclaimed "Hello!" while the lady turned pale.

"This way," she said to the bearers, and she led them to a bedroom on the ground floor, then running to the telephone she summoned a surgeon. The fracture was pronounced a simple one, and the doctor, having taken care of it, before departing said that if it were desired he would send a nurse.

"Never mind that, doctor," said Mrs. Upton. "I will summon my own nurse if we find that a nurse is necessary."

When the injured man and the woman were left alone he said:

"This is very awkward."

"Very."

"How did you happen to light on this place? I thought you were going abroad."

"I changed my mind."

He moved slightly, made a wry face and groaned.

"Does it pain you very much?" an expression of sympathy passing over her face.

"Somewhat, de—I mean, Mrs. Upton. I don't think I'll suffer much right away. The hurt will come later."

"I've been expecting some maimed person to be brought in here, but I didn't think it would be my own"—

"It isn't. We were divorced three years ago this coming November."

"You were right in saying that your being brought in here in this condition is very awkward. You can't be removed, so the doctor told me, for several weeks, and more likely, several months."

"I'm sorry, Louise. I couldn't help getting knocked out. The fellow running the car that collided with me didn't blow his horn till he got right on to me."

"YOU HAVE DECEIVED ME."

"Oh, it isn't that I object to your being here, or doing all I can for you. It's something else. I'm engaged to be married, and I expect my fiance here this evening—any evening, in fact. I'm afraid it will"—

She hesitated.

"You mean that your fiance won't like the idea of marrying a woman who has a husband living. It won't improve matters—that husband being under the same roof with you for a season."

"Oh, I don't care for that, though it may make talk."

"It is a bad job, isn't it? I thought you said when you got your decree that one husband was enough for you, and you'd never take another."

"Did I say that?"

There was a brief pause in the dialogue, at the end of which Mr. Upton said: 'Well, I suppose I deserve it. I married too late in life. I'd got cranky. Always used to having my own way and gratifying every whim. I couldn't brook the slightest interference. I suppose I acted like a brute."

There was no reply to this. The lady noticing that his pillow was not comfortable, rearranged it for him. Then he went on talking partly to himself and partly to her:

"Then that affair with Helen Thompson came up to make it worse. But you were all off as to that. I couldn't set you right without attacking her. And if I had tried to explain in the frame of mind you were in at the time it would have availed nothing. Besides I didn't like to confess that she had got me tangled before you and I were married, and I was afraid of her. Perhaps you don't know what it is to get the spite of a bad woman. She is as likely to injure herself as you—reason all gone, nothing but impulse and desire for revenge."

"What hold had she on you?"

"It would be just as impossible to go into that now as then. What's the use of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen? We're divorced, and you are about to marry another man. If I were to make a clean breast of it all it wouldn't do any good. You can't put us back where we were before the divorce. You've agreed to marry another man. You couldn't honorably throw him off. If you did he might trump up something against you."

"He wouldn't do that because he is an honorable gentleman. If you had never associated with any but ladies when you were a bachelor you and I would doubtless now be living together happily."

"Helen was a lady. I admit that I at times associated with those who could not be considered ladies, but I never found the devil embodied in one of them as I did in her."

"So it was a case of blackmail?"

"No; a case of feared blackmail."

He groaned again. His former wife noticed him glance at his covering, which rested too heavily upon him, and she removed some of it. He looked up into her eyes with the expression so often seen in an invalid's face when being ministered to by a nurse.

"You'd better send for some one to take care of me," he said. "You'll soon be worn out doing it yourself. Of course all the expense will be borne by me. I have no claim on your attention whatever."

"Tomorrow will be time enough."

Tomorrow came, but no other nurse than Mrs. Upton attended upon the invalid. The afternoon of the accident she telephoned to her fiance that she was indisposed and could not see him that evening. He phoned back to her that he was sorry since he would leave the city early next morning for a short absence. As an adieu he sent her some flowers. These she kept from the man with the broken leg. She said to the servants that to preserve them they should be placed in the refrigerator, but this was not her real reason. She wished to put them where she would not see them or inhale their perfume.

The fiance in the course of a week returned from his trip and telephoned to be informed of the health of Mrs. Upton, remarking that he had not heard a word from her during his absence. He hoped her indisposition had not developed into anything serious. Mrs. Upton answered through her maid that her mistress was not ill, but was very much engaged in caring for an invalid and would not be able to receive her lover for a few days. She would notify him when it would be convenient for her to have him call again.

Nothing was heard from the fiance for a few days, when he wrote a formal note asking Mrs. Upton if the invalid she was nursing was so dear to her that she could not spare a few minutes to receive a visit from the man she was to marry. Mrs. Upton, who would not have uttered a falsehood for the world, but did not consider herself obliged to tell the truth always, replied that the dearness of her charge had nothing to do with her seeing the gentleman if he called; it should be enough for her to assure him that she was engaged in caring for an invalid. The next communication between the two was a note from the man stating that after careful consideration he had discovered that his conscience would not permit him to marry a divorced person and he begged to be honorably released from his engagement. He had heard that the invalid Mrs. Upton was nursing was Mr. Upton.

There was no mention of the fiance between the nurse and the invalid since the day of the latter's injury till after the receipt of this note. Then one morning after Mrs. Upton had made Mr. Upton comfortable for the day, he said to her:

"I hope my enforced sojourn here has not embarassed you with regard to your fiance."

"Not at all."

"I should be very sorry if on my account you should get into trouble. You see, when I was engaged to you a third person stepped in between us and though she did not prevent our marriage, she effected something worse—she caused our separation."

Mrs. Upton made no reply for a time; she was arranging odds and ends about the room.

"I have found it difficult," she said at last, "to keep a clear record between two men. The one has been my husband and the other my intended husband."

"And can understand the difficulty in a man's passing from lover-like relations with one woman to another?"

"It was not the passing in our case; it was remaining passed."

"With you, not with me. So long as the object of my entanglement lived I was subject to entanglement. But you have not assured me that my being here has not been an embarrassment to you with regard to your fiance."

"I have no fiance. He has broken the engagement."

"Louise!"

She stood looking down at him without reply.

"You have deceived me," he continued.

"No; I have deceived him."

"And can forgive me for not—you can understand my"—

"Yes, dear. Unless we make our confessions on the moment we are liable to be placed in an unfortunate position, and making them instantly is not always practical."

He put out his arms to her, and they were locked in an embrace.

FLOWERS OF THE NIGHT.

They Are Usually Pure White With a Peculiar Glow.

As we all know, there are both day blooming and night blooming flowers. The former are generally decked in red, blue, yellow or purple and have lines, spots or markings on their petals which often act as guides to the nectaries which are visited by the bees and butterflies.

The night blooming flowers, on the other hand, invite the visits of moths or other night flying insects and therefore have recourse to something like the tasks of the fireflies and the glowworms. They are usually pure white and have such a peculiar texture that they seem to glow with internal light in the dim shades of evening.

At times you might almost fancy that they were stained by nature with some forerunner of luminous paint, so clearly do they reflect every visible ray of the faint twilight. They thus succeed in catching the eyes of the moths, which, of course, are modified especially for perceiving and receiving the slight stimulus of the dusk and gloaming.

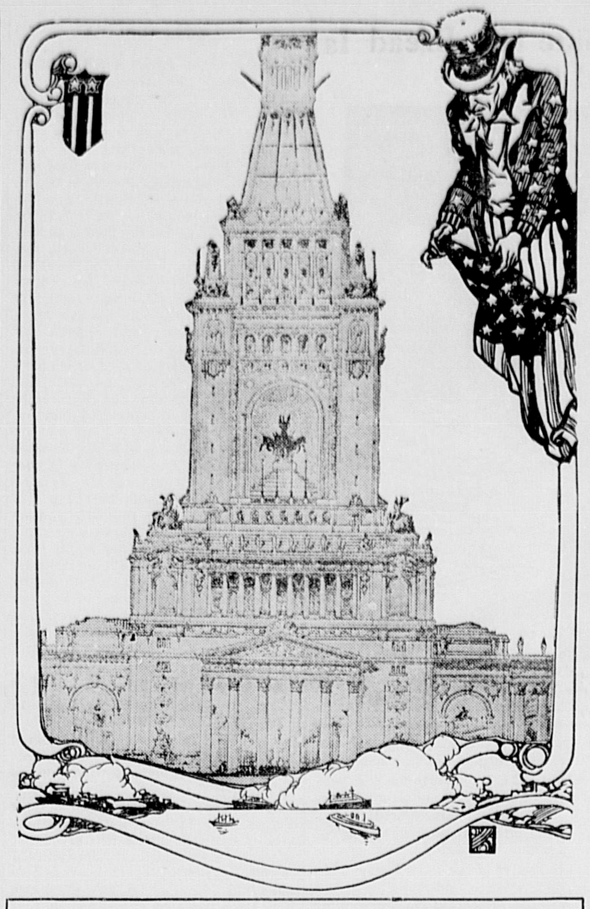
But the nocturnal flowers have no lines or spots, because these last could never be perceived in the dim gloom of the evening. They make up for it, however, by being very heavily scented. Indeed, almost all the strong white flowers, which are such favorites with florists, such as jasmine, tuberose, gardenia, stephanotis, sereus and syringa, which belong to the night blossoming plants, are especially adapted to attract the senses of winged nocturnal insects.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Hit Back.

He—Women have no real judgment in serious matters. She—Yes, and men count on that when they ask women to marry them.—Baltimore American.

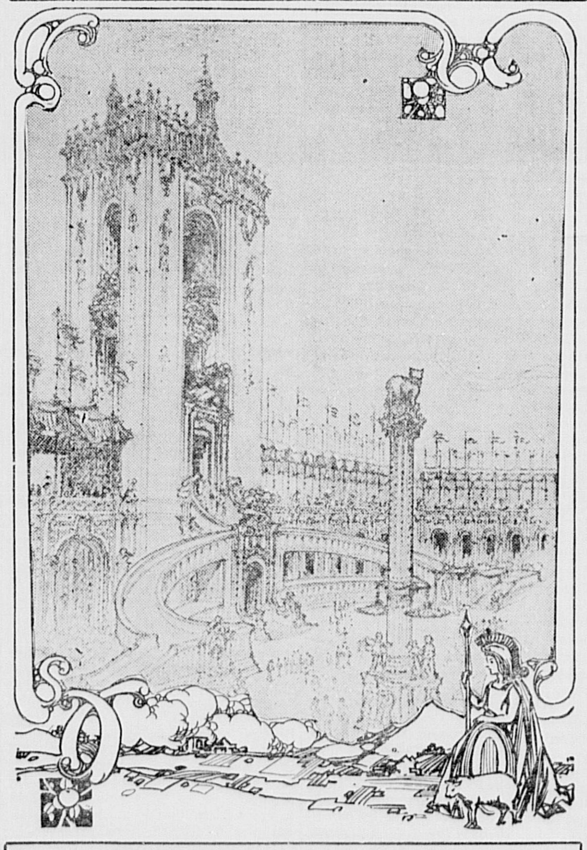
Disgrace is immortal and living even when one thinks it dead.—Plautus.

There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in.—Emerson.



TOWER OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

FROM an architectural viewpoint the dominating feature of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be the huge tower of the Administration building. Rising 375 feet in height and flanked on either side by the domes, towers and minarets of the eight great exhibit palaces, the huge tower will be at all times the most conspicuous feature of the Exposition City. From San Francisco harbor it will appear as the central feature in the great rectangle of exhibit palaces, whose sky line will be 110 feet in height, whose domes will rise 144 feet and whose lesser towers will be 175 feet in height. From afar this central group will appear almost as a single palace, four-fifths of a mile long and 1,200 feet in width; nearer at hand it will be found that the exhibit palaces are interspersed with great open courts, each designed by notable groups of America's foremost architects. The inner courts will express the highest ideal of the architect, the sculptor, the colorist and the landscape gardener. The Exposition palaces will be the loftiest ever constructed; the grouping of huge buildings will give an effect of almost inconceivable massiveness and grandeur. At the base of the tower, which will occupy an acre in extent, will be a huge arcade beneath which visitors may enter from the main exposition entrance into the grand Court of Honor. This court, which will be 700 by 900 feet in its greatest dimensions, was designed by McKim, Mead & White.



EAST COURT, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

THE great East Court at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is designed for pageantry surpassing the famous Durbar of India. It will constitute a suitable setting for oriental or modern drama upon a colossal scale. From a huge staircase or from the tops of its encircling walls the visitor to this "Court of Joyousness" will be enabled to witness the pageants that will be a feature of the exposition. The main tower of the court will contain a great pipe organ, with echo organs in the smaller towers; within the center of the court will lie a basin containing groupings of classic statuary, dancing figures, fauns, satyrs and nymphs. Electric scintillators will play upon fountains at night. Tropical shrubs and flowers will contrast with the sterner effect of the colonnades, statuary and facades of the court. In its architecture the East Court, which will lie among the main group of exhibit palaces, will resemble the oriental phase of the Spanish-Moorish architecture.

Reason Was Plain.

"My husband has deserted me, and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.

"What reason did he have for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you; I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.—Pittsburgh Post.

A Woman's Way.

Ella—Before going to sleep I have the habit of thinking over every unpleasant and spiteful thing that people have said to me during the day. Bella—That is an excellent thing for you to do, but how can you get along with so little sleep?—Der Guckasten.

Ungrateful Guest.

Brown—So you spent Sunday with the Sububs, eh? How far is their house from the station? Towne—About two miles as the dust flies!—Judge.

One Thing He Remembered.

He was standing near one of the stamp windows in the general postoffice. His face was flushed and his features distorted, while he tugged with his teeth at a knot in his handkerchief. When the knot gave way a friend who had been watching the unusual performance stepped up and asked, "What was the knot for—to remember something?" "Yes, to have my wife's umbrella mended." "Did you have it done?" "No; forgot the blamed thing in the subway. But I remembered the knot all right."—New York Tribune.

When Solid Iron Floats.

Experiments show that if a ball of solid iron is lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork. But in a few seconds it leaves the prongs and rises to the surface, where it continues to float until it melts. The rising is explained by the expansion of the ball, due to heating, whereby it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than the molten metal.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 27, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vii, 31, to viii, 10—Memory Verses, 34, 35—Golden Text, Mark vii, 37—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Departing from the region of Tyre and Sidon, where He had comforted the mother's heart and honored and commended her faith, He returned to the sea of Galilee, a journey of forty or fifty miles, but nothing is said of the journey. How little we think of His long walks from one part of the country to another. It is easy to travel in our day, and there is a vast amount of it done, but very few do it on foot and for Him, yet I do know some missionaries who are very like Him in this respect. Verses 32 to 37 of our lesson are recorded only by Mark and tell of the healing of a deaf and dumb man. Some are dumb because they cannot speak and others are dumb because they will not speak.

It is sometimes wise for those who can both hear and speak to be as if they were both deaf and dumb (Ps. xxxviii, 13). Too many are dumb because they do not feel constrained to speak. Their remedy may be found in Ps. xxxix, 3; Ezek. iii, 27; Jer. xx, 8, 9. If any are inclined to plead slowness of speech or the inefficiency of youth they may be helped by Ex. iv, 12; Jer. i, 7-9. All need that which our Lord commended in Acts i, 8; see a result in Acts iv, 31. All may come unto Him, and He knows at once a right way for each. His way with this particular man was unique, but it must have been the right way for him. He took him aside from the multitude. He often takes us aside that He may cause us to hear or see or know something He could not otherwise teach us. It is blessed to be taken aside with Him. I like the verse which says that "we should live together with Him" (I Thess. v, 10). We have read of many being healed by touching Him or the hem of His garment, but see His fingers on this man's ears and tongue, and instantly he could hear and speak plainly. Was the power in His touch or in the words "Be opened," or in both? More important for me to be able to say that He hath touched me and hath spoken to me, and taught me to say "He hath done all things well."

Just here Matthew records that He went up into a mountain and sat down, and great multitudes came to Him bringing the lame, blind, dumb, maimed and others and cast them at His feet, and He healed them, and they glorified the God of Israel (Matt. xv, 30, 31). When Israel came out of Egypt there was not one feeble among their tribes, and when the kingdom comes the inhabitant shall not say, "I am sick." "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." (Ps. cv, 37; Isa. xxxiii, 24; xlix, 10; Rev. vii, 16; xxi, 4). Do you wonder that Jesus told them of such a kingdom as He fed them and healed them? What can we think of those who know of such a kingdom and are doing nothing to make it known to others who might be glad to become inheritors of it if they only knew about it and knew how to become heirs to it?

Returning to the record in Mark, we read that the multitudes had been with Him three days with nothing to eat, and some had come long distances, so He had compassion upon them and said to the disciples, "If I send them away fasting they will faint by the way." Did He really care and does He care if we are faint and weary? Oh, yes, He cares! I know he cares. It matters to Him even about sparrows, and he clothes the lilies. The disciples seem surprised at His remarks and ask, Whence can a man satisfy these with bread here in the wilderness? Well, that depends upon the man. An ordinary man could not, but who is this man? Had they forgotten that so recently they had taken food from His hands to more than 5,000 people and had seen Him control and subdue a great storm? Yes, it is the old story of Ps. lxxviii: "They forgot His works and His wonders that He had showed them. They said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" Having ascertained that they had seven loaves and a few small fishes, He took them and gave thanks and broke them and gave to the disciples to set before the people, and they did all eat and were filled.

He took what they had and used it as on the former occasion, though He might have rained it from Heaven (Ps. lxxviii, 24). The poor widow had a pot of oil, and He multiplied that. Another widow had a little meal and oil and He multiplied that. He can create out of nothing, but He seems to love to take what we have and increase it. He wants it all given over to Him, as these and the lad gave all into His hands, as He Himself gave up all for us. He has provided a full and complete eternal redemption which He gives freely to every one willing to receive Him. Then He asks those who have received Him, and to whom He has given all, to forsake all that they have that they may become His disciples (Rom. vi, 23; John i, 12; Luke xiv, 33), to be used by Him as He will. He is all fullness, the fullness of the God head bodily, and we may be filled by Him for the benefit of others (Col. i, 19; ii, 9, 10).

Hard to Swallow.

"If you make any noise," threatened the holdup man, "I'll stuff this handkerchief in your mouth."

The victim regarded it with a ghastly smile.

"Oh, that's such an old gag!" he protested.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Not?

Lord Fewscads—Yaas, I confess I came to your blawsted country, doncherknow, to marry a wich American girl, but I haven't found one yet. Miss Harlem—Why don't you advertise, "Wanted—a cash girl?"—Woman's Home Companion.

"Re-enforced."

After all the efforts of the scientists it still remains generally conceded that the only way to keep a middle aged man's hair from falling out is to cover his head with concrete.—Galveston News.

If your spirits are low do something, and if you have been doing something do something different.—E. E. Hale.

HOW IT WORKED IN OHIO.

Paulding Banker Shows How Sugar Beet Culture Increased Property.

That the establishment of the sugar beet industry in Ohio will result in an increase of $20,000,000 in the value of farm lands in the state by the end of the present year is the statement of C. H. Allen, a banker of Paulding, O.

"Ohio and Indiana should become as great producers of sugar as Michigan," said Mr. Allen, "and they will unless hostile legislation by congress interferes with the natural development of this industry. In Paulding county alone, although the beet sugar factory here has been in operation only two years, the value of farm property has increased $5,000,000 as a result of the introduction of sugar beet culture. Another result has been the investment of $5,000,000 or more in other beet sugar factories in this section of the state within the past year, which in turn will vastly increase the value of the farm land surrounding them, adding $20,000,000 or more to the agricultural wealth of this region.

"Aside from the direct financial returns that have followed the establishment of the sugar beet industry in Ohio, there are numerous other benefits which, though not so direct, are no less important. To obtain good results from beet culture farmers have found it necessary to put more hand labor on the land. The result is that thousands of men, women and children are being taken from the overcrowded sections of the cities of the state and set to work on the land, a back to the farm movement that is of real practical value.

"This increased tillage of the soil is the very best—and, in fact, the only effective—means of overcoming the weeds that are the chronic enemies of the farmer, choking his crops and exhausting his soil. Besides all this, we have found that every other crop raised upon land that has been put into sugar beets shows a greatly increased yield.

"Upon a piece of land that had been in beets the previous season I myself raised seventy bushels of oats to the acre, while across the fence one of my neighbors, on exactly the same kind of land, got a yield of not quite fifty. Last year on another piece of land that had been used for sugar beets I grew fifty bushels of wheat to the acre where the ordinary crop is between twenty-two and twenty-five bushels. Farmers have learned so well that sugar land increases the yield of oats that when they are in conversation among themselves and one reports a yield of from seventy to ninety bushels an acre the other will reply: 'You have raised it on sugar beet land. That accounts for it.'

"This year there will be taken from Ohio cities to the country to work in the beet fields over 5,000 people, and yet this industry is only beginning in the state. Ohio ought to have twenty-five beet sugar factories, and Indiana, equally favorably located and with land peculiarly fitted to this crop, should have an equal number."

PLANT THAT IMPROVES SOIL.

The Sugar Beet Increases Yield of Other Crops.

How sugar beets improve the fertility of the soil and increase the yield of all crops grown in rotation with them is explained in the National Magazine by Truman G. Palmer, who has spent the past ten years in studying agricultural methods in Europe and America.

"The sugar beet being a deep rooter," says Mr. Palmer, "a prerequisite to its culture is that the soil be stirred to a depth of ten to fourteen inches. The tender beetlet having to undergo the shock of thinning soon after it comes up in order to leave but one beet to a place, it demands a well prepared, mellow seed bed. Gathering the sugar in its leaves from the atmosphere by the aid of the light and storing it up in the roots, it will not thrive if the light is cut off through being shaded by weeds, and their eradication means not only a further stirring of the soil by cultivation and hoeing, but they are removed before going to seed, thus leaving weedless fields for succeeding crops. Being plowed out in autumn gives an extra fall plowing, which leaves the land in condition to absorb instead of shed the fall and winter rains and store up the moisture for the following season's crop. With the removal of the main root myriads of fibrous roots are broken off and left in the soil to an average of a ton to the acre, and in rotting they not only deposit humus in the lower strata of soil, but leave minute channels through which it becomes aerated and hence fertile. The roots of subsequent crops follow these interstices and draw nutriment from two and three times the depth of soil formerly reached, and hence the farmers double and treble their soil output without increasing their acreage."

Beet Pulp as Cattle Food.

In summarizing the important features of sugar beet growing in various parts of the country the Department of Agriculture calls attention to its peculiar importance to the middle western states because of the extent to which stock feeding is followed as an industry in this territory. Beet pulp—that is, what remains of the beet after the sugar has been extracted—has been proved to be the finest feed yet discovered for milk cows and for fattening cattle, sheep and other farm animals. This is true whether the pulp is fed in its wet state as it comes from the factory or after being dried. A business of about $2,000,000 a year has grown up in the sale of dried beet pulp, in which form it can be shipped to any distance.

Mme. Scarron.

Mme. Scarron, afterward the famous Mme. de Maintenon, the wife of Louis XIV., was in her girlhood remarkably beautiful. She was dark, with piercing black eyes and wavy hair. In middle life her gravity of countenance and of deportment was considered quite extraordinary in that age of gayety. One of her contemporaries said that she did not smile once a year, and yet she was not gloomy, but only of a sedate habit of mind.

A Definition.

"Pa," said Willie, "what is a genius?"

"A genius, my son," said Mr. Knowitall, "is a man who can't collect enough of what the world owes him to pay what he owes to the community in which he lives."—Harper's Weekly.

American French.

Blobbs—How did you get along in Paris? Slobbs—Not very well. Blobbs—Don't you speak French? Slobbs—Only enough to make myself misunderstood.—Philadelphia Record.

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DUMAS AS A COOK.

His Friends Found Him Acting as Chef In a Trouville Inn.

The familiar story of the arrival of the great Dumas at Trouville on a May afternoon in the thirties is a cheerful anecdote. Laughing loudly, he crossed the Touques carried on the shoulders of a sturdy Norman peasant and entered the primitive little inn of those early days with all the clatter and excitement which usually distinguished his movements.

La Mere Oseraie, the good woman who kept it, told him flatly that she received none but painters. The Trouville of those days was a tiny fishing village which only a few artists had discovered. Dumas promptly alleged that he was a "painter in words" and even offered to paint—or write—her signboard, which the other clients—ungrateful dogs—had promised, but neglected to do. This handsome though confusing evidence of good faith mollified the good innkeeper, and she consented to receive Dumas at the amazing price of 2 francs a day, tout compris. Trouville was indeed then what the French term un petit trou pas cher—"a little hole not dear."

When the painters, friends whom Dumas had come to see in their remote corner, returned toward evening from the green woods and glades along the little river's valley they found the amiable giant filling the inn with his cries and laughter and brandishing a great spoon in the kitchen, where he was presiding personally over the preparation of an evening meal which promised to run his bill for extras into figures hitherto unknown in Trouville.—Harper's Magazine.

COLORED RAIN AND SNOW.

And In Volcanic Regions Gray Hail Is Relatively Common

In certain parts of Spain during last winter red and black snow fell. The phenomenon is explained as being due to the presence in the atmosphere in unusual quantities of certain mineral salts. History mentions a day when "the heavens rained blood." In the middle ages such an occurrence was accepted as predicting war or famine, or, at any rate, shedding of blood.

The presence of a micro-organism seems always to accompany red rain. In volcanic regions gray hail is relatively common. In Sicily this has been observed very often, because the higher layers of the atmosphere are filled with ashes from Mount Etna. During the past century there have been black rains in England twice, and on both occasions the color was due to the presence of micro-organisms.

A curious fall of red snow is observed sometimes in the Alps in spring, but black snow is a rarity. Last spring in the mountains that surround the valley of Emmen snow of a dirty grayish black has been noticed. It formed a crust of some centimeters in thickness and extended over the white snow which had fallen on previous days. This strange occurrence has not been satisfactorily explained, but it is supposed that the volcanic ashes from Etna were carried by the winds and precipitated by the dampness of the air.—Harper's Weekly.

A Capful of Wind.

The origin of the phrase "a cupful of wind" can be traced to a Norse king, Eric VI., who died in 907 A. D. He was credited with the useful power of directing the wind to blow where he wished by the simple method of turning his cap to that point of the compass. His powers were much appreciated and trusted and resulted in his being known as "windy cap." There is no evidence as to whether he could regulate the force of the wind as well as the direction. Presumably he could, or his faithful believers would not have been so many. A "bagful of wind" is another common expression and indicates something like a gale. This has been traced down to the classical legend of Aeolus and his captive winds confined in bags.

Roman Masons' Tools.

The excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum have unearthed masons' tools much resembling those in use today and demonstrated the freer use of large tiles, the employment of iron to tie together brick and stone work and the use of a kind of concrete of which lime was the binding medium and finely broken brick a favorite material. The dome of the Pantheon, built in the first century of the Christian era, still testifies to the enduring nature of the concrete superstructure, albeit bound with lime and not with cement.—National Magazine.

Artistic Ability.

"'By the Sea' is a very pretty title for your picture," said the interested onlooker. "But the sea is too green and the waves are too fluffy."

"That's so," replied the artist. "I'll paint some branches and twigs into it and call it 'The Woodland Way.'"—Washington Star.

Entirely Too Emphatic.

"Then you won't marry me?"

"No; a thousand times no!"

"You don't need to say no a thousand times," retorted the rejected suitor resentfully. "I only asked you once."—Pittsburgh Post.

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
261	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
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The Music Teacher

He Could Not See Through a Millstone.

By HELEN CHAMBLISS

When my notary, Maitre Du Four, informed me zat ze court have decide zat my property, my chateau, my horses, my carriages, everyt'ing zat have come down to me from my ancestors, ze Counts de Souvenne, must go to pay my debts, I say: Ver' well, I go to Amerique, where I feel not noblesse oblige, for ze Americans have no nobles in zair country. I take with me my violin I love so well, and I play in ze concert or maybe in ze orchestra, and if necessaire my daughter, Elise, she teach ze dance.

I feel ver' much disappoint on account of Elise, for I had arranged a marriage for her with ze son of my friend, ze Marquis of Bradalaine. But now I must say zat I have no settlement to make for her, of course ze marquis decline ze match for his son. Elise, who no like ze young man, prefer to go to Amerique even if she have to teach ze dance instead to be fine lady, which she have always been.

So we come to Amerique and we live in appartements, and I have a sign in ze window, 'M. Souvenne, instructeur for ze violin.' My daughter she encourage her old fader and she mak' fren' who get pupils for me, and I mak' enough to pay ze rent and for to eat, but nothing for clothes. But Elise, she have some fine clothes, which belong to ze famille for hundreds of years, which she mak' over in ze new modes. She would teach ze dance, but we have no money to pay for ze room for ze school.

One day zere come a ring at ze bell of my appartement and I open ze door. A very fine young gentleman stan' zere an' he say to me:

"Monsieur, can you direct me to ze appartement of"—

He stop short. He look past me and see Elise sitting by ze window dressed in ze costume of one of her

"I LOOK UP AT HIM FOR APPLAUSE."

grandmeres, while she change ze costume of anudder grandmere to ze mode a present.

"What appartement for which you look, monsieur," I ask—"for ze appartement of M. Souvenne?"

He act like he awake from ze dream. He turn his eyes from Elise to me and say nothing.

"If you look for M. Souvenne, instructeur of musique, I am at your service."

"Ah, monsieur, you give lessons in musique? On what instrument?"

"Ze violin."

"I wish for to tak' some lessons. Will you be my instructeur, monsieur?"

"Entre, monsieur, if you please," I said, and ze gentleman arranged with me for to give him ze lessons on ze violin. All ze time he talk he keep his eyes on my daughter and forgot to ask ze price of ze lessons. I tell him I like to get $2 a lesson, but I t'ink he not hear me. I ask him when he like to begin, and he hear zat, and say, "Oh, yes, monsieur, I like to begin now."

"But you have no violin here," I say.

"Can you not lend me a violin for ze lesson" he ask. "Ze next time I bring one."

I let him tak' my violin and ask him how much he know already. He say he know ze notes, and he play a few pieces. I tell him to play one of ze pieces he know, and he commence to play. I put my hands to my ears and cry out:

"Oh, monsieur, you drive me crazy with your discords! You must begin at ze beginning."

I put before him ze musique for practice, and he play so bad zat I dispair to teach him. Zen he ask me to play some fine musique, and I select some-t'ing of Gounod. My pupil, he listen much pleased with my playing, and when I finish he seem moved to tears. I felt ver' fine at zat. He ask me to play more pieces and I do so. When I finish a sonata of Beethoven I look up at him for applause and see him still look at Elise, who sew by ze window. I ask him what I play, and he say:

"Monsieur, I t'ink you play ze waltz."

"Mon Dieu," I exclaimed; "you call ze finest musique in ze worl' ze waltz! Zat is a sonata of le grand Beethoven."

"Pardon," he say; "I know very little of ze great masters. But I will depart now. I come tomorrow for anudder lesson. I pay you for zis one."

He tak' much monie from his portemonnaie and hand me a ten dollar bill.

"My fee is two dollar, monsieur. I have no change."

"You give me lesson, monsieur, and you play for me exquisite musique. I pay for ze lesson two dollar. Ze rest is for ze pleasure I derive from ze musique."

"Ze musique! When I play from Beethoven you t'ink I play ze waltz."

Ze gentleman turn red in ze face, and he smile with embarrassment, and he go away. When I go to close ze door for him he look over my shoulder at Elise.

"What a pupil!" I exclaim after he had gone. "He is a ver' bad musician, but ver' fine pay."

Ze gentleman—M. Jones was his name—came regular for to take ze lesson, and every day Elise sit by ze window to sew, for M. Jones say, "If I drive you to anudder room when I come I no tak' ze lesson." So Elise sit quiet, while my pupil he mak' frightful discords on ze violin.

At last I have to tell him zat he waste his money on ze lessons; he nevaire learn to play ze violin; he ver' much disappoint.

"Ah, monsieur," he said, "I hoped you teach me to play like my friend, M. Trevor!"

"M. Trevor! I have heard zat M. Trevor is ze finest amateur player on ze violin in Amerique. What a pity he is rich. If he had been poor he would have made a great name for himself as musician."

"You are ver' frank with me," said M. Jones. "I will repay you for your honesty. I know M. Trevor ver' well. He is a good frien' to me. I ask him to give benefit concert for you."

I mak' much protestation, but it avail notting. He go away and the next week I see in ze newspapairs advertisement of a concert to be given by M. Trevor for ze benefit of M. Souvenne, assisted by several professional persons. I was ver' much surprise. I ask Elise what she t'ink ze raison all zis kindness and she say she don' know.

"Maybe," I said, "it is because M. Jones was ver' much pleased with my performance on ze violin. But if this is so why he not ask me to play at my own benefit, I like to know."

"I don't think, papa," she said, "zat it would be en regle for you to do so. I mean I t'ink M. Jones would suppose you to be too modest."

An' I t'ink zat it would not become ze Count de Souvenne to appear in publique at such an occasion. It ver' much shock ze pride.

On ze evening of ze concert M. Jones send ze carriage for me and Elise to tak' us to ze hall. We feel ver' obliged, and we ride to ze hall and go in and tak' seats by ourselves at ze back, for all ze seats in front were filled up. But an usher came to us and led us to seats in ze front zat had been reserved for us.

Ze concert was opened by a lady who sang. After which a ver' fine solo on ze flute was given. I look at ze program and see zat M. Trevor play but one tune. I wonder zat ze people came to hear him play but once. He must be ver' fine performer. At last his turn came and—

Mon Dieu! My pupil, M. Jones, in evening dress, came on to ze platform with his violin under his arm.

"Ma foi!" I exclaimed, "he will spoil it all. What impudence!"

Elise could not hear me for ze applause zat greeted him. He stood while a prelude was played by those who were to accompany him, I waiting in agony to hear him begin his discords abominable. But when he touched the string with his bow, ver' low in tone but crescendo, it seemed as if ze angel were beginning to speak to ze audience. One could have heard somet'ing ver' small drop on ze floor. Ze listeners sat in ze spell. Ze selection was ze "Stabat Mater." Zere were crescendo and deminuendo, ze one following ze other, and when it was finish I wish to shed tears.

"Elise!" I exclaimed. "A miracle! A saint have touched M. Jones and made a wonderful musician of him."

"He isn't M. Jones at all, papa. He is M. Trevor," my daughter say.

"What is zat?" I ask.

"I will tell you all about it, papa, when we get home."

Before Elise and I were allowed to go ze managaire came and handed me ze money in a bag. When I count him I find $753.

But I must tell what Elise told me. It was M. Trevor and not M. Jones who come to our appartements to look for some one. When I open ze door he see Elise and zat was ze reason why he tak' ze musique lesson as M. Jones.

I t'ink he not listen to me play because he liked to look better at Elise. And he pretend to not know how to play himself. I t'ink, too, as ze Americaines say, it was all a "put up job." And I t'ink, too, zat before M. Jones tak' many lessons Elise conspire with him to fool her old fadder.

Some time after ze benefit M. Trevor came to me and said:

"Count de Souvenne, I desire zat you do me ze great honor to give me your daughter in marriage."

"Mon Dieu, how you know I am Count de Souvenne?"

"When I saw your beautiful daughter arrayed in the costume of a countess of years ago I suspected you were emigres from abroad in reduced circumstances, but I did not know until I had asked your daughter to be my wife that you were a French noble."

Elise is now Mme. Trevor. Her husband has bought the Chateau de Souvenne, and the young couple permit the old man to live there with them. It has never been possible for the old man to entirely forgive his son-in-law for not inviting him to play at his own benefit.

Some Wag.

Proud Father—In the sweet garden of our home, sir, my daughter is a blushing rosebud. Waggish Visitor—And you, of course, are the poppy.—Baltimore American.

Lots of 'Em.

She—It says here that a man in Kansas has a chicken that can dance and tries to sing. He—Why, the stage is crowded with them already.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

KEPT AN EYE ON THE HOUSE.

A Neighborly Act That Resulted In a Comedy of Errors.

A gentleman and his wife occupying a villa in a London suburb asked a neighbor to "keep an eye on the place" while they were away on their annual holiday. The neighbor consented and on the first night of his caretaking noticed a light in the bedroom of the presumably unoccupied house and saw the light extinguished.

Accompanied by a policeman, the neighbor made a forcible entrance through the scullery window, and quietly the two men made their way to the bedroom. The light of the constable's bullseye disclosed the head of a man in bed, and the policeman promptly drew his truncheon.

As promptly the occupant of the bed sprang out, and a desperate struggle began. Simultaneously a lady dashed across the room shrieking, threw open the window and at considerable peril clambered out. A second constable, passing at the moment, concluded that the lady was bent on suicide and, entering the front garden, held himself in readiness to catch the woman, who appeared to be about to fling herself to the ground.

The neighbor, however, dragged the lady back into the room, and then the truth began to assert itself. The captured invader of the empty house and the escaping lady were the occupant and his wife, who had suddenly changed their holiday arrangements without informing their too vigilant neighbor.—London Globe.

FRENCH ZOUAVES.

These Fighters Won Their Greatest Fame In the Crimea.

One of the most interesting class of soldiers of modern times has been the French corps called the zouaves. This body of daring and picturesquely attired fighters reached the heights of its reputation during the Crimean war.

The zouave corps at that time was supposed to consist of Frenchmen. It was, however, quite international, since many daring young foreigners had joined it, and it was known to include in its ranks men from Oxford, Gottingen and other universities. It is probable that a majority of its members were in it more for love of fighting than for any love of country.

It is not strange, therefore, that its fame as a fighting body should have spread throughout the world. When our war between the states broke out several corps of zouaves, wearing the glittering oriental uniforms of the French corps or a modification of them, were formed on both sides. On the Union side the best known was that corps commanded by Elmer Ellsworth, a young officer from New York and the first killed on the Union side. In the Confederacy the most famous corps of zouaves was that called the "Louisiana Tigers."

While in American military life the zouave uniform has practically disappeared, in France the zouave name and uniform still survive.—Harper's Weekly.

The Queer Chameleon.

There is nothing in the world will induce a chameleon to take even the slightest apparent interest in its surroundings unless it be the sight of what it considers a toothsome insect. The chameleon's method of taking its prey is very curious, being effected by shooting out an enormously long, wormlike tongue, the end of which is clubbed and covered with a viscid secretion, to which the insects stick and are thus drawn into its mouth. The actual projection of the tongue is made with marvelous rapidity. The eyes of the chameleon are very curious. They are very large, but, with the exception of a small opening in the center, are covered with skin. They are also entirely independent of each other, with the result that occasionally the creature is looking forward over its nose with one eye, while with the other it is intently watching something directly behind it.

Too Strong.

A young woman from the west who lately has been admitted to the intimacy of "the artistic set" of Washington recently made this query of an artist with reference to the work of a fellow painter:

"Why does Blank stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? When I visited his studio the other day he made me do it too."

"The explanation is simple enough," said the other. "Did you ever try to look at them with your eyes wide open? Well, don't; you can't stand it."—New York Press.

He Must Be Shy.

"Pretty bashful sort of chap, isn't he?"

"Bashful? I should say so. He's the kind of fellow who'd stammer and stutter and break and run if opportunity came up smiling and tried to shake hands with him."—St. Louis Republican.

In Perfect Health.

"I'm a very nervous person," said the applicant for room and board to the burly landlord of the health resort hotel. "I don't want to associate with other nervous people."

"You can associate with me," laughed the landlord. "There's nothing the matter with my nerve." And he sent the prospective guest to a 7 by 9 bed room that was only $40 a week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Quickly Reduced.

Briggs—Do you put your pocketbook under your pillow when you sleep in a hotel?

Griggs—Never. You see, the first few nights the pocketbook would make my pillow too high; then after a week or so there isn't enough in it to be anxious about.—Boston Transcript.

His Possibilities.

Physician (to magnate)—Seek some quiet, secluded place where you can sleep well and where no one will pay any attention to you. Magnate (in doubt)—Er-r, doctor, I say, how will going to church do?—Chicago News.

PRESIDENT SEES VICTORY AT POLLS

Trusts Sober Judgment of the Voters to Continue Present Conditions — Expects Democratic Help.

THE THIRD PARTY CAN'T WIN.

Mr. Taft Says It's Open Secret That Progressives Do Not Expect Success and That Every Mail Tells of Wanderers' Return.

Beverly, Mass.—President Taft issued a statement predicting Republican victory next month and declaring it "obvious that either the Republican or Democratic nominees will be elected." He asserts it to be an open secret that "the third party does not expect success."

The president reviews business conditions of the country, which, he says, are unprecedentedly prosperous, and asserts the belief that the sober judgment of the voters will continue present conditions.

President Taft says that from all parts of the country assurances are coming that Democrats intend to vote for the Republican candidates and a continuance of prosperity and against the program of economic confusion and socialistic subversion of American institutions supported by Democratic candidates and their allies. He calls attention to the great progress of the country since 1860 as regards the home and foreign markets and says that the American manufacturer and worker would not have much spirit left for invading the foreign market if deprived by a Democratic tariff for revenue only of the home market, which they now control, thanks to the Republican protective tariff.

The President's Statement.

The president's statement follows:

"Fifty-two years ago seceders from the Union thought they were facing a divided north and would win an easy victory. There had been division among the loyal people, but all united in face of the common danger, and in addition a great number of Democrats joined the Republicans in the successful struggle for the nation's life. Then it was said by hostile critics that the ship of state was drifting. It drifted—yes—with Lincoln at the helm, from the reefs of secession and slavery into the placid waters of union and liberty. Under Lincoln's successors it has sailed on, propelled by the winds of prosperity, save when its voyage has been halted by just such a visitation of storm and stress, of torn protection sails and broken business bulkheads, as we are now threatened with should Baltimore supplant Chicago, which it did not in 1860 and will not in 1912.

"Our friends the enemy say that the Democracy has learned its mistakes and does not mean to repeat them. In some measure true as to the past; and the Republican party has had a difficult if successful task in teaching the Democracy its mistakes, so far as it has been taught, but somehow the obstinate pupil comes forward every four years to be taught again.

"I am glad to say, however," the president added, "that many Democrats have learned their lessons well and are refusing to leave the firm ground of national prosperity for the quagmire of business disruption, trade depression and commercial and industrial depletion.

"From all parts of the country assurances are coming that Democrats intend to vote for the Republican candidates and a continuance of prosperous business conditions, and against the programs of economic confusion and socialistic subversion of our institutions supported by the Democratic candidates and their allies. Democratic workingmen refuse to be led from the factory and good wages of 1912 back to the Democratic hard times of 1893-97. They prefer independence and money in the savings bank to loss of employment and dependence on charity.

Pay Envelopes Feeders of Trade.

"Democratic business men feel the same way. They know that when industries languish their business languishes too. The pay envelopes are the feeders of trade in every form. When they are empty or scrimpy the biggest department store feels the effect as well as the corner grocery."

President Taft continued:

"Drifting? Well, let me glance at some of the drift. Our home market has drifted from $7,000,000,000 in 1870 to $33,000,000,000—not a bad drift, that. And it is this magnificent home market, without equal in the past or present, that the Democrats propose to dismember and disorganize, and invite every nation in the world to prey upon, while those same nations keep the barriers to their own markets just as high as they please.

"Then look at our foreign trade. A favorite Democratic argument is that Republicans build up and cultivate the home market at the expense of our foreign commerce, when the fact is that the growth of foreign trade has almost kept proportionate pace with the domestic—from $1,000,000,000 in 1870 to $4,000,000,000 in 1912.

"Our exports for the past year amounted to $2,170,319,328, of which $674,302,903 were manufactures ready for consumption, the largest export trade and the largest proportion of manufactures ready for consumption the country has ever known.

Change Would Cost Home Market.

"The American manufacturer and the American worker," President Taft declared, "would not have much spirit left for invading the foreign market if deprived by a Democratic 'tariff for revenue only' of the best market of all, more than equal in purchasing power to all Europe, the home market, which they now control, thanks to the Republican protective tariff."

The statement goes on to say:

"German foreign commerce is also making great advances, particularly among our neighbors of South America, but a suggestion that Germany should, for that reason, take protection out of its tariff would probably be received with arching of eyebrows by German statesmen and economists.

"And this unprecedented growth of our foreign trade is accompanied by expansion as unprecedented in our home trade from one end of the country to the other—the Atlantic to the Pacific, the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. It is not a sudden inflation, but a gradual advance under favorable conditions from the prostration of 1907 to prosperity as substantial as it is general.

"All industries are humming and there is work at good wages—princely, compared with wages abroad—for all who are willing to work, while in the Pittsburgh district alone, I understand, there is a demand for at least 30,000 workers in excess of the number available. Business, wholesale and retail, is active and profitable, for the people have money with which to buy. The question for the American voter is whether this condition shall continue, and the nation shall go forward to even greater prosperity.

"The farmers are enjoying the greatest prosperity in the experience of American agriculture. Every day the Northern Pacific is carrying a million bushels of grain to Duluth. The yield in that zone alone is 157,000,000 bushels, so that the conveyance by the railway of the farmers' grain from the region tributary to the Northern Pacific to that point of distribution will require 157 days. This vast crop is worth in excess of $100,000,000 to the farmers producing it.

"At the present the steel industry, commonly regarded as the barometer of business, is driven far ahead for steel rails. Other industries are equally active, and altogether national conditions and prospects were never so prosperous and promising, provided the American people decide to apply to their political choice the same good judgment and prudent foresight which they apply, as a rule, to their personal affairs.

"As we come nearer the day of election," says Mr. Taft, "it is to be expected that the intelligent voter will appreciate more keenly the responsibility which attaches to his ballot. In national elections, at least, the great majority like to feel that they are voting for a candidate who has a chance of success. It is obvious that either the Republican or the Democratic nominees will be elected, and not to vote for the Republican candidates is, in effect, to support their Democratic opponents and the Democratic platform of a 'tariff for revenue only,' freighted with dire consequences for the country, now busy and prosperous under Republican rule. It is well known to every one, an open secret on every street corner, that the third term party does not expect success."

The president continues:

"A special correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Chicago, says: 'It may be said that neither Colonel Roosevelt nor any of the experienced politicians who surround him expects to carry Illinois or any other important state, with the possible exception of California and Kansas. From sources close to the candidate it is learned that Colonel Roosevelt will be satisfied if he can complete the demoralization of the Republican party.'

"It remains to be seen how many Republicans are willing to assist in completing the demoralization of the Republican party and handing the reins of government over to the Democrats to gratify mere desire for revenge.

"I believe that the Republican party will be found, as a whole," President Taft concluded, **"too patriotic, too loyal to its principles and its traditions, too just in its attitude toward public servants whom it has intrusted with duties faithfully performed to commit harikari in the form and for the objects indicated. Every mail brings assurances that those who have strayed are returning to the fold, and that in every state in which the Republican party is not disfranchised old time majorities will be rolled up for the Republican candidates."**

Governor Johnson's progressive administration of California has cost the state during its first year $1,500,000 more than the last year of the previous administration cost, and it is asserted that the holders of the many new jobs created are required "voluntarily" to contribute 10 per cent of their pay to the Roosevelt-Johnson campaign sack.

Nearly four years of honest, wise, efficient and economical Republican administration in national affairs has produced a condition where presidential politics has ceased to be a disturbing factor in the economic life of the nation. Still there are those who are clamoring for a change for the purpose of altering our scheme of government.

The matter with Kansas just now seems to be an overdose of slick politics. Indications are that Kansas will reject the dose.

Not Worrying.

Young Wife—I want you to promise me one thing. If we would avoid trouble we must live within our means, and to help me in doing this I want your promise that you will never run in debt. Young Husband—I will promise, my love. If I ever get in debt I'll let the other fellows do the running.

Will and Won't.

"Is yer gwine ter let dat mewel do as he pleases?" asked Uncle Ephriam's wife. "Wha's you' will power?"

"My will power's all right," he answered. "You jest want ter come out hyar an' measure dis here mewel's won't power."—Christian Register.

Bankrupt.

She (complainingly)—You don't pay me compliments as you used to do. He—No; I've suspended payment!—London Telegraph.

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, NOV. 1, 1912

HARRIS & EWING WASHINGTON, D.C. ©
JAMES S. SHERMAN.

Vice-President James Schoolcraft Sherman died at his home in Utica, N. Y., at 9.42 P. M. last Wednesday of Bright's disease. All the immediate family were at his bedside when the end came. He was born in Utica, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855, and that city has always been his home. He is survived by his wife and three sons.

REPUBLICAN RALLY.

That politics in Woburn are not at fever heat was demonstrated by the small attendance at the Republican rally in Lyceum Hall Monday evening. Ex-Mayor George F. Bean presided and introduced as the first speaker Congressman George P. Lawrence who defended the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. Lieut. Gov. Robert Luce was the second speaker, followed by John Jacob Rogers of Lowell Republican candidates for Congress from the Fifth District, both of whom made able speeches. Samuel J. Elder of Winchester was the last speaker and in beginning his speech said he had been put in the last inning as a "pinch hitter." The Woburn brass band played appropriate selections during the evening.

☞ This is not a political advertisement but simply a statement of why we think the voters of the good City of Woburn should next Tuesday re-elect Mr. Henry L. Andrews one of our Representatives for another term to the General Court.

First and foremost because he has always been a consistent and fair minded Republican.

Having once been elected by a large majority of his constituents he is entitled by past precedents and custom to a second term.

As a representative from this district last year he voted right on all important matters for the interests of the entire public instead of being guided by any narrow or partisan interests of the few.

He was a staunch advocate and loyal supporter of the boulevard bill that directly interested all the citizens and property holders in Woburn and exerted an important influence in its successful passage through the Legislature.

He is a native resident of Woburn, has always lived here and has always been identified with the best interests of the city which he served for four years as alderman-at-large.

He has always enthusiastically and loyally championed the cause of the soldiers and as a member of the Military Affairs Committee of the House did most efficient work in their behalf.

He is a walking encyclopaedia of the records of soldiers in the Rebellion, the Spanish and the Philipine wars.

He is genial in nature, affable in manner and approachable by everybody who has or may wish to have any business relations with him.

As an expert printer and publisher he is as widely and favorably known far beyond the limits of this district as any citizen within it; he learned the business from the bottom round of the ladder as a newsboy distributing the Weekly *Budget* way back in '59 before horsecars, trolleys or autos were ever dreamed of.

He is not a radical in any political sense and does not believe in changing the Constitution of the United States for the sole benefit of either one man or any set of men; he believes it was made for all citizens of the country, that the constitution as expounded and defended by Lincoln is good enough for our government.

Vote for Henry L. Andrews as Representative from the 20th Middlesex District.

☞ "Edison Life," a periodical edited and published by the employees of The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston has recently been issued and is a handsome specimen of the printers's art. The special features of this number are in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of President Edgar's association with the Company, making it a number of particular interest.

☞ The annual calendar of the Woburn Woman's Club a neat specimen of the "art preservative" from the Andrews Print Shop was distributed to the members at their first meeting last Friday at the opening of the season of 1912-13. It is a book of 24 pages of the regulation size and contains much useful information for the members guidance the ensuing year. For an organization that has passed the quarter century mark of usefulness it would seem to be fitting that they should honor those who have devoted so much time, care and attention to the welfare of the Club while they were at the helm to guide its destinies by publishing in each future annual a list of the past presidents and the years in which they served. The Club has now an honored place in the history of the city, it is a live and prosperous organization, and has had many able, educated and talented women at its head worthy to be handed down to posterity for what they have accomplished and such a record will some day be of great value to their future historians.

☞ The State Board of Health has issued the following regarding the use of the common towel:

It shall be unlawful to provide a common towel.

In a lavatory used in connection with any public institution, school house, hotel, restaurant, theatre or public hall.

In a lavatory used in connection with any railroad station, railroad car, steam or ferry boat.

The term "common towel" as used in these regulations shall be considered to mean a roller towel or a towel available for use by more than one person without being washed after such use.

☞ The Boston Chamber of Commerce will keep open house on election night, Tuesday, Nov. 5, until it is known how the political cat has jumped. The election returns will be received over special wires and will be announced in the Trade Room. An orchestra of twelve pieces will add to the general festivities and Chamber members and their relatives and friends are cordially invited to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure the latest returns promptly and under pleasant circumstances.

☞ The Flag was half masted on the Common yesterday out of respect to the memory of the late James S. Sherman Vice President of the United States. It will continue to wave as a token of mourning each day until after the funeral.

☞ The Wilson and Marshall Club of Concord have purchased a pair of O'Sullivan rubber heels and put them over their door as a token of good luck in the place of the horse shoe which had been there.

☞ This year's corn crop in the United States will sell for over $1,500,000, or more than three times the value of the world's gold production.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

N E Tel & Tel Co—"Shut Ins."
Munn & Co.—Scientific American.

— The annual Parish Supper of the First church will be given Nov. 8.

— Hose 6 was called by still alarm to a fire in the woods on Wood street, Walnut Hill, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

— A valuable dog belonging to Mrs. Irick Peters of Central Square was killed by an automobile Sunday afternoon.

— Burbank Post 33, G. A. R. will observe their 45th anniversary on Friday, Nov. 8, with a banquet and reception in their hall.

— Miss Rachel Blodgett, a student at Wellesley College, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett of Mishawum Road.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge will have a turkey supper and entertainment in Odd Fellows' Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 5. Supper will be served at 6 30.

— Mr. and Mrs. William Greydon have returned from their wedding tour and will be at home after Nov. 1, in their pretty new home on Page Place.

— Mrs. Lottie A. Greene, Secretary of the Woburn Grange, read a paper entitled "A New England Sunday" at the Wakefield Grange last evening.

— Mr. W. E. Blodgett is on a hunting trip in the Maine woods. Mr. Blodgett intends, however, to be on hand Tuesday in time to drop his ballot in the box.

— Horace N. Conn has moved from the house 635 Main street where he has resided for several years, to the house 13 Plympton street, formerly occupied by the late Eliphaz Prior.

— Mr. Stephen Bean, star halfback for the Brown foot-ball team, was hurt in the Brown-Harvard game Saturday, receiving a hard kick in the side. A substitute took his place in the latter part of the game.

— Michael Forbes, 18 years old, living at 43 Vernon street, a stock boy in the store of the Riker-Jayne Company at 50 Washington street, Boston, was caught in the overhang of the flooring at the second floor landing of the freight elevator last Saturday evening and his left leg broken and right ankle crushed. It was necessary to summon the firemen belonging to Ladder Co. 1 of the Boston Fire Dep't. before the boy could be rescued.

— The Fireman's Relief Association will hold its annual ball Wednesday, Nov. 6.

—Miss Rachel Blodgett, daughter of ex Mayor Blodgett, has been elected to the Undergraduate Orchestra at Wellesley as a cornetist.

— Ground has been broken for a new house on Sherman Place on the estate of Hon. George F. Bean. Frank W. Graydon will be the builder.

— The M. O. H. class of the Baptist Sunday School will hold its regular monthly meeting with Mrs. Robert Coleman, Houghton street, next Monday evening.

— J. Fred Richardson of Reading, formerly of Woburn, and Dr. Benjamin Lewis of Winchester, and Daniel R Beggs of this city, started yesterday morning for a hunting trip in the Maine woods.

— The S. of V. auxiliary will hold a Poverty Party this evening in Mechanics hall. Only those in costume will be allowed in the grand march, and much fun is anticipated.

— Mrs. Arthur E. Gage Regent of Bunker Hill Chapter, D. A. R. was a guest of Nemasket Chapter, Middleboro, last Monday afternoon at its opening meeting. Mrs. James G Dunning, State Regent, was one of the speakers.

— Little Paul Geary, son of Ex-Alderman John J. Geary, while playing in the yard at his home 135 Bedford street, was knocked down and scratched and bitten in the face by a strange dog which ran into the yard. Dr. Lane was hastily summoned and cauterized the wounds.

— The Russell Class of the First Baptist Sunday School will hold its November meeting in the vestry of the church next Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock. A large attendance is desired as a comforter will be tacked and a barrel packed to be sent to the Boston Baptist Bethel.

— Richard G. Preston, President of the senior class of the Lexington High School has been elected Captain of the school hockey team. He was one of the star players of last winter's team. Richard Preston is the son of Elwyn G. Preston and lived for many years on Warren avenue this city.

— Miss Mava Haggett observed her 18th birthday with a gathering of friends at the home of her parents, Mr and Mrs. Charles H. Haggett, Prospect street, last Saturday evening During the evening the engagement of Miss Haggett to Mr. Roger W. Pine of Gloucester was announced.

— The Covenant Club of the Unitarian church was entertained at the home of its president, Mr. Arthur H. Linscott, 23 Ward street, last Sunday evening. The special guest of the evening was Mr. J. Francis Bean of Cambridge, who gave an interesting talk on "Educating the Foreigners."

— Mrs D. Lee Waters, President of the Sons of Veterans' Auxiliary, while crossing the street in front of Whitcher's drug store Monday evening was struck and knocked down by a horse driven by a one-armed man. Mrs. Waters fortunately fell out of the way of the wheels and was not seriously injured.

— The Towanda Club held its first Ladies Night of the season last Monday evening. About three hundred members and guests were attendance and greatly enjoyed the excellent entertainment given by the Baker Concert Co; Mr. Percy F. Baker, baritone soloist, Miss Marguerite Pearson Moss violinist and Miss Nina Bearse Wilbur, reader. The selections were of a high order of merit and received repeated encores. An opportunity was given to inspect the newly renovated Club house. Refreshments were served, after which bowling, billiards and dancing were enjoyed.

— Messrs. P. Elverton Bancroft, Orlando M. Brooks, M. Littlefield, Francis A. Buckman, Wm. H. Curtis and Benj. L. Trull represented Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F. at the annual banquet of the Veteran Odd Fellows Association in Boston last night in Berkeley Hall, Odd Fellows building. The first three were charter members of the Lodge at its reinstitution 41 years ago there being at present but four members now living. Members of the order from all over the State were in attendance and their membership in the order ranged from 25 to 58 years of continuous service.

— The Baptist Brotherhood held its first meeting of the season in the church vestry last Monday evening. Senator Charles Brown of Medford was the speaker of the evening and gave a most interesting and instructive talk on the Boston Port Bill. He said that Boston Harbor had the greatest shipping facilities of any harbor in the country and when the projected improvements made possible by the appropriation by the legislature of $9,000,000 were finished it would be the finest port in the world. A committee was appointed by the president to bring in a list of officers for the ensuing year Refreshments were served.

— At the 60th annual meeting of the Middlesex County Teachers' Association held in Converse Hall, Tremont Temple last Friday, George W. Low, Principal of the Woburn High School, was elected a member of the executive committee. The sessions were unusually interesting and many valuable addresses were given. S. B. Paul of Newton presented several resolutions, among which was one requesting teachers to petition the passage of a Minimum Wage law for teachers and for teachers retirement and pension, such law to be passed for service within the State and the expenses to be borne at least in part by the State.

— The Progressive Party will hold a rally this evening in Lyceum Hall at 7 30 o'clock. The speakers will be Chas. Sumner Bird, William N Osgood, Waldo L. Dean, Prof. Lewis Johnson, Hon. Arthur D. Hill and Mrs. Elizabeth Towne. Ladies are especially invited to this rally. Noonday rallies will be held this noon at the Merrimac Chemical Works and the Patent Leather shops in North Woburn. Saturday, Nov. 2, James C. Connolly will speak at 3 o'clock at Montvale Square and 4 o'clock at Woburn Common. Monday, Nov. 4, at noon Mrs. Margaret Kenney O'Sullivan will speak at Woburn Highlands, Fowle street.

—Mrs. Jennie C. Brown and family returned yesterday from their summer home at Marblehead.

— The alarm from box 45 at 12.50 yesterday afternoon was for a brush fire at 270 Washington street.

— Mrs. Jennie L. Greenleaf of North Berwick, Me., a life long intimate friend of the late proprietor of the JOURNAL is stopping with her cousin, Mrs. C. H. Taylor of Pleasant street.

— Mr. Charles H. Bancroft of Burlington, brought into the JOURNAL Office yesterday several branches picked from his raspberry bushes loaded with ripe and green berries. He also reported his strawberry bed in full bloom.

— Mrs. Catherine J. Andruss, wife of Edward Andruss, died Tuesday evening at her home, rear of 13 Church avenue, aged 50 years. Besides her husband she leaves a sister, Mary Agnew of Church avenue. Funeral was held this morning from St. Charles church with burial at Calvary cemetery.

—Woburn Royal Arch Chapter was represented at a special convocation of Reading Royal Arch Chapter last Wednesday evening by Excellent Companions F. A. Flint, John M. Wallace, Dr. Benjamin Lewis, Benjamin T. Morgan and Companions Wm. T Carswell, George A. Blye, Harry B. Blye, F. Percyval Lewis and Frank W. Winn. Companions Flint, Morgan, Carswell, Wallace and Benjamin Lewis assisted in the work.

— The Woburn Teachers' Association held its annual meeting Tuesday afternoon. The officers elected to serve the ensuing year were: Miss Marietta Larkin, Johnson school, president; Henry A. Henshaw, Goodyear school, vice president; Miss Margaret Mulhern, Cedar street school, secretary; Miss M. Emily Perkins, Union street school, treasurer; John B Hoag, Cummings school, Miss Charlotte R Lowell, High school, Royal R Giles, Hanson school, Miss Edith Flagg, Lawrence school and Mrs Edia F. Brackett, Wyman school, executive committee Henry L. Clapp, ex-master of the George Putnam school, Boston, gave a talk on "Developing the Initiative in the Pupil."

The Demons Of The Swamp

are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C. "three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since." Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50 cts. at All Druggists.
Advertisement.

Rainbow Bazaar.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Bazaar opened Wednesday at 4 o'clock and closed at 11 Thursday evening. There were many attractions for children as well as for adults Among the novel and inviting features was the Sunday School table which was arranged to represent a mining scene in the Klondike. At the doll table dolls and toys of every kind and description were on sale. The Japanese booth was one of the chief attractions. The ice cream parlor was well patronized The color scheme gave name to the Bazaar, and the crepe paper decorations consisted of the radiant colors of the rainbow.

At 6 30 Wednesday the supper prepared by a large corps of ladies was served. The entertainment provided by Mrs. H. Frank Keeler, musical director, and Mrs. Wilbur True, church organist, was given at 8 o'clock. The talent for the entertainment included Miss Eleanor Gordon, violinist; Miss Marjorie Davis, reader; Mrs H. Frank Keeler, soprano; and Mrs Wilbur True, accompanist.

Thursday at 3 o'clock the Baby Show was held. Babies of all colors and creeds were admitted, and if the baby had not yet adoped a creed it made no differance. Prizes were awarded as follows: to the prettiest baby: Robert Wood and Elizabeth Frances West, a silver mug and doll; and to the heaviest baby under one year, Herbert Johnson who weighed 26 pounds, 5 ounces.

At 4.15 there was a soap bubble tournament for the children. Prizes were awarded to the successful contestants.

Supper was served at 6.30. At 8 o'clock there was a mirth provoking entertainment consisting of a sketch entitled "The New Woman" and a musical mystery known as Apollo's Oracle by 10 young ladies.

Hearing.

Woburn was represented at a preliminary hearing before the State Boulevard Commission at the State House by Representatives J. H. Parker Jr., and Henry L. Andrews, Ex-Mayor Wm. F. Davis, Dennis L. Sullivan as the representative of the Mayor. J. Winn Brown, Rev. R. W. Magoon, J. Fred Maloney and Elmore A. Pierce were also interested spectators. The hearing was held to present the claims and wants of the various cities and towns which have been granted portions of the $1,000,000 appropriation for boulevards granted by the last General Court, and as Woburn's claim in the award ranks first on the list it is probable that this city's appropriation will be one of the firrst to be given out thus assuring the commencement of the work early next spring.

City Council.

Eleven Aldermen met in peaceful convention last night in Municipal building for the onerous task of drawing three traverse jurors to the Superior Criminal Court to be held in Cambridge.

The names drawn from the patent jury box were: Michael H. Feeny, 46 Harrison Ave., William E. Fresh, 246 Salem street, Roland Gillis, 97 Main street. After a session lasting less than 10 minutes the meeting adjourned.

What Texans Admire

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman of San Antonio. We find he writes, that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made. Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney troubles. 25c. at All Druggists.
Advertisement.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

One of the most extraordinary captures ever made for vaudeville was announced Saturday, when John J. McGraw, the famous manager of the New York "Giants," signed a contract to appear at B. F. Keith's Theatre in Boston next week. Mr. McGraw is without question the greatest baseball general that the American game has ever produced. He will appear in evening dress, giving a short talk on "Inside Baseball," describing the workings of a big major league team from the standpoint of the manager. Running Mr. McGraw a close race for first honors on the bill, will be Don, the wonderful talking dog from Germany, who is without question the canine pheonomenon of the century. "Don" is, so far as known, the only animal that has ever been educated to actually articulate words. He speaks several words in German, including his master's name, the German word of "cake" and several other of the more common German words. He will be introduced by Loney Haskell, the wellknown monologuist. Aside from these two brilliant features the bill will include Cunningham and Marion, the jolly tumblers; Schrooner and Dickenson, the pianist and the maid; Barnes and Barron, two new Hebrew comedians; the Musical Kings in a big spectacular musical act; Williams, Thompson and Copelands in a funny farce called "The Burglar's Union," The Steinert Trio, bar experts, and many others.

THE BOSTON.

A special production of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" with a cast chosen with excellent regard for their ability in this line of country impersonation opens a limited engagement at the Boston Theatre this afternoon (Saturday, Nov 2nd) There is no question that, in these strenuous-days of business life, when competition is so fierce that those who succeed do so only at the expense of a tremendous output of energy, the majority of the people who attend the theatre do so to be taken out of them selves. They seek in the playhouse recreation and relaxation for their nervous organization. To this much of the success of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" is doubtless due, for as a celebrated dramatic critic of the middle states has expressed it, the play comes "like a crisp and refreshing autumn breeze, straight from the hills of New England bringing with it the sweet aroma of the woods and the homely music of the farmyard" No one who sees it can rise from his seat at the close of the performance without feeling refreshed. The play is a tonic in its brightness and its total freedom from the hackneyed and the conventional. As a rural drama it is quite unlike all other plays of its class. Its sentiment possesses a quaint and delicate unobtrusiveness that is quite its own. One great charm is its exceeding fidelity to nature. This appears even to its comedy, for the fun which it animates almost every moment of the play's action, although irresistibly funny, is never strained to the point of burlesque. The laughter it invariably creates is of a kind that no one can regret.

Special prices will prevail during this engagement of one week. Matinees will be given daily.

THE TREMONT.

Henry Miller will begin a limited engagement at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, next Monday night, November 4th, in "The Rainbow," his tremendous success of last season at the Liberty Theatre in New York. This beautiful play has proved the biggest hit produced by Mr. Miller in many years and it gives him the most appealing role he has had since he became a star. "The Rainbow" received really remarkable praise from the New York critics when it began its all season run on Broadway a year ago. The following opinions by famous reviewers are merely examples of the unanimous verdict of approval accorded the play and its production:

"'The Rainbow' is a beautiful play, beautifully acted," said Adolf Klauber in the New York Times.

"'The Rainbow' is delightfully and sympathetically acted," said Alan Dale in the New York American. "Mr. Miller has never done anything as good before. It is a triumph of simplicity."

Mr. Miller is bringing to the Tremont the same superb company that appeared in his support throughout "The Rainbow's" long run at the Liberty Theatre in New York.

Mr. Miller's Boston engagement will be his only appearance in New England in "The Rainbow" this year. He goes from Boston direct to Chicago and Philadelphia for a run that will exhaust the present season.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

The announcement that David Belasco will present his famous production of "The Concert" at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, for two weeks beginning Nov. 4, is welcome news to theatregoers. Standing room no doubt will be at a premium, for Mr. Belasco's fame as a producer draws crowds of sympathetic and delighted audiences. In any Belasco production they know they will see a play worth while, and they bank on the Belasco promises and achievements of the past—promises that have been kept and achievements that have been triumphs. "The Concert is one of Mr. Belasco's greatest contributions to the glory of the contemporary stage. Here is what Philip Hale, dramatic critic of the Boston *Herald* says of this play:

"The Concert" is one of the best comedies that have been performed in Boston for the last twenty years. Few, if any, comedies of recent years have equalled it in the expression of human nature, in refreshing humor, in keen satire, in witty dialogue, or in the stagecraft displayed.

Why does "The Concert" arouse such a tumult of enthusiasm and approval? Briefly described "The Concert" is a dramatization of the old Adam in man and the old Eve in woman, which this day and generation chooses to call "artistic temperament."

Careful and prudent and cautious as he is on occasion capable of being, that terrible temperament will play all sorts of queer tricks on him, carrying him into the depths and heights of folly as temperaments have a way of doing, when not controlled by a strong will.

This temperamental genius has a wife who is not gifted with the artistic vagaries that bother her husband. Nobody realizes that fortunate fact better than she does. One artistic temperament is enough in any family, opines Mrs. Arany. She watches over her husband as a mother does over her foolish child. She is a patient wife, and forbearance is one of her greatest virtues. In spite of her husbands many flirtations, and his affairs with other charmers, she continues to love him. When harm in the form of a foolish escapade with another woman hovers near, this wise wife goes to her husband's aid and protects him.

There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees of "The Concert." The night performances are over in plenty of time for suburbanites to get their trains.

Brought Relief to "Shut In."

When Hannaford was recovering from his automobile accident which kept him in bed a couple of months, he found great comfort in the telephone.

He had an extension telephone set beside his bed, and not only kept in touch with his business, but had daily chats with his friends.

The telephone in the home is a boon to the "shut-in."

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE BELL SYSTEM AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Helps a Judge In a Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucken's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at All Druggists.
Advertisement.

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

Sunday at 10.30 Communion Service and Reception of members with Sermonette to children. At 7 evening Worship and Sermon. Epworth League service at 6 o'clock.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
Violin and Piano-forte
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

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WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Encouraging Him.

Mr. Faintart—Miss Brightly, I—aw—that is—Mabel. I—er—desire to—aw—really— Miss Brightly—Keep right on, Mr. Faintart; I'll consider your proposal and have my answer ready by the time you have got it out of your system.—Philadelphia Press.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 27, by Rev. H. B. Williams, Nathaniel Upton and Florence Kate Newman, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 30, Charles Samuel Dean and Margaret Johnstone Dunsmore, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 28, Thomas A. Joyce aged 50 years.

In this city, Oct. 29, Catherine J. Andrus, aged 50 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Stephen R. Moreland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

25-1-8 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the State Board of Insanity, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John C. Nichols of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward for his maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of November, A. D., 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the State Board of Insanity seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

25-1-8 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

READERS
Take Notice!

That I have fifteen
HORSES and MARES
that must be sold, as I am replacing them with Auto Trucks I will have no further use for them. They are a fine lot of good healthy horses that have been used around the city and would be suitable for Grocer, Butcher, Baker, Milkmen, Truckmen, Farmers, or any general business purposes. They weigh from 11 to 14 hundred each, ages 6 to 9 years. In the lot are two mares that are in foal. It would pay any one that is in need of any horses to call and look them over, Call at the Express Office and ask for the manager, Mr. T. Boyle.

114 Washington St., North,
Near Causeway St., Boston, Mass.
Two Squares from North Station.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To all persons interested in any of the real estate of Kate Kenney Hennessey, alias Catherine Hennessey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, John J. Hennessey of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, has presented to said Court a petition, representing that he as the husband of said deceased, is entitled to take five thousand dollars and one half of the remaining personal, and one half of the remaining real property of said deceased; that the personal estate is insufficient to pay the said five thousand dollars and that the whole amount of the estate of said deceased does not exceed in value the sum of five thousand dollars over and above the amount necessary to pay debts and charges of administration; and praying that the whole of the real estate which is described in said petition may be assigned and set out to him by the Court according to law, to provide for said deficiency, at a value of eight hundred dollars, or at such other value as may be fixed by said Court.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested who can be found within the Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and, if any one cannot be so found, by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, once in each week, for three successive weeks, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

18-25-1 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Lavina B. Cole, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

18-25-1 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WE WILL MAIL YOU $1
per set of old false teeth which are of no value to you. Highest cash prices paid for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and precious stones.
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A BREAK

In High Prices!

Gran. Sugar, 5½c, lb.
Pillsbury's Best Flour 90c. bag, $6.75 bbl.
Best Shrimp, 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Campbell's Soups 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Soup 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Milk 8c. can 2 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Spaghetti, 15c. can.
Macaroni 7c. package
Shredded Wheat 10c. package.
New Buckwheat 10c. package
New Pancake Flour 10c package.
Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit 12c. package.
Grape Nut 13c. package 2 for 25.
Best Rice 10c. lb. 3 lbs for 25c.
10 cakes Chick Soap for 25c.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

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Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
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NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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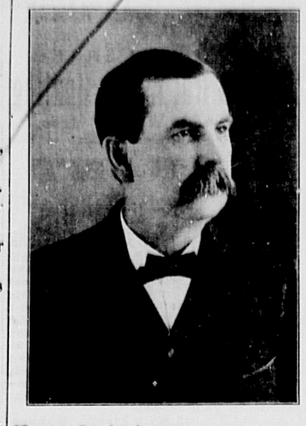

Henry L. Andrews
Republican Candidate

FOR REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE 20TH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

Few first-term men attain in the few months of a single session the place in the estimation of their collegues held by Rep Henry L. Andrews a republican of Woburn There was nothing spectacular about his work, and he never, at any time, tried to make good by log-rolling his influence with "the gang" in return for favors they might do him when his own measures were before the house. He is a plain business man at home, and what he accomplished on Beacon Hill was done in a business-like way.

Rep. Andrews worked hard for the success of the million dollar metropolitan parkway bill, which carries $50,000 for the construction of the Woburn boulevard.

As a member of the committee on military affairs Mr. Andrews had some very hard work to perform in the session just closed and several important changes in the militia laws are the result of it. Most of these are general in their character, although affecting the individual cities and towns to the same degree they are called upon to help support a citizen soldiery Among them are laws for the retirement and for the appointment of staff officers, for the creation of an examining board and for the fining of soldiers found guilty of offences by court martial and establishing the term of office of the adjutant general. He was also interested in all legislation in behalf of the Spanish War veterans.

Rep. Andrews is a printer and for 15 years was one of the publishers of the Woburn *News*. He was born in Woburn on June 11, 1850, and is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Son of the American Revolution and a member of the Veteran Odd Fellows' Association He holds honorary membership in Charles H. Moloy Camp 42, Spanish War Veterans. He was registrar of voters in his home city for seven years, and served as an alderman-at-large in 1904-1906 1907 and 1908

M LITTLEFIELD,
76 Winn St., Woburn.

Dean—Dunsmore.

Miss Margaret J. Dunsmore, daughter of Mr and Mrs Joseph Dunsmore, 45 Wyman street, was united in marriage Wednesday evening to Charles Samuel Dean of 727 Main street at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. Stephen A. Norton. Miss Agnes Dunsmore, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and Carlton Miles Dean, brother of the groom, was best man Eleanor Ballard Fowle and Ruth Parker Strout were the little flower girls. The house was beautifully decorated with smilax, evergreen, roses and chrysanthemums. The bride was gowned in white satin and wore a veil, and the bridesmaid in pink satin. A dainty collation was served by Fowler, caterer. The wedding gifts were numerous and beautiful and included china, silver, cut glass and several gold coins. The marriage service was witnessed by the immediate families only but there was a large gathering of friends at the reception which was from 8 to 10 The ushers were Leon Barden of Waltham, Nason Barden, Howard Wood and William Dunsmore of this city.

Escapes An Awful Fate.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now. Quick and safe, its the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

WINCHESTER.

A pickpocket relieved Mr. G P Hayward, 29 Crescent Road, of $45 Saturday, as he was leaving the stadium after witnessing the football game.

The Fortnightly Club met in Lyceum Hall last Monday afternoon. Miss Helen Winslow gave a talk on the care of children in homes instead of State institutions and Prof. John Patton Marshall of Boston gave a talk on "Folk Songs." Folk Songs of the different nations were sung by Miss Edith Bullard.

Frederick C Cutting, general sales manager of the Lamson Consolidated Store Service Company, died Saturday at the Corey Hill Hospital in Brookline. He had been in ill health for two years but was able to attend to business until about a week before his death. The funeral services were held at his late home Tuesday afternoon and the body was taken to Rochester, N. Y. for interment.

George E. Pratt died last Friday at his home on George street after a short illness of pneumonia. He was 63 years old and had lived in Winchester many years He is survived by his wife and two brothers, Daniel W., and Charles H. He was for many years bookkeeper for a large jewelry house in Boston and a few years ago served as secretary and treasurer of the Co-operative Bank. He was a member of the Unitarian church and an officer in the Sunday School.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

Boston, Oct. 28, 1912.

I certify that the following is a list of all the candidates duly nominated to be voted for in the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District, November 5, 1912.

ALBERT P. LANGTRY,
Secretary of the Commonwealth

Electors of President and Vice President. **Vote Once**

CHAFIN and WATKINS, Prohibition
At Large:—
John M. Fisher of Attleborough.
Edward Kendall of Cambridge.
By Districts:—
1. Thomas A. Frissell of Hinsdale
2. Olive W. Cobb of Easthampton
3. Hervey S. Cowell of Ashburnham.
4. John Holt of Worcester.
5. John B. Lewis of Reading.
6. Willard O. Wylie of Beverly.
7. Charles E. McColley of Lawrence.
8. Alfred A.Wright of Cambridge
9. Henry C. Russell of Malden.
10. Aaron L. Woodruff of Boston.
11. John Morgan of Boston.
12. Solon W. Bingham of Boston.
13. John A. Nichols of Boston.
14. Albert J. Orem of Sharon.
15. David Morrison of Fall River.
16. Edwin S.Paulding of Plymouth

DEBS and SEIDEL, Socialist.
At Large:—
Fred Tepper of Lawrence.
Daniel A. White of Brockton.
By Districts:—
1. Wilfred Griffin of Pittsfield.
2. Charles C. Hitchcock of Ware.
3. Robert Lawrance of Clinton.
4. Charles E.Fenner of Worcester
5. William J. Carroll of Lowell.
6. James F. Carey of Haverhill.
7. Ambrose Miles of Lynn.
8. John Tiefenthal, Jr., of Cambridge.
9. John D. Williams of Malden.
10. Fred B. Chase of Boston.
11. George Roewer, Sen.,of Boston
12. Samuel P.Levenberg of Boston
13. Adam Langill of Waltham.
14. Zoel Thebadeau of Brockton.
15. John W. Sawyer of Taunton.
16. Arthur N. Harriman of New Bedford.

REIMER and GILLHAUS, Socialist Labor
At Large:—
Robert Bateson of Fall River.
Moritz E. Ruther of Holyoke.
By Districts:—
1. Herman Koepke of Pittsfield.
2. Frederick A. Nagler of Springfield.
3. John A. Anderson of Gardner.
4. Joseph Jiskra of Milford.
5. Lars P. Nelson of Cambridge.
6. Thomas F. Brennan of Salem.
7. Fred E. Oelcher of Peabody.
8. Peter O'Rourke of Medford.
9. Ernest J.B.Gabarino of Malden
10. Charles J. Svenson of Boston.
11. Henry C. Hess of Boston.
12. Ferdienand Houtenbrink, Jr., of Boston.
13. Joseph P. Foley of Walpole.
14. Patrick H. Loftus of Abington.
15. George H. Rigby of Fall River.
16. James W. Holden of New Bedford.

ROOSEVELT and JOHNSON, Progressive Party
At Large:—
James P. Magenis of Boston.
Cassius A. Ward of Boston.
By Districts:—
1. Cornelius C. Cook of Pittsfield
2. J. Frank Drake of Springfield.
3. Frederick Fosdick of Fitchburg
4. Frank J. Quist of Worcester.
5. Lewis D. Apsley of Hudson.
6. Nelson B. Clark of Beverly.
7. Lynn M. Ranger of Lynn.
8. Lawrence G. Brooks of Cambridge.
9. Eugene H. Cox of Malden.
10. Jerome A. Petitti of Boston.
11. Arthur D. Hill of Boston.
12. Elihu D. Stone of Boston.
13. Norman Marshall of Newton.
14. Charles S. Millet of Brockton.
15. Robert A. Dean of Fall River.
16. Frank E. Ramsdell of New Bedford.

TAFT and SHERMAN, Republican.
At Large:—
Rufus D. Adams of Salem.
David F. Dillon of Palmer.
By Districts:—
1. William A. Burns of Pittsfield
2. Walter S. Robinson of Springfield.
3. George R. Wallace of Fitchburg.
4. James Logan of Worcester.
5. Harry G. Pollard of Lowell.
6. Alfred E. Lyons of Haverhill.
7. C. Neal Barney of Lynn.
8. Everett C. Benton of Belmont.
9. Frank M. Sawtell of Malden.
10. James W. H. Myrick of Boston
11. Frank Vogel of Boston.
12. Moses S. Louri of Brockton.
13. J. Henry Gleason of Marlborough.
14. Horace A. Keith of Brockton.
15. Alfred B. Williams of Taunton
16. Joseph Walsh of Falmouth.

WILSON and MARSHALL, Democratic
At Large:—
John W. Cummings of Fall River.
William A. Gaston of Boston.
By Districts:—
1. Daniel F. Doherty of Westfield
2. Edward H. Lathrop of Springfield.
3. Frank H. Pope of Leominster.
4. John F. Meaney of Blackstone
5. J. Joseph O'Connor of Lowell.
6. Charles A. Russell of Gloucester.
7. Walter H. Creamer of Lynn.
8. Thomas E. Dwyer of Wakefield
9. James H. Malone of Chelsea.
10. John J. Mahoney of Boston.
11. Joseph H. O'Neil of Boston.
12. James F. Powers of Boston.
13. Charles B. Strecker of Brookline.
14. Albion C.Drinkwater of Braintree.
15. Thomas F. Higgins of Fall River.
16. George M. Harlow of Plymouth

GOVERNOR. Vote for One.
Charles S. Bird of Walpole, Progressive Party.
Eugene N. Foss of Boston, Democrat
Patrick Mulligan of Boston, Socialist Labor.
Frank N. Rand of Haverhill, Prohibition.
Roland D. Sawyer of Ware, Socialist
Joseph Walker of Brookline, Republican.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR. Vote for One
Daniel Cosgrove of Lowell, Progressive Party.
Alfred H. Evans of Northampton, Prohibition.
Robert C. Luce of Somerville, Republican.
Robert B. Martin of Boston, Socialist
Dennis McGoff of New Bedford, Socialist Labor.
David I. Walsh of Fitchburg, Democratic.

SECRETARY. Vote for One.
Frank J. Donahue of Boston, Democratic.
Ellen Hayes of Wellesley, Socialist.
Albert P. Langtry of Springfield, Republican.
Karl Lindstrand of Lynn, Socialist Labor.
William W. Nash of Westborough, Prohibition.
Russell A. Wood of Cambridge, Progressive Party.

TREASURER. Vote for One.
Charles A. Chase of Swansea, Prohibition.
David Craig of Milford, Socialist Labor.
Eldon B. Keith of Brockton, Progressive Party.
Joseph L. P. St. Coeur of Cambridge Democratic.
Elmer A. Stevens of Somerville, Republican.
Louis F.Weiss of Worcester, Socialist

AUDITOR. Vote for One.
James F. Carens of Newburyport, Democratic.
Herbert B. Griffin of Boston, Prohibition.
Octave A. La Riviere of Springfield, Progressive Party.
Sylvester J. McBride of Watertown, Socialist Labor.
Jeremiah P. McNally of Salem, Socialist Labor.
John E. White of Tisbury, Republican.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Vote for One.
Geogre W. Anderson of Boston, Democratic.
Frank Bohmbach of Boston, Socialist Labor.
Freeman T. Crommett of Chelsea, Prohibition.
H. Huestis Newton of Everett, Progressive Party.
George E. Roewer, Jr., of Boston, Socialist.
James M. Swift of Fall River, Republican.

CONGRESSMAN. Vote for One.
Fifth District
William J. Carroll of Lowell, Socialist.
William N. Osgood of Lowell, Progressive Party.
Humphrey O'Sullivan of Lowell, Democratic.
John Jacob Rogers of Lowell, Republican.

CONGRESSMAN. Vote for One
Eighth District.
Saul Beaumont of Cambridge,Socialist.
Frederick W. Dallinger of Cambridge, Republican.
Frederick S. Deitrick of Cambridge, Democratic.
Henry C. Long of Cambridge, Progressive Party.

COUNCILLOR. Vote for One.
Sixth District
Henry G. Burke of Lowell, Socialist.
John J.Hogan of Lowell, Democratic
Harrie C. Hunter of Marlborough, Progressive Party.
G. Frederick Simpson of Newton, Republican.

SENATOR. Vote for One.
Sixth Middlesex District.
Wilton B. Fay of Medford, Republican.
Charles S. Young of Wakefield, Democratic.
Charles Zueblin of Winchester, Progressive Party.

REPRESENTATIVES IN GENERAL COURT. Vote for Two.
Twentieth Middlesex District
Henry L. Andrews of Woburn, Republican.
Waldo L. Dean of Wilmington, Progressive Party.
Leon L. Dorr of Woburn, Progressive Party.
George L. Flint of Reading, Democratic.
Joseph Henry Parker, Jr., of Woburn, Democratic.
Joshua D. Upton of Reading, Republican.

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. Vote for One.
Twenty-first Middlesex District.
Charles A. Dean of Wakefield, Democratic.
Alonzo D. Moran of Wakefield, Progrssive.
E. Horace Perley of Wakefield, Progressive Party.
George E. Walker of Wakefield, Republican.

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. Vote for One.
Twenty-seventh Middlesex District.
James J. Fitzgerald of Winchester, Progressive Party.
John F. Holland of Winchester, Democratic.
Winfield P. Prime of Winchester, Republican.

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. Vote for One.
Twenty-eight Middlesex District.
Richard J. Dwyer of Medford, Democratic.
Benjamin F. Haines of Medford, Republican.

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. Vote for One.
Twenty-ninth Middlesex District.
Augustus F. Crowley of Arlington, Democratic.
Samuel Knowles of Lexington, Progressive Party.
Frank D. Peirce of Lexington, Republican.

REPRESENTATIVE IN GENERAL COURT. Vote for One.
Thirty-first Middlesex District.
Leander V. Colahan of Stoneham, Democratic.
Ira B. Forbes of Stoneham, Republican Anti Roosevelt Nom. Papers.
Arthur N. Newhall of Stoneham, Republican.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER. Vote for One.
Middlesex County.
Winthrop H. Fairbank of Sudbury, Democratic.
Robert J. Kelly of Lowell, Socialist.
Chester B. Williams of Wayland, Republican.

COUNTY TREASURER. Vote for One.
Middlesex County.
[illegible] Flynn of Somerville, So[illegible]
Joseph O. Hayden of Somerville, Republican.
Thomas F. Royle of Cambridge, Democratic.

To vote on the following, mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO:—

Shall the proposed amendment to the constitution, disqualifying from voting persons convicted of certain offences, be approved and ratified?	YES	
	NO	

To vote on the following, mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO:—

Shall the proposed amendment to the constitution, relative to the taxation of wild or forest lands be approved and ratified?	YES	
	NO	

To vote on the following, mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO:—

Shall an act passed by the general court in the year nineteen hundred and twelve, entitled "An Act relative to pensioning laborers in the employ of cities and towns," be accepted?	YES	
	NO	

THE UMBRELLA.

Its Antiquity and Its Introduction Into English Writings.

Umbrellas were first used in a country where the intensity of the light and heat rendered a shade almost indispensable, and discoveries at Nineveh show that they were carried before the king in time of peace and sometimes in war.

In 1608 Thomas Coryat traveled in Italy and wrote, "The people do carry umbrellas—that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching of the sun."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's play, 1640, "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," are these words, which prove that they were then known in England: "Are you at ease? Now is your heart at ease. Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella, to keep the world's scorching opinion from your fair credit."

In 1786 Jonas Hanway died in a house in Red Lion square. He was the first man who ventured to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head.

Dr. Shebbear was committed in the court of king's bench for a libel and was sentenced to stand in the pillory, but a servant in livery was hired to hold an umbrella over his head to keep off the rain.

Cowper in the "Task," 1784, thus describes the country girl who dresses above her condition:

Expect her soon with foot boy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care.

—New York Telegram.

A SCIENTIFIC HOAX.

The Steel Eating Worm and the Origin of the Mythical Insect.

A letter published in the New York Engineering News from Mr. E. Gybbon Spilsbury gives the origin of the myth regarding the "steel eating worm." About 1866, he says, employees of various iron, steel and chemical works of the district surrounding Haspe, in Germany, used to meet at a hotel in order to discuss subjects of general interest, with the result that a society known as the "Ulk," which in English signifies "fun," was formed.

The steel eating worm was created at one of the meetings and an editor from one of the neighboring towns was made the subject of the joke. The "insect" was manufactured from a piece of gutta percha tube and was exhibited in a bottle half full of scale. The worm was filled with dilute hydrochloric acid and when properly disturbed with a glass rod it would emit a drop of the acid, which, on attacking the scale, served to prove that the corrosion was due to a secretion of the worm and that the oxides formed its food.

The editor accepted the exhibit in good faith and published an account of the alleged discovery, with the consequence that it reappeared in many other journals and has since been reproduced elsewhere at varying intervals.

An Incident of Old Japan.

On March 24, 1868, an English minister was for the first time received with ceremony by the mikado, and the story of that reception illustrates remarkably the transformation of Japan under Mutsuhito. It had been fixed for the previous day, but on his way to the palace Sir Harry Parkes was fiercely attacked by two Japanese swordsmen. So sudden and furious was the assault that nine of the eleven men of the escort were wounded. The nose of Mr. Satow's pony and Sir Harry's belt were cut, but Sir Harry himself was uninjured and pursued one of the assailants. Mr. Freeman-Mitford "found him at the angle of the street with the headless body of one of our enemies at his feet." The other, a samurai, was degraded and executed; the reception came off next day, and the mikado issued a decree forbidding all assaults upon foreigners.

Creeping Salt.

Here is something in the course of natural phenomena that will interest and instruct the little folk if they look into it curiously: Into a tumbler half full of water dissolve just as much common table salt as can be held in solution. Let it stand for a few days and see how the salt creeps out of the water, up the inside of the glass and down the outside—just like a thing of life trying to escape from its environment. And when all the salt is apparently out of prison the water remains as salty as before! It is a pretty demonstration.

A TRIP IN ASIA MINOR.

Scenes Along the Route From Constantinople to Antioch.

The modern traveler in visiting Antioch of Pisidia will be likely to start from Constantinople. He will take the steam ferry at the bustling Galata bridge, the most famous and the most crowded bridge perhaps in the world. He will land at Haidar Pasha after a half hour's sail, where he will take a very comfortable train on the Anatolian railway, which is built and equipped in first class German style.

For fifty miles the road winds beside the beautiful sea of Marmora, affording charming glimpses of mountain and ocean, of peaceful bay and bold surf washed headlands. At Ismid the road begins to rise and great granite mountains, snow covered through much of the year, come into view.

Through stern, rocky, barren defiles the railroad winds its way, occasionally skirting a small village of adobe houses surrounded by vineyards and by groves of olives and mulberries. The silkworm is a chief source of the little wealth of this country, and the thousands of acres of mulberry trees furnish him with food.

We are now indeed in the land of the classics. This is the very route that Cyrus the Younger followed with his great army, 400 years before Christ, in the expedition of which Xenophon tells us.

At the town of Chai, where we arrive at noon on the second day, the army of Cyrus mutinied and halted for five days, demanding an increase of pay. Thus we see that strikes and quarrels over wages are not altogether things of modern invention. Near here too, was fought a great battle a hundred years later, when Seleucus I., the founder of Antioch and the mighty ruler of all this region, defeated Antigonus, the one eyed general of Cappadocia.—Christian Herald.

BIG THINGS OF OURS.

Texas, For Instance, and Counties Larger Than Some States.

"Is the United States as large as France?" a young Parisian once asked an American. "Sir," replied the proud Texan, "my own state alone is bigger than your whole republic."

An interesting method of demonstrating the size of the Lone Star State is to spread out a map of our country and stretch a string across Texas the longest way. Then, placing one end of the string at Chicago, it will be found that the other end will extend into either the Atlantic ocean or the gulf of Mexico.

The biggest counties in the United States are Custer, in Montana, and San Bernardino, in California. Both have a little more than 20,000 square miles. Inside the boundaries of either of these counties might be placed the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware and New Jersey. Contrast these with Bristol county, Rhode Island, the smallest of all—twenty-five square miles—and one gets a good idea of the geographical differences in this broad land.

New York county shows the largest population of any county in the Union.

An interesting geographical fact meets one at a point about fifty miles from Durango, Colo. There, by stepping a few feet in either direction, one can walk in four different commonwealths in as many seconds. These are Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona.

Within 100 miles of one another California offers the highest and the lowest elevations in this country—Mount Whitney, with its 14,499 feet, and Death valley, with its 450 feet below the sea level.—New York Sun.

Naming the Kangaroo.

The kangaroo came by his name rather strangely. When first Australia was discovered a sailor pointed to a kangaroo and asked a native what they called that animal. The poor black man having never met an Englishman before, had no idea what the sailor was talking about and replied in his own language, "Kangaroo"—that is, "I do not undestand." The sailor foolishly supposed this was the name of the animal in the Australian tongue, and ever since we have called the animal kangaroo, "I do not understand."

A Safe Wager.

Townley—Some one has said that he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Subbubs—I'll bet anything that fellow never had to run a lawn mower.—Boston Transcript.

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.
FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE
it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Your boy develops by reading
Good Ideas, Good Entertainment, Active Use of His Wits and His Hands
These are the things which will make a man of your boy. Secure his lively interest and wholesome development by giving him
The AMERICAN BOY
Filled with fine reading which fascinates boys. Excellent stories of adventure, travel, history and current events. Photography, stamps, electricity, carpentry, sports, games. Tells boys just what to do and how to do it. Beautifully illustrated, and every line in harmony with refined home training; endorsed by 250,000 boys and their parents. Send $1.00 for a full year. On sale at all news-stands at 10 cents.
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"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful
DR. KING'S
New Life Pills
Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N. Y.
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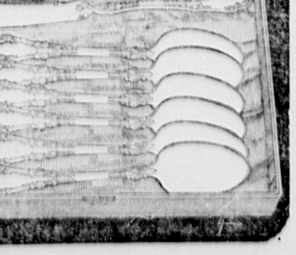


Illustration of No. 710 Combination Set, Berkshire Design.

A BATTERED NOSE

Story of a Football Game

By RUTH GRAHAM

"I have sent for you, Bob," said Miss Josephine Grigsby to Robert Merryweather, who stood before her with a patch on his left eye and his right arm in a sling, "to say that I have considered the matter of tying myself for life with a man who is sure to break his neck within a few years at most and leave me a widow carefully and"—

"Prayerfully?" put in Bob when she hesitated.

"Yes, prayerfully. I will admit that I have considered it tearfully."

"But not cheerfully, I suppose."

"You are incorrigible. How absurd for a girl to think of uniting herself with a man who has not a single serious idea in his head! And you have always been what you are now. Do you remember, when we were children, the day you were brought in after climbing to the top of a tree and had fallen from branch to branch, finally to the ground, breaking your leg? I was but ten years old, when such matters make a deep impression on one, and was filled with horror. I can see you now lying pale"—

"Oh, that was bad luck. I stepped on a rotten branch."

"What business had you to be climbing the tree anyway?"

"A boy's business—a bird's nest."

"Then the day you tried to swim from Deer's island to the mainland."

"Another piece of bad luck—I was seized with a cramp."

"But you wouldn't have had a cramp on dry land, and, getting one in the water, you would have been drowned had it not been for a man passing in a boat. Even as it was they had to work over you an hour to save your life. I was there, and I endured a frightful agony."

"The first thing I was conscious of was that kiss you gave me. We weren't engaged then, either."

"I didn't know what I was doing. But I know now, since I have grown older, that life with you would be a succession of horrors. The greater my love for you the more I would have to endure."

"Joe," said Robert sadly, "I'm serious for once in my life. I've got something to make me serious. You're going to marry that curate who has recently come to Grace church."

HE WAS CARRIED BY HIS FELLOWS TO THE GRAND STAND.

"Wouldn't it be far better for me to marry a man who is serious more than once in his life?"

"I don't know," said Bob thoughtfully. "Perhaps it would."

"Life is serious. The great men of the world have always been serious."

"How about Abraham Lincoln? I thought he was a great joker."

"Oh, well, I suppose he was an exception! But underneath his jokes was a serious—a great purpose."

"And the Rev. Frothingham has a serious—a great purpose."

"The saving of souls."

"Is he going to save yours?"

"There you go again—always taking a flippant, never a profound, view of things."

"Well, Joe, I don't see any purpose in this conversation. If you're going to shake me and marry the minister it doesn't require a litany of speeches and responses to tell me so."

"I haven't said I intend to marry Mr. Frothingham. I simply wish you to understand the reason why I feel it best to break my engagement with you."

"Then it's all over between us?"

There was a long silence, at the end of which Miss Grigsby said:

"If you like I will continue our engagement for another month with a view to determining whether you love me well enough to make an effort to show some regard for my feelings."

"In what way?"

"You can at least avoid recklessness in matters that concern your personal safety."

"Certainly. I can do that," joyfully.

"Well, then, consider yourself on probation for a month. All I ask of you is not to place yourself in dangerous positions. If you get hurt accidentally it won't count against you. It is the taking of unnecessary risks that I object to."

"I see. You don't wish to go through life with a man who is likely to make himself a cripple or you a widow?"

"Exactly. If I should marry one who through no fault of his own should meet with an accident to maim him for life it would be my duty and my pleasure to minister to him. But I will not marry a man who insists on placing himself in danger's way."

"How about a man who through some madness lost an eye or a leg?"

"For me to marry such a man is unthinkable."

"If you loved him very much, wouldn't you?"

"No; I would not."

This was said so decisively that it took all the starch out of Mr. Merryweather, who, fearing she might alter her mind about giving him another chance, beat a precipitate retreat. He at once set about putting himself in a position in which he could not run any especial risk. It was the hunting season, and, though he adored his gun and his dogs, he made a vow not to visit his shooting lodge during his month of probation. "I'd be sure to shoot myself," he said.

When he told her how he proposed to show his love for her she said it was very nice of him, but explained to him that it was not the giving up of sports in which there was more or less risk, but in exercising an ordinary care. Mr. Merryweather was fond of horseback riding, but declared that it would be just his luck for his horse to slip on a banana peel or something and carry his rider down under him, so he resolved not to ride for a month. Being a member of the Excelsior Athletic club and both strong and quick, he had been scheduled for right tackle in the annual football game between the Excelsior and the Calumet teams. He immediately wrote the captain of his team that he would not play the game that year.

His note was received with consternation. Wallace, captain of the team, on receiving it hastened to see Mr. Merryweather and asked him for his reason for withdrawing. Bob, who declared that he hadn't the slightest objection to lying if he could, but he couldn't, confessed the whole matter. Wallace laughed and asked him to give him permission to go to Miss Grigsby and try to get her consent to count out football from the conditions attending his probation. Bob said he had no objection, and Wallace went to the lady with the request. She granted it at once, agreeing that if Bob were injured during his participation in the game she would not consider it a cause for his dismissal. But this did not satisfy Bob, and Wallace was obliged to return to Miss Grigsby to secure a promise that if her fiance were maimed in the struggle she would nevertheless marry him. Joe laughed at the comical situation and asked Wallace if Bob meant the condition seriously.

"Certainly he does," was the reply. "He may never have been serious before, but he is now, and I am satisfied that if you don't consent he will not play in the game, and without him we are sure to be beaten."

"Very well," replied Joe. "Tell him I'll risk it this once."

The agreement being made through Wallace, who was a perfectly credible witness, there was no need for a written contract, and Bob began practice at once.

The game took place on the last Saturday in November, and Captain Wallace realizing that his best man, Bob Merryweather, would play better in the presence of the girl he loved, begged Joe to attend the game. The request was superfluous, for she had no idea of absenting herself. There was more than the usual excitement on the field, for the match was to decide an important championship. It was noticed at once that Merryweather, who made up in activity what he lacked in bulk, was putting in better work than he had ever done before. Twice in the early part of the game he interfered with an opponent who was about to carry the ball over the goal. Later, Bob made two remarkable runs, lifting the Excelsior score to be equal with that of the club's opponents. At last, when the ball was within a few yards of the winning goal for the Excelsiors and there was but a minute left to carry it over and get the game, Bob Merryweather made the effort of his life and, breaking through all interference, fell with it beyond the line, most of the Calumets on top of him.

He was carried by his fellows to the grand stand, stanching blood from his nostrils, and when he removed the cloth his nose was a spectacle to behold. It was knocked to smithereens. Joe Grigsby saw it and threw up her hands in horror.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed. "And I have promised to marry him notwithstanding any injury incurred during the game."

Bob Merryweather was covered with glory and blood, and his battered face wore a smile that was positively grewsome. Miss Grigsby left the field without relaxing the grave expression on her own countenance. Bob consulted a number of surgeons with a view to repairs. One of them tried to screw the ruined nose into shape, but failed. Another attempted to carve a new nose out of Bob's arm. All of these endeavors only made the nose more hideous.

Bob offered to release his fiancee, but she surprised him and every one else by refusing to accept a release. She said that she had no business to reprove Bob for taking risks and then take one herself. They were married and thus far have made a happy couple.

Wonderful Fiddles.

One of the greatest fiddles that ever were known was to be seen at the French court at the time of Charles IX. This was a viol so large that several boys could be placed inside of it. These boys used to sit inside this queer instrument and sing the airs that the man who handled the bow was playing on the viol outside. The effect is said to have been very beautiful, though it would seem as if the presence of the lads in its interior would seriously interfere with the tone of the "great fiddle," as it was called. Many years after another huge instrument of this kind was used at concerts in Boston. It was so large that to play it the fiddler had to stand on a table to use his bow at the proper point on the strings. This instrument was called "the grandfather of fiddles."

Columbia River Thrice Named.

The Columbia river has had three names. It was first called the Oregon. Afterward it was called the St. Roque, but when it was discovered by Robert Gray in 1792 it was given the name of his vessel, the Columbia, in place of the two floating appellations, Oregon and St. Roque. According to Whitney, the original name of the river was the Orejon, "big ear" or "one that has big ears," the allusion being to the custom of the Indians who were found in its region of stretching their ears by boring them and crowding them with ornaments.

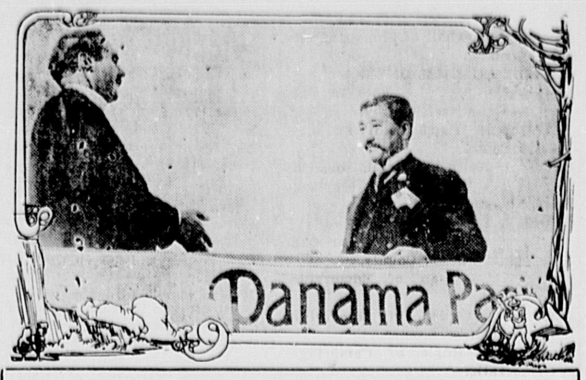
Both Hate Him.

"Funny thing," remarked Wilson musingly. "Tom Wilkins and Edith Brown used to be great friends of mine. I introduced them to each other. They got married, and now neither of them will speak to me. Wonder what the reason can be?"

Sometimes They Are.

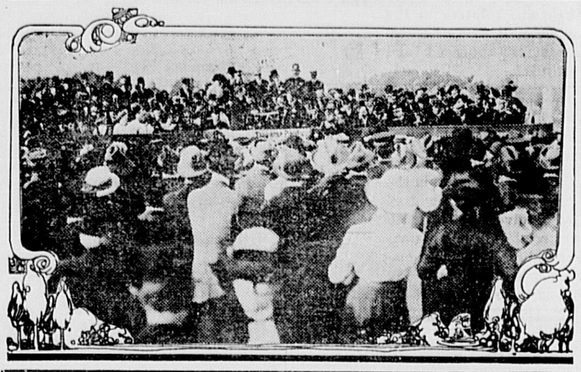
Little Sister—What are goose eggs in a baseball game? Big Brother—Innings in which no runs are made. Why do you ask? Little Sister—Oh, I thought they were laid by the fouls of the game.—Chicago News.

How well you live matters, and not how long.



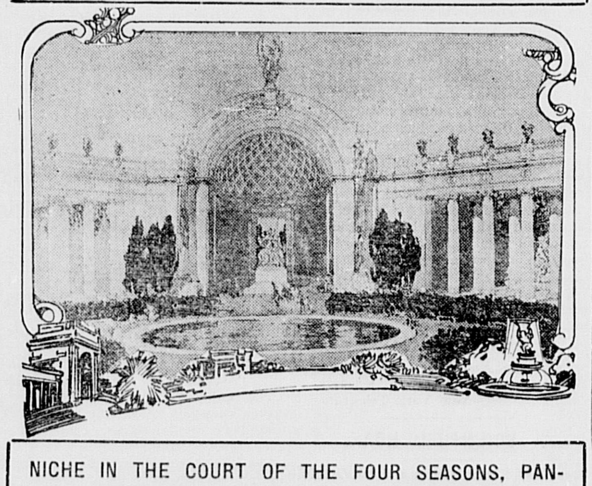
PRESIDENT CHARLES C. MOORE OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION PRESENTING DEED TO JAPAN'S SITE TO COMMISSIONER GENERAL HARUKI YAMAWAKI.

HIS Imperial Japanese Majesty's Commissioners to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition dedicated Japan's site in the Presidio Reservation on Wednesday, Sept. 18, in the presence of more than 10,000 people. The ceremonies were highly impressive and were deeply appreciated by the representatives of the Japanese Government Commissioners, Haruki Yamawaki, Goichi Takeda and Yashikatsu Katayama. The deed to the site was presented by President Charles C. Moore to Commissioner General Yamawaki, who accepted it in behalf of the Japanese government.



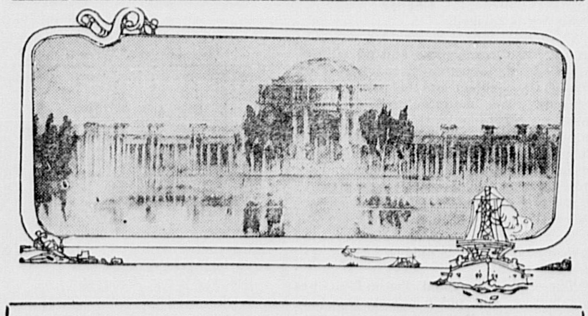
SITE SELECTING CEREMONIES OF HIS IMPERIAL JAPANESE MAJESTY'S COMMISSION TO THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

JAPAN was first of the foreign nations to select a site at America's great Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. The extensive area which has been dedicated to the Japanese government display, five acres, will permit the adornment of the grounds surrounding the Palace of Exhibits with wonderful Japanese trees and shrubs, presenting the landscape effects that in Japan have attracted the attention of tourists and nature lovers from all parts of the world. The Palace of Exhibits will cover an acre of ground in the center of this Japanese garden. The Japanese government will spend $1,000,000.



NICHE IN THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

EACH of the four corners of the Court of Four Seasons will be adorned with groups of statuary symbolical of the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The sculpture will be set in niches screened by colonnades and mural paintings, also suggestive of the seasons, will form the background for the setting. The Court of Four Seasons will be 340 feet square. Mr. Jules Guerin, the noted artist, has charge of the color plan, and the designer of the court is Mr. Henry Bacon of New York.



FINE ARTS PALACE, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

THE Fine Arts Palace will be one of the most beautiful structures in its architecture as well as in its location at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The building, 600 feet in length from north to south, will be semicircular in form and will have as its central motive a low dome arising from a unique base. Forming the foreground will be a great lagoon surrounded on three sides by a sunken garden, which will be designed in romantic Italian architecture. Here will be assembled the notable paintings of history.

The Honeymoon Over.

"No one comes to see me," said she wearily, "as they did before I was married."

"Speaking of that fact," said he, "I used to call on you seven evenings in the week at that time. But I am as bad off as you—I now have nowhere to go."

Moving.

He read the letter twice and then said, "This is one of the most moving pieces of literature I ever saw."

"Is it an appeal for aid?" asked his wife.

"No. It's a note from the landlord saying he has raised the rent."

Some Difference.

Hewitt—This is a queer world. Jewett—What is the matter with it? Hewitt—House wrecking is a legitimate business, but housebreaking is a crime.—New York Press.

They are dead even for this life who hope for no better.—Lorenzo de' Medici.

Catty.

Mabel—George gave me such a lovely diamond engagement ring. Gladys—But he'll want you to give it back to him. He always does.—Baltimore American.

Injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—Simmons.

Her Reasons.

"So you want to interest yourself in politics?"

"Well," replied the energetic woman, "I kind o' thought maybe that if I could 'tend to the politics for the family John would find time to stay home and put up some shelves in the pantry."—Washington Star.

Past Masters.

Farmer's Son (watching copyist in gallery)—Wotever be she doing, feyther? Farmer—She be copying, like. Ye see, some o' these 'ere old master pictures be wery old, so coorse they 'as to replace 'em every now an' again, same as wall paper.—London Punch.

WIT IN THE PULPIT

Preachers With a Sense of Humor or the Gift of Repartee.

A DUEL BETWEEN PUNSTERS.

The Exchange of Compliments That Spiced the Sermons of Rev. Mr. Walker and Rev. Mr. Read—Brother Moore's Grim Retort.

When the march of pulpit oratory and humor was less advanced than at present a number of pious parishioners resolved to compliment their beloved pastor with a horse. After a great deal of scraping together they accumulated funds sufficient to purchase a saddle, which was forthwith dispatched to the minister, with an intimation that the horse would be sent at a more convenient season.

Week after week, however, passed on, and no word of the minister's nag. This dilatoriness would never do, thought the reverend gentleman, and accordingly one Sunday afternoon he took occasion to introduce the subject in winding up a discourse on the unspeakable loveliness of charity.

"Now, my friends," said the preacher, "if that said horse be na nipping grass yont by at the manse in a day or twa, I ken what I'll do"

Here the minister smote the pulpit in a manner that made the hearts of the congregation melt within them like wax, while he, stern man, continued his appeal to their pecuniary feelings so long, and repeated the fearful threat, "I ken what I'll do!" so often that one frightened hearer said:

"And what wull you do, sir?"

"Why, man," said the minister coolly, "I'll just sell the saddle."

The Rev. Mr. Walker of Connecticut saw his friend, the Rev. Mr. Read, sitting in one of the pews on a Sunday morning and, leaving the pulpit, went to Read and urged him to preach for him. Read begged off, as he was providentially detained in town over the Sabbath and had no "preparation" with him. But Walker was pressing, and at length his friend yielded to his importunity and entered the pulpit. But he had no text, and after some reflection pitched upon Job i, 7, "Then Satan answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it."

From this passage he drew the doctrine and announced it boldly, that the devil was a great Walker. He rung the changes on the name of his friend till the people signified their notice by a general smile.

Walker took the pulpit in the afternoon and returned his friend's compliments by taking for his text Matthew xi, 7, "A reed shaken with the wind." "The doctrine of the text," he said, "is the instability of Reads." On this theme he discovered till Read wished that he had never ventured his wit in the pulpit at the expense of his friend Walker.

In the south of New Jersey some years ago there traveled over some of the hardest counties a good, faithful, hard working brother named James Moore. He was devoted to the itinerancy and a true loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exhortations. He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and, before leaving for his new field, he gave his people his farewell sermon. At the close he said:

"My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you, and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise; but, thinking it was a mistake, went on. "My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat, more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man. He knew him to be a hard, grinding man, stingy and merciless to the poor. He continued with his address: "May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor, and," pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye and pointing to him with his finger, "may his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels! Say amen to that, brother!"

He was not interrupted again.

It was the Rev. Rowland Hill's habit to ride to church in an old family carriage, a practice too aristocratic, in the judgment of one of his flock, who determined to rebuke it. It was customary in his chapel for notes to be sent to the pulpit, requesting prayers for various objects, and one Sabbath Hill was proceeding with the reading of these requests as usual when he found himself in the midst of one to the following purport:

"Prayers are requested for the Rev. Mr. Hill, that he may be more humble and, like his divine Master, who, instead of riding in a carriage, was content to be borne on an ass."

Having read the notice, he lifted the spectacles to his forehead and, looking around the house, observed that it was quite true he had been guilty of the fault alleged, but if the writer would step around to the vestry door after service, saddled and bridled, he would have no objection to ride home, after his Master's example, on the back of an ass.—George Bancroft Griffith in New York Tribune.

A Secret Andrew Lang Kept.

Andrew Lang unraveled many historical puzzles, but there was one mystery the secret of which he knew but would not tell. He knew the truth about the famous murder of which Alan Breck was suspected and for which James Stewart was hanged. Stevenson in "Kidnapped" lays the crime to the account of a mysterious companion of Alan's, and in so far that neither Alan nor James was the murderer he was right, said Mr. Lang. But the identity of the assassin was a clan secret, revealed to Mr. Lang as a fellow clansman, and he refused to make it public.

The Crayfish.

A curious mistake occurs in the word crayfish. The name was borrowed from the French, who call this lobsterlike animal ecrevisse. The English thought that because it lived in the water it must be a fish, says the Raja Yoga Messenger, and so we always call it the crayfish. Of course the little creature is no more a fish than a seal is a fish, or a sponge or an oyster, although they also live in the water.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 3, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark viii, 11-26. Memory Verses, 14, 15—Golden Text, John viii, 12 (R. V.)—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Having again crossed the sea after He had fed the 4,000, the Pharisees and Sadducees came to Him tempting Him and asking Him to show them a sign from heaven. He called them a wicked and adulterous generation and said that no sign would be given unto them, but the sign of the prophet Jonas (verses 11, 12; Matt. xvi, 1-4). This was his second reference to Jonah. On the former occasion He spoke of his experience in the belly of the fish and said that so He would be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth (Matt. xii, 12-40). The Pharisees believed in angels, spirits and the resurrection, but were self righteous formalists, hypocrites, covetous and did their works to be seen of men.

The Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection (Mark xii, 18). His spirit was grieved because of them, so He left them and again went across the sea with His disciples, having only one loaf in the boat with them, for the disciples forgot to take bread as He charged them to take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees and of Herod. They thought that He was referring to their forgetfulness in the matter of bread. What a suggestive lesson for us who are apt to think more of the health of the body than of the health of the soul, careful concerning what we eat and drink, but receiving the most poisonous things for our minds in the way of doctrine and from the daily papers and magazines. How they could think that lack of bread would be at all perplexing to Him whom they had seen feed 5,000 and 4,000 with a few loaves and fishes seems indeed strange, and we do not wonder that He reminded them of these events and said: "Having eyes, see ye not? And, having ears, hear ye not? And do ye not remember? How is it that ye do not understand?" (Verses 17-21; Matt. xvi, 8-12.) When He said plainly, "I spake not to you concerning bread," then they understood that He referred to the doctrine of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees.

In addition to what we said above concerning these two classes of people, it might be added that the Pharisees denied any necessity for Christ's first coming, and the Sadducees denied His second coming, saying there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit, nor future rewards and punishments (Acts xxiii, 8). The leaven of Herod suggests worldliness in every form, with a bit of religion, for Herod feared John the Baptist and observed him, heard him gladly and did many things, but kept right on in sin and would rather please sinners than do what he knew to be right (Mark vi, 20, 26). Let me again emphasize what I firmly believe—that there is no place in the Bible where leaven ever means anything good, and therefore to speak of anything good as the leaven working is altogether unscriptural. It is easily so seen in our lesson; in the passover story of Ex. xii; in the sacrifices of Lev. ii, 11; in the thanksgiving offering of Lev. vii, 12, 13; Amos 4, 5, where they were told that to offer leaven was just like them, and in I Cor. v, 6-8.

Those who think that our Lord meant something good when He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened" (Matt. xiii, 33), should study carefully the four parables of which this is the last and note that our Lord was speaking not of the kingdom when it shall have come, but of this present age of the mysteries of the kingdom (Matt. xiii, 11), while He and it are both rejected and the church is being gathered. Not one of the four parables gives any encouragement to look for a converted world in this age, and the story of the leaven teaches that the woman, the professing church, will thoroughly corrupt her food. Let any one consider the Sunday topics of the majority of preachers of the present day and then say whether the people are getting pure water from the fountain of life or something from the preacher's own mind and not from God.

The conclusion of our lesson, found only in Mark, is the record of His healing a blind man at Bethsaida. Some one has said that all miracles are acted parables and that all physical infirmities are suggestive, if not actually typical, of spiritual troubles. All blind people suggest the blindness that holds all who have never seen Jesus Christ as God and as the great sacrifice for their sins, whom He calls blind, advising them to anoint their eyes with eye salve that they may see.

Some blind people received their sight by a word from Him. One had clay put upon his eyes and was sent to Siloam to wash. Some had clear vision instantly, but this man received his sight gradually. We must not covet an experience similar to another, but be quite content to have the Lord deal with us as He pleases. This man He took by the hand and led him out of the town. What a picture—the Creator of all things taking a blind man by the hand and walking with him along the street, the author of life and light, Himself the life and light touching human blindness.

Why Is It?

Here is a question in naval science which is to the average sailor man a riddle unsolved. Take a vessel of, say, 2,500 tons; place on it a cargo of 3,500 tons. This gives you a total of 6,000 tons. Hitch a little tug to this vessel, and she will yank the big craft along at the rate of six or eight knots an hour. Now put the tug's machinery in the big vessel. It won't move her half a knot an hour. Why is this?

A Little Persuasion.

Wife (indignantly)—What! Live in the suburbs? Indeed I won't—so there! Husband (who wants to economize)—My dear, a pretty woman like you never looks so charming as when sitting in a phaeton at a suburban railway station waiting for her husband!

She went.

A Holiday Benefit.

Skelton—I called on you yesterday, doctor, and you were out. Doctor—I was taking a holiday. How are you feeling? Skelton—Oh, I felt splendid while you were away!—London Mail.

ITIS NOT TOO LATE

in the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed. You wont have to shiver while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put out in the old one.

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"PLEBES" AT WEST POINT.

The Upper Classmen Give Them Many Lessons In Humility.

Notwithstanding the efforts to suppress hazing, the path of a "plebe" at our famous military academy is not exactly rose strewn. W. S. Sample in Lippincott's gives an amusing and enlightening account of the experiences of one plebe.

"For the first ten days in camp," the author tells us, "plebes are made to walk with their little fingers on the seams of their trousers, palms of the hands to the front and depressing their toes as they walk—that is, striking the ground with the toe of the shoe first. It is a very tiresome and ludicrous process and is called 'finning out.'

"A plebe walking quietly down the company street is observed by some visitors, when suddenly he throws out his hands and digs in his toes.

"'Oh, Cadet Beanpole, why is that cadet walking so queerly?' asks a pretty girl.

"'That isn't a cadet; it's a plebe. He walks that way because he wants to be graceful.'

"The true reason is that the poor plebe heard some upper classman say: 'Fin out there, mister; dig in those toes; tear up the gravel. What do you mean by deadbeating and going bow legged?'

"The cadets march to meals, to church, to swimming, to dancing, to everything. The plebes are placed in the rear rank of all formations.

"The first meal a plebe eats in the mess hall with the corps is never forgotten. Twelve cadets are seated at a table, at least three of whom are plebes. The cadet in charge of the table sits at the head, while a plebe called 'the gunner' sits at the foot. It is the duty of the gunner to call the table to attention each day and to announce the kind of dessert. As there is no bill of fare and the dessert is different every day, this is not always an easy job. If the gunner announces the dessert incorrectly, he is deprived of his portion.

"The plebe on the gunner's right is called the cocoa corporal and on the left the water corporal. It is the duty of the cocoa corporal to pour out the cocoa, and the water corporal pours the water.

"The cadets often have a fierce and wonderfully built jelly called 'Felix trembled.' This concoction wabbles all over your plate and derives its name from a cadet named Felix, one of the oldest living graduates, who ate some of the mixture and trembled violently. Cadets who eat it have been trembling ever since. Molasses is called 'Sammy' by the upper classmen. Plebes are required to call it the 'Right Rev. Mr. Samuel, sir,' until they qualify, which is done by eating seven slices of bread and molasses, when they may call it 'Sammy.'

"After finishing their meals, plebes are required to sit bolt upright and gaze fixedly at a potato stuck on matches in the center of the table. They are not allowed to feast their eyes upon the portraits of the great generals that decorate the walls of the mess hall, but must sit and 'brace' until the command, 'Battalions rise,' is given, when they fall in and march back to camp."

The Drama of the Sunset.

We never tire of the drama of sunset. I go forth each afternoon and look into the west a quarter of an hour before sunset with fresh curiosity to see what new picture will be painted there, what new phenomenon exhibited, what new dissolving views. Every day a new picture is painted and framed, held up for half an hour in such lights as the great artist chooses and then withdrawn and the curtain falls. The sun goes down, long the afterglow gives light, the damask curtains glow along the western window, the first star is lit, and I go home.—From Thoreau's "Winter."

Bull Baiting In England.

In the old days of England bull baiting was as common as football. A reminder of this exists in the will of one George Staverton of Workingham. He bequeathed out of his estate a sum of $30 yearly with which to buy a bull for the baiting. The bull was to be given to the poor of Workingham to be baited in the market place Dec. 21 of each year, the remains of the animal to be sold and the proceeds devoted to the purchase of shoes and stockings for the poor children. The will was carried out until 1825, when the corporation forbade any more such celebrations.

An Offer Declined.

Dr. Portal, the favorite medical attendant of Louis XVIII. of France, was offered an unusual reward for his services. Having cured Vestris of a severe illness, the famous dancing master said to him: "My dear doctor, I should never dream of offering you money. Between artists there can be no dealings except those of gratitude. To demonstrate mine, I will give you a valuable hint as to your deportment. I have often noticed that you have a most ungraceful way of carrying yourself. I can remedy that in a few lessons and teach you how to enter a sick room in such a way as to please the most exacting patient. We can begin now if you like." Much to the amazement of Vestris, Portal declined this offer and so lost the esteem of his illustrious patient.

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28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
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36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
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62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
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"My Husband, I Greet You"

Story of a Colonial Thanksgiving.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Mrs. Stanford sends greeting to Walter Washburn and would be pleased to have the honor of his company for dinner at 1 o'clock on Thursday, November the 28th, in the year of our Lord 173—.

Mrs. Stanford was a widow thirty-eight years old and of very pleasing appearance. There was but here and there a single gray hair in her head, her complexion was florid, her eye was a soft brown, and altogether she was goodly to look upon by a man who had passed twoscore years and five.

Walter Washburn had offered himself to Mrs. Stanford, but that lady, though she admired him for his stalwart form and his prowess—for he had distinguished himself in the Indian wars in the colony—was not minded to take for a partner one who was not possessed of worldly goods. So she declined Mr. Washburn's offer, with many thanks, for the honor he would have conferred upon her.

Now, the widow had a daughter, Faithful, half her age and the reproduction of her mother as that mother

"MY HUSBAND, I GREET YOU."

had been at her age—that is to say, the younger woman was like a peach with the first rosy hue painted on it by the sun, while the older was that same peach when its colors had become mellow. Mr. Washburn, having been turned away by the woman he loved, naturally sought comfort with the daughter who so nearly resembled her, and, being lonely, living by himself in his oaken domicile, smoking his pipe, solitary, before the logs burning in his great open fireplace, he mused thus:

"If I cannot have the mother to keep me company, why should I not have the daughter, providing that mother will give her to me? True, I wish the older woman, who is nearer my age and with whom I can consult as to my affairs, but Faithful is stronger and can better do that work about a house which is expected of a woman. Besides, the mother and I will be aged at the same time and like the blind leading the blind, whereas Faithful when I am an old man will be in her prime and the better able to take care of me. Yet she will be old enough to have lost a desire for admiration, and I shall not have to fear the gallantry of young men."

Thus did the lonely bachelor attempt to persuade himself that it would be better after all that he should marry the daughter instead of the mother. Nevertheless there were many reasons on the other side, and down in the bottom of his heart he wanted Mrs. Stanford herself.

However, having formed a resolution, the next day he went to the house where the two women lived and, calling for the mother, asked for the hand of her daughter. He was naturally shamefaced in making his request, since not long before he had assured the lady of whom he made it that his happiness depended solely on her. He expected to be taken to task for his change of heart, but the widow simply replied that her daughter had reason to be proud of having won the esteem of so prominent a defender of the colony and she, the mother, would be happy to bestow Faithful upon him if he could show that he had the property to be expected of the man she should marry. Since Mr. Washburn could show nothing more than he had shown on his previous application he arose with a deep sigh and left the house.

Walter Washburn, who was as simple minded as he was brave, poured his trouble into the ears of Mrs. Hurlbut, a married woman, who had shown great friendship for him. Mrs. Stanford was acting selfishly in refusing her daughter to a good man whom she did not wish for herself.

"I would advise you, Friend Walter," said his confidant, "to carry off the young woman you wish to wife."

"How could I do that?" asked Washburn.

"You are not fitted to form a plan in such a proceeding. You must have some friend to lay one for you and to assist you in carrying it out. Leave the matter to me. Come to see me again in a few days, and I may have something to say to you."

The next day Mr. Washburn received the invitation to eat a Thanksgiving dinner with the widow and her daughter. The friendly act smote his conscience that he had even thought of robbing the widow of her daughter, and he went at once to Mrs. Hurlbut to say to her that she need form no such plan as she had proposed on his behalf, for he would have nothing to do with so nefarious a matter.

But Mrs. Hurlbut soothed him and reminded him that lovers had from time immemorial eloped and had always held the sympathy of mankind. Washburn said that his own case was different from those, for he was not a young lover and had never spoken a word of love to Faithful Stanford. He had followed the custom of the times by asking her hand from her parent. However, Mrs. Hurlbut, who was a persuasive talker, finally won him over, then said that she had formed a plan as follows:

On the evening before Thanksgiving day would take place the usual Wednesday evening prayer meeting, at which all the colonists would be present, including the Stanfords, mother and daughter. Mrs. Hurlbut would go to the meeting and Walter Washburn would do the same. The road over which the Stanfords must go to their home was a lonely one. Mrs. Hurlbut and Walter would follow them, and when out of sight and hearing of others Mrs. Hurlbut would throw a bed quilt over the mother and a sheet over the daughter, using different coverings that the two might be known apart. Walter was to seize the figure under the sheet and carry her away to the minister to be married. Mrs. Hurlbut would hold the mother under the quilt till there should be no time for her to interfere. It was to be hoped that the next day being Thanksgiving, a day devoted to religious exercises and thankfulness, the mother would forgive Walter for the kidnaping of her daughter.

Mr. Washburn had misgivings as to this scheme, both fearing that the abducted girl would not marry him even if it otherwise succeeded, and if she did that her mother would never forgive him. Moreover, there was a law in the colony that any man courting a young girl without her parents' consent could be sued before a magistrate for damages.

But when a persuasive woman is determined to have her way with a man, especially one so easily led as Walter Washburn, there is no standing against her. Mrs. Hurlbut carried her point and on the evening of the prayer meeting took her friend Walter to the meeting house with her. When the meeting was over and the Stanfords went out and toward their home Mrs. Hurlbut and Walter followed them, the former carrying the quilt and the sheet, and when they came to a dark part of the road she stole up behind them and proceeded to cover them.

The sheet, being white, was easily distinguished, and Walter took the woman it contained in his strong arms and carried her off. Beyond a slight scream she made no outcry, and her resistance soon ceased. Walter as he strode along told her who he was, what was intended and asked her consent to a marriage forthwith. After a few minutes she spoke a faint "Yes," but before entering the minister's house said that she would rather not be known and preferred to keep on her covering.

But even this was unnecessary, for the minister, who had gone to bed, came down in the dark, and when he strove to strike a light the punk, which was damp, would not ignite, and Walter, who was fast losing his equanimity, begged him to proceed with the ceremony in the dark. So he did, and the two were made man and wife.

After the ceremony Walter supposed that his wife would go to his home with him. But she declined, saying that at the Thanksgiving dinner the next day she would confess all to her mother, since that would be a time when she was most likely to be forgiven. Walter could not but see the wisdom of such a course and parted not unwillingly with his newly made wife.

The next day all met at the service in the meeting house. Mrs. Stanford gave Walter a friendly greeting, and her daughter looked upon him as unconcernedly as if she had not so recently become his bride. He walked home with them, and soon after their arrival the dining table was loaded with a haunch of venison at one end, a wild turkey at the other, the interval being filled with other delectable viands. Walter was placed at the head, while Mrs. Stanford sat at the other end facing him. When the meats had been eaten she said to her vis-a-vis:

"Friend Washburn, when next you propose an abduction be more sure of the friend who leads you into it. Mrs. Hurlbut informed me of the plot to carry off my daughter, and, feeling that if she or I must be your wife, I, as first asked, should be the bride, I asked that I and not Faithful be covered by the sheet. It was I who went with you to the minister."

Then, raising a glass of wine that stood before her, she added:

"My husband, I greet you!"

Walter sat gazing at the speaker for some time, while the truth was slowly permeating his dull brain. Then, arising from his chair, he went to where she sat and, enfolding her in his arms, imprinted a kiss upon her lips. From his wife he passed to Faithful and, also giving her a kiss, said:

"My daughter, I forgive you."

Then returning to his seat he bowed his head and reverently gave thanks for the happy outcome of a plan that had never met with his approval, but which had turned out as he wished.

Meant It All.

He—My dear, you talked in your sleep a long time last night. She—What did I talk about? He—Why, it seemed to be mainly abuse of me. She—I wasn't asleep.—London Tit-Bits.

His Limitation.

"I presume you never quarrel with your wife?"

"Certainly not!" replied skimpy little Mr. Hennypeck. "I am merely a husband, not a lion tamer."—Judge.

OUR BIG CONDORS

In Weight and Spread of Wing They Surpass All Other Birds.

MYSTERY IN THEIR FLIGHTS.

With Fixed Outspread Wings These Wonderful Birds Will Sweep Upward and Onward Through the Air Without the Movement of a Feather.

It is not commonly known that we have a condor in the United States, yet there is one on the Pacific coast that in weight and spread of wing surpasses all other birds. From tip to tip of wing it measures more than ten feet, considerably more than the condor of the Andes and about a yard more than the largest eagle or swan.

This condor is black, tinged with brown, except under the wings, where there is a long, narrow strip of almost pure white running the whole length of the wing and widening near the body. It has no ruff round the neck, but a fringe of long, narrow black feathers on the back of the neck gives it a savage appearance. It nests among the rocks in lofty cliffs, laying several white eggs much larger than those of the turkey or goose. From 1875 to 1885 condors were so abundant in southern California that I used to see them almost every day, but now they are found only in the wilder mountains. Their eggs bring $100 each in the larger museums of the country.

If an animal is sick or disabled the condor rarely hesitates to attack it, and its fate is soon sealed if it is not strong enough to defend itself or escape its enemy.

Like the condor of the Andes, that of California will so gorge itself with food at times that it can be lassoed in the quick dash of a good horse. A friend of mine at San Jacinto had one that had been caught in that way. But, although he had thousands of sheep and cattle, he had to give the bird away because he could not afford to feed it. It would eat a whole sheep at a meal and then look hungry and sad, as if it were sadly treated.

Once clear of the ground, with wings outspread, the condor has no trouble in bearing away into the clouds a dinner that will last a week or two.

Standing on the ground at a distance this great bird looks much like a big black Newfoundland dog sitting up for a cracker, but in the air it surpasses in grace and variety of action every other wanderer of the skies. The whooping crane, that floats like a speck of down in the remotest blue; the frigate bird, whose wing seems never made to fold, even the albatross, are all clumsy and monotonous compared with the condor. It travels in a series of winding lines, in which symmetry and grace always govern the boldest sweeps or the highest bursts of speed.

Dozens of times I have laid among the rocks and had the condor come so near that I could plainly see the sparkle of the brown eye in the vivid red of the bare head, and with the strong glass that I always carried in hunting deer I have brought the bird much nearer. Yet never could I detect the slightest motion of wing or feathers beyond a lazy lap or two at intervals of several minutes or a simple inbending of the tips of the wings, as if feeling the breeze to be sure it was there. And the bird often floats an hour or more without even this slight motion.

It is quite wonderful when the condor sets its wings and slides sidewise across a strong breeze without any descent, yet without falling backward, and still more so to see the great bird return with a swing of half a mile or more, arriving hundreds of feet above the point of starting and perhaps hundreds of yards ahead of it.

When I have been well hidden among the rocks I have seen a condor within a few yards hanging on the air for many seconds at a time—not like the hawk balancing itself to fall upon some bird below, but seeming to sleep there as peacefully and quietly as a summer cloud. Then suddenly the bird has turned half over and cleft the air with a sharp hiss of wing feathers, for which there was not the slightest motion of a wing to account. And all this time the condor has been rising instead of falling, and I have vainly watched the fringed tips of the great wings for the slightest sign of motion.—T. S. Van Dyke in Youth's Companion.

James Lick's Test.

This is told of James Lick, the eccentric San Francisco millionaire, who founded the famous observatory bearing his name. When taking any one into his service he always asked the person to plant a tree upside down—the roots in the air, the branches underground. If there were any protest the man was at once sent away, Lick saying that he wanted only men who would obey orders strictly.

Bunkoed.

"Son, why don't you play circus? It's great fun. First you make a sawdust ring."

"Where'll I get any sawdust, dad?"

"Here's the saw. Just saw some of that cordwood into stove lengths. You can have all the sawdust you make."—Pittsburgh Post.

Not Crazy.

"Do you think Oscar proposed to me merely on account of my money?"

"Well, my dear, you know he must have had some reason."—Fliegende Blatter.

Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God.—Bacon.

A Doubtful Compliment.

The banquet hall was adorned with many beautiful paintings, and the president of the little college was called upon to respond to a toast. Wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, he designated the paintings with an eloquent gesture and said:

"What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at the table?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

NOTHING EVER DESTROYED.

Matter Merely Changes, but Does Not Cease to Exist.

When a candle burns it is not destroyed. What seems like destruction is merely change. Any one can prove this for himself by a very simple experiment.

Take a glass tube and fit a cork into each end. Bore some holes in the lower cork, one of them in the middle large enough to hold a candle. Bend a smaller glass tube to U shape, fill it with small pieces of caustic soda and cork one end. Now connect the two cylinders by a small glass tube through the corks. Insert the candle through the lower cork and suspend the whole apparatus from one beam of a chemical balance. Weigh it carefully.

Connect the free end of the U tube to an aspirator so as to establish a uniform current of air through the tubes. Remove the candle, light it and instantly reinsert it. Let it burn down until entirely consumed. Now reweigh the apparatus. You will find that it actually weighs more than it did before the candle was burnt!

What had happened? The carbon and hydrogen of which the candle was composed have been separated, have drawn oxygen from the air and combined with it, forming water and carbon dioxide or carbonic acid gas. The caustic soda has absorbed the carbon dioxide and made sodium carbonate and has also caught the water. The extra weight is simply that of the oxygen taken out of the air.

This is a practical illustration of the great truth that nothing is ever destroyed. Matter changes, but does not cease to exist. St. Thomas Aquinas taught this in the thirteenth century—thus as in so many other ways anticipating modern scientists—and some of the ancient Greek philosophers understood it. It has only been proved experimentally in recent years.—New York World.

AVERTED A TRAGEDY.

An Attack of Mal de Mer That Saved a Vessel In Midocean.

When affairs in France in 1848 made possible the return of the exiled Bonapartes among those who went from America was a grandniece of the great Napoleon, Princess Caroline Murat. In "My Memoirs" the princess tells how they chose for the passage—in preference to "one of Mr. Cunard's paddle boats"—a sailing vessel, in which they were tossed on the seas for twenty-seven days. During these days it was demonstrated that even so undesirable a thing as seasickness may have its welcome results:

"I remember one incident of the voyage worthy of note. I was dreadfully ill, and, while all the other passengers were able to be on deck, playing games or enjoying music, I was forced to lie down all day, sometimes on deck, but more frequently below in a small ladies' cabin, where a mattress was put on the floor. It seemed as if those weary weeks would never end as I lay there thinking and wishing the days away.

"One evening, some little time after the bell had summoned all to supper, I was lying, trying to read. Suddenly I thought I saw a streak of light from under the door of the cabin belonging to the second mate across the alleyway. For a few moments I watched, wondering what the light could be. As I watched it got brighter.

"Springing up, forgetting that I felt both sick and giddy, I made my way to the saloon to give the alarm. Soon all hands were at work to extinguish the flames. In a short time we were out of danger.

"Had it not so happened that I was on the floor and noticed the light no one would have known that a forgotten candle had set fire to some article of clothing and we might have been burned to death in midocean."

The Houses of Parliament.

The fire which destroyed the old houses of parliament broke out on Oct. 16, 1834. The present building, termed the palace of Westminster, was opened on Nov. 4, 1852. It stands on a bed of concrete twelve feet thick and covers an area of nine statute acres. It contains 1,100 apartments, 100 staircases and two miles of corridors and passages. The great Victoria tower at the southwest extremity is 346 feet in height.—London Standard.

HELP THAT HELPS.

Lincoln's Response to His Brother's Request For a Loan.

Abraham Lincoln's good sense is witnessed by almost every act of his life. His sound views on indiscriminate charity and the best means of encouraging thrift and industry are shown by the following letter to one of his brothers:

"Dear Johnson.—Your request for $80 I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, 'We can get along very well now,' but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now, this can only happen by some defect in your conduct—what that defect is I think I know; you are not lazy, and still you are an idler. * * *

"You are now in need of some ready money, and what I propose is that you should go to work, tooth and nail, for somebody who will give you money for it * * * and then to secure you a fair reward for your labor I now promise you that for every dollar you will between this and the first of next May get for your labor I will then give you one other dollar. * * * You have always been kind to me and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will follow my advice you will find it worth more than eight times $80 to you. Affectionately your brother,

"A. LINCOLN."

—Youth's Companion.

In For It.

"Always eat the skin of the fruit," ordered the doctor. "The skin contains essentials that you need."

"That may be, doc, but I know I'm going to get my throat all scratched up the first time I try to eat a pineapple with it's skin on."—Washington Herald.

FIRST AID IN THE HOME.

The Way to Care For Wounds Until the Doctor Arrives.

There should always be some one in the home who understands the principle of "first aid in injury"—some one who can clean a wound, stop bleeding and apply a bandage.

Even the simplest wounds—where any blood flows—should be given prompt and scientific attention. This does not mean that every home should have a trained surgeon. The following ten emergency hints should be memorized:

Stop the bleeding if severe.

Do not touch an open wound with the fingers.

Note the nature of the injuries and put the injured person in a comfortable place and position.

Summon a surgeon.

Do not disturb blood clots.

Never probe for a bullet.

Pick shreds of clothing and splinters or dirt from a wound.

Then bring the edges of the wound together, but without touching them.

Pack the wound with gauze or absorbent cotton and apply bandage.

Bind on splints if bones are broken.

With a little study, a half hour a day for a week, and some practice, any one will be able to carry out the foregoing hints in a hygienic manner.—Kansas City Times.

PROVED HER WORDS.

The Ladies Knew Each Other Even Before Their Introduction.

There was a great crowd at the picture exhibition, and empty seats were at a premium, when two pretty women spied and made for a place at the selfsame moment. They reached the prize together, both pretending ignorance of the other, and, flopping themselves down, succeeded in squeezing breathlessly and miserably in. There they sat then, each scowling and staring at the rudeness of her respective neighbor, each wriggling and squirming as much as possible in order to crowd that neighbor still further. Finally the situation became acute, and one of the women spoke, with fine sarcasm, "I beg your pardon, but do you need the whole seat?"

"I beg yours," the answer came, "but I never talk to strangers."

Just then a third pretty woman passed, stopped and addressed the two at once: "Why, to think of finding you two here together! And I have always wanted to introduce you, because I know you will just love each other. Mabel, this is Maud, and Maud, this is my dear old Mabel. You are bound to love each other because you are so exactly alike in disposition."—New York Press.

Resting a Model.

Adolphe Manzel, the German painter, at one time was engaged on a work of mural decoration and kept a man posed in an exceedingly fatiguing position on a scaffold for two hours. The great painter worked away, heedless of his model's discomfort. Finally the victim called down, "Herr Professor, how about the recess?"

"Certainly, my dear sir. Come down right away and you shall have your recess."

As the model was descending from the scaffolding his limbs assumed a position which was one for which the artist had long been looking.

"Stop!" Menzel thundered. "Hold! Ah, fine! Keep that while I make a little sketch of it!"

The artist drew vigorously for half an hour, at the end of which he called out imperatively: "There, that will do for now. Get up on the scaffold again. We have had our recess."

A False Alarm.

Over the telephone a worried voice addressed the proprietor of a small hardware store in a west Kentucky town.

"Say," the speaker began, "I come in your place today and bought one of them dollar alarm clocks, and you set her for me to go off at 5 o'clock in the mornin'. D'ye remember?"

"Yes," said the hardware man, "I remember."

"Well," went on the other, "I've jest found out that I don't have to git up at 5 o'clock in the mornin'."

"Glad to hear it," said the hardware man, "but what do you want me to do about it?"

"I want you," said the customer, "t tell me how to unalarm this clock."—Saturday Evening Post.

Our Cooling Earth.

It may be said without hesitation that the polar regions are not growing warmer. The redhot cannon ball thrown into the street begins immediately to cool off, and that is exactly what is happening to the earth. It is steadily cooling off and will eventually become a dead and frozen world. That means, of course, that the polar region is constantly encroaching upon the equatorial region and that after some millions of years the cold of the arctic circle will prevail over the entire globe. What the moon is now the earth will eventually become.—New York American.

The Devilfish.

In some places the stingaree is called the "devilfish," not by reason of its appearance, but because of its armed tail, a most dreadful weapon, with which it has been known to kill men. This tail is long and thin, like a whip, and the stingaree employs a wonderful accuracy of aim when using it. In case of attack the stingaree lashes it at the enemy. It rarely misses. Inasmuch as the end of this tail is provided with a sharp "thorn" or spur, almost like the spur of a gamecock, but much longer and keener, the wound inflicted is most serious.

Tennyson Didn't Know.

"If Tennyson had lived in my suburb," said paterfamilias the other night as he sat with his check book before him, ruefully contemplating his gas bill, "he would never have written 'Honor the Light brigade, honor the charge they made!' but perhaps gas companies had consciences in his day."—Christian Work.

What Shall It Be?

That's the perplexing question. The wedding takes place two weeks from to-morrow, and we've simply Got to decide upon something pretty soon. But what shall it be?
I'll tell you what we will do.
Go down to Smith & Varney's Jewelry Store.
They always have so many things that are suitable that it wont be hard to make a choice.

So they came
They saw
Were convinced
Bought
And were happy

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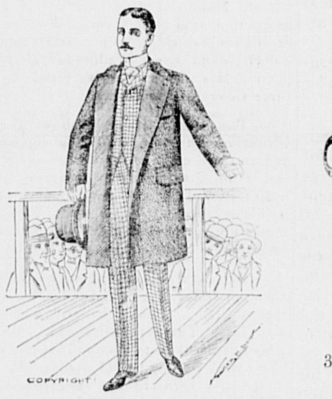

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☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, NOV. 8, 1912

THE ELECTION.

Another Presidential election has come and gone into the history of the past, leaving in its path of destruction a battered and torn Republican party which this year of 1912 received the worst defeat that has ever been administered to it since its organization in 1855-6.

And even staid old Massachusetts, the one time bulwark of all that is truly great, honest and intelligent in the political sphere of men's activities has renounced her one time honored position as the leader of states in the Union and has deserted her standard of probity of political justice to all men.

For all this havoc and destruction to the party of Fremont, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and McKinley the cause and its results are directly due to the overweening vaulting ambition of one man, a man who for years has deceived the American people with the pretences of the demagogue, a man who is the acme of ingratitude to the party that has made him all he is and which has exalted him to the highest position in its gift to bestow.

When Theodore Roosevelt not only once but several times stated in public that "under no circumstances would he ever again be a candidate for the presidency," and that "he solemnly believed that it would be a public calamity for him to again be a candidate for President," the people then believed what he said and took him at his word. Since then the mask has slipped off and his gratitude to his party is now shown in his attempt to disrupt it.

His pretentious hypocrisy is only equalled by his unlimited abuse of men more honest than himself and his ambitious efforts to secure a crown that never will come to him.

However much we may deplore the Republican defeat of last Tuesday we are one of those who believe that the country is safe and will continue to prosper for at least four years more even under democratic rule and that the words of the lamented Garfield are as true today as when he uttered them on his death bed,

"God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

☞ Mr. Albert C. Floyd a resident of Washington, D. C. for the past 41 years, and an employe in the U. S. Treasury Department during that time, but for more 50 years a citizen of Woburn where he has regularly paid his taxes and thus maintained his domicile, was in town Tuesday to exercise his franchise of voting. It is not generally known that natives of Washington do not have any vote in elections of officers either for the District or for the United States, and the only residents there who do have the franchise are those people who retain their citizenship in the various States from whence they come.

☞ Regardless of party affiliations the citizens of Woburn will be glad that Henry L. Andrews and Joseph H. Parker have been re-elected to the Legislature by the 20th Middlesex District Both are men of unsulied reputation and have done good work in the past and can be relied upon to look after the best interest of the District the coming session. The large vote which each received shows the indorsement of their constituents.

☞ Because your candidate didn't win don't think the country is going straight to destruction. It won't. The Ship of State will sail on safe and sure although wind and tide may deflect for the moment.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

— Burbank Relief Corps, 84, will have its annual inspection this afternoon.

— A pop concert was given at the Episcopal parish house last Wednesday evening.

— Mrs. Harriet Bean has opened a Variety Store at Central Square in the store owned by T. M. Parker.

— The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bartlett of 520 Main street is seriously ill with membranous croup.

— The new store of W. S. Lindsay, Manufacturing Confectioner, in the Central House building, opened last Thursday.

— The October number of the New England Telephone Topics is out and is a bright, readable number full of valuable information.

— Mr. Charles E. Smith of Bennett street is again confined to his home by illness.

— Post 33, G. A R., will celebrate its 45th anniversary to-night with a banquet and entertainment in G A R hall, Main street.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist church will hold its regular business meeting and supper next Thursday afternoon. Supper will be served at 6 30 followed by an entertainment and social hour.

— The first entertainment of the Dr. March Baraca Class was given Monday evening, the "Strollers' Quartet" furnishing the program.

— Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward lectured on "Mexico as I Have Seen It." last Monday afternoon before the Dorchester Social Club of Women.

— Hon. Wm. E. Blodgett returned from his hunting trip Tuesday He reports the game not as plentiful as usual but his party brought home two deer.

— Miss Alice Hoffman who has been visiting Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Estes of Plympton street the past two weeks has returned to her home in South Hadley Center.

— The Edison Company have erected poles across the hill on Waltham street and several houses have been wired for lighting. Waltham street will now feel itself on the map.

— Guy Little, the 9-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Little, 166 Bedford street, underwent a successful operation on his neck at the Choate Memorial Hospital last Monday.

— The alarm from Box 55 at 1 o'clock Sunday noon was for a fire on the roof of the house owned and occupied by David Ahern. Sparks from the chimney caused the blaze which was extinguished by chemicals.

— Owing to the heavy rainstorm last Friday evening the attendance at the S. of V. Auxiliary Poverty was so small that it was deemed best to postpone it. All tickets sold for that evening will be good at the party to be held Nov. 15.

— Miss Matilda McFarland entertained the Sunny Corner Class of the Methodist Church at her home on Plympton street, last Monday afternoon. The afternoon was spent in sewing for the sale which will be held shortly after Thanksgiving.

— The Firemen's Relief Association held its annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance. An excellent entertainment was given from 8 to 9, after which dancing was indulged in until 1 o'clock.

— The Russell Class of the First Baptist Sunday School held its regular monthly meeting in the vestry of the church last Wednesday afternoon. A quilt was knotted and two barrels were packed and filled with useful articles and sent to the Boston Baptist Bethel.

— Mrs. J. Norman Francis and Mrs. Frank Robbins are to leave for California on the 13th of this month. Mrs. Francis goes to join her husband who is an instructor in the University of California at Berkeley, and Mrs. Robbins will visit her daughter at Pasadena.

— Mrs. Sarah B. Parker, widow of the late Josiah Parker, died at the Choate Memorial Hospital, Monday morning after a brief illness. Funeral services were held from her late home on Highland street Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Parker is survived by three sisters and a brother.

— The Lend-a-Hand Club of the Unitarian church held its annual supper and entertainment in the church vestry last evening. Supper was served at 6 30 followed by an entertainment at 8 o'clock, consisting of Porto Rican music illustrated with piano and native instruments by Mr. Byron W. Reed.

— Mr. Albert C. Floyd of the Registration Office, Treasury Dept, Washington, D. C, gave the JOURNAL a call last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Floyd came home to vote and spent a short time looking up old friends. Mr. Floyd has been in the Registration Office for 41 years. The JOURNAL is a regular visitor in his home.

— Mr. Jesse Cutler of Cummingsville 94 years old cast the 100th ballot in Ward 7 last Tuesday for President Taft and the Republican ticket. He smilingly observed while doing his political duty that times had changed a little since he cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison. He has voted at everey presidential election since.

— Hon. and Mrs. E. F. Johnson, Mr and Mrs. Arthur E. Gage, Hon. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett and Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Williams attended the annual reception and banquet at the Ladies' Night of the Baptist Social Union last Wednesday evening at Ford Hall. Mr. Blodgett is 1st Vice President of the Union and Chairman of the Social Committee.

— Last Monday afternoon a heavy sleeper which had been placed over a blast on Mann's court was carried a distance of nearly 900 feet and crashed through the ell, on the house of Mr Albert B. Buxton. Mrs. Buxtan and her daughter Mrs. Bailey were in the room and had a narrow escape from serious injury. Rocks from the same blast broke windows in houses and did other damage.

— Mention was made in the *Record* last week of the unusual honor conferred on Mrs. Gosse whose name has been placed on the roster of the Mass 23d Regiment Association. Miss Marian T. Hosmer holds a similar honor. Miss Hosmer has been a member of the 32d Massachusetts volunteer infantry since 1897, when she was accepted as member and first woman guest at a banquet at the United States hotel, and received a presentation of flowers. Miss Hosmer's father fell, sunstruck, on the march down the Peninsula under McClellan, in the old Fifth Corps, and his memory is honored by those who remember him as a faithful soldier.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge had a turkey supper and entertainment in Odd Fellow's hall last Monday evening. Every seat was taken at the tables and and short work was made of the tempting viands thereon. A Kitchen Orchestra or, as they styled themselves, "The Hopeless Band," gave a very amusing musical entertainment. Besides the concert pieces there were solos with orchestral accompaniments by Misses Beatrice Granger, Margaret Anderson, Hattie Wood, and Mrs. Flora Nichols, Mrs. Hattie Northrop, and Mrs. Maud Flag. The solos the "Little Glow Worm" by Miss Anderson and "Bells of Shumway" by Mrs. Maud Flag were particularly good. Mrs Flora Nichols was conductor, Miss Mary McIntosh accompanist and Mrs. Herbert Le Barron drummer. Miss Edna Cole gave readings.

— Mr. George R. Smith, the genial proprietor of Smith's Market, and Mrs. Smith are receiving congratulations on the birth of a boy, George Robbins, Jr.

— The State Board of Agriculture has just issued a bird book, "Game Birds, Wild Fowl and Shore Birds," which will appeal to sportsmen, farmers and everyone who is interested in the outdoor world and the preservation of birds. This book is to be sold at cost that it may be widely circulated.

— Mr. W. P. Warren a veteran of the civil war yesterday morning suffered another slight shock which left him in a weak condition although he retains his mental faculties. Mr. Warren has an enviable record as a soldier in that he never has missed a days service with his regiment during its 3 years term of enlistment.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles B Greene entertained the members of Post 33, G. A. R, at their home on Elm street last Sunday afternoon. Mr. John L. Parker of Lynn, a Past Commander of Post 33, was the special guest of honor. During the afternoon Photographer Elson took a group picture of the party. Commander Joseph E. Carr, on behalf of the officers of the Post, presented Mrs Greene with a set of silver table spoons.

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

Sunday morning at 10 30 the pastor will preach a sermon to boys, his subject being: "Give the Boys a Chance."

Miss Carrie Legg will conduct the Epworth League service at 6 o'clock, her subject being "The Ungathered Harvest" (Home Mission and Church Extension.)

At 7 o'clock the pastor will begin a series of popular sermons entitled Sermons on the New Life, his opening subject being: "The Home Evangelist, or a Parish of Ten Cities." There will be singing by the chorus choir.

The Normal Study Class under the leadership of Mrs. Lottie Bailey met Monday evening in the church parlor. The class is composed of teachers of the intermediate and senior departments of the Sunday School.

The Ladies Aid Society held its monthly meeting yesterday afternoon at 3.30. Reports were given by the different Fair committees. At eight o'clock the Epworth League held its regular monthly business meeting.

The adjourned 2d and 3d Quarterly conference meeting was held Tuesday evening. Important business was transacted. Matters pertaining to the shingling of the church were discussed and results will be announced later.

First Massachusetts Fruit Show

The First Massachusetts Fruit Show was opened in Horticultural Hall, corner of Massachusetts and Huntington avenues, Boston, yesterday, and will continue through Sunday evening, Nov. 10. Those who take pride in the Old Bay State and who would view some of the best products of Massachucetts soil will surely attend this exhibition. This show is to be given under the auspices of the Massachusetts Fruit Growers' Association, and in connection with the annual chrysanthemum exhibit of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

A feature of the Show will be the competitive judging of fruit by the New England Federation of Agricultural Students, a team representing each of the Agricultural Colleges being entered for this competition.

The season of 1912 has been very favorable to the production of good fruit, and this fact, together with the results of the appliance of modern science to the fruit industry, promise an exhibition of excellent products. The combination of fruit and flowers which will feature this Show is an admirable one and should not fail to attract the sightseeing public in great numbers. Every effort will be made to make the Show attractive and instructive and it will be money and time well invested to attend this Exhibition.

Theosophical Path.

The Theosophical Path for November opens with an able and severe criticism of Prof. Schafer's presidential address before the British Association for the advancement of Science on "The Origin and Nature of Life" by Prof. H. T. Edge. Other articles of note are "Language" by Kenneth Morris; "The Adolescent Age" by Lydia Ross, M. D.; "Studies in Orphism," Prof. F. S. Darrow; "Education and the Social Problem," by Rev. S J. Neill; "Master Pierre, A Wise Man of Picardy," "Art Among the Indians," "The Dog and the Bone," "Recent Archeological Progress" and others Among the illustrations, always a prominent feature of this magazine are several strikingly beautiful views of Wave and Rock on the Pacific Shore at Lomaland, as also interesting views of Palenque, Mexico, views of Colorado, etc.

70th Anniversary.

Mr. W. C. C. Colgate observed his 70th birthday anniversary at his home on Garfield avenue last Tuesday evening. It was also the anniversary of his marriage day and that of his daughter Mrs. Horace Bryenton. Members of his family and of Post 33 were the guests of the evening. The house was beautifully decorated with the national colors interspersed here and there with tiny electric light bulbs. An elaborate repast was served the table being artistically draped with red, white and blue and tiny flags, a large birthday cake occupying the post of honor. Music and reminiscences made the evening pass all too quickly. Mr. Colgate has two children, a son and a daughter and eight grandchildren, all of whom were present. The grandchildren presented him with a goldmounted cane Mr. Colgate enlisted in the 5th Regiment, Company G, M. V. M. in August 1862 and was honorably discharged June 1863, his father being lieutenant in the same regiment. Mr. Colgate was in several battles but came home unscathed. He is well and actively engaged in his business each day.

There are persons who are not actors, not speakers, but influences.—Emerson.

ELECTION.

The following is the vote in Woburn for President, Governor, Congressman, Senator, Representatives:

Wards	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Tt'ls.
PRESIDENT								
Chapin, Pb	0	2	2	0	0	1	1	6
Debs, S.	1	4	2	3	2	2	1	15
Reimer, S L	0	2	2	2	4	3	0	13
Roosevelt, Pg.	78	118	105	131	51	126	26	631
*Taft, R	103	111	122	113	37	106	55	647
Wilson, D	258	241	203	213	134	93	76	1218
Wilson's plurality 571. Taft's plurality in 1908, 162.								
GOVERNOR								
Bird, Pg.	81	114	106	140	54	109	27	631
*Foss, D.	268	260	207	213	125	102	87	1262
Mulligan, S L	1	2	3	5	2	2	1	15
Rand, Pb	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	3
Sawyer, S	2	3	2	3	0	3	0	13
Walker, R	00	124	120	103	32	119	43	631
CONGRESSMAN—5th District.								
Carroll, S	2	5	5	7	3	7	5	34
Osgood, Pg	52	63	60	33	37	62	10	367
O'Lullivan, D	261	266	211	223	134	90	78	1262
Rogers, R	129	158	163	145	44	179	68	846
SENATOR—6th Middlesex.								
Fay, R	113	150	153	128	52	171	68	835
Young, D	252	257	180	199	112	80	71	1151
Zueblin, Pg	67	80	89	117	40	76	14	483
REPRESENTATIVES—20th Middlesex.								
*Andrews, R	155	192	194	174	47	155	79	996
Dean, Pg	30	39	s5	52	27	45	8	246
Dorr, Pg	53	68	85	99	32	68	14	419
Flint, D	198	198	135	150	97	63	58	899
*Parker, D	309	295	252	277	127	120	87	1467
Upton, R	66	96	90	89	47	123	39	550

	Andrews	Dean	Dorr	Flint	Parker	Upton
Burlington	53	11	17	17	43	42
Wilmington	113	73	50	44	55	142
Reading	443	293	292	219	198	594
North Reading	52	58	50	30	23	94
Totals,	1657	681	828	1309	1776	1422

*Candidates for re-election.

City Council.

Nine Aldermen met in the Council chamber last night and in one and a half hours transacted considerable business of importance which will relieve the tax payers the present year of some of their idle or hord earned cash to meet the appropriations then made for the maintenance of the various city departments.

Charles L. O'Neil was granted an auctioneer's license. Charles L. Loring was granted a license to sell ice cream on Sunday, and Lieut. Daniel J. Canty was granted permission to have 8 minor children appear in a play to be given hy the Knights of the Sacred Heart.

The location of telephone poles were put on their way to second reading.

The various reports of city officers were received and placed on file.

The petition of Clarence H. Kean to be retired from the police department was referred to the committee on police and licenses, the city clerk, city phisician and chief of police for investigation.

New fire alarm boxes to be located at the corner of Montvale avenue and Washington street, and at the corner of Bennett street and Church avenue were ordered.

The claim of James Wolfe for $150, was granted.

The order for $45,000 for municipal loan, $1,000 for highway department and $2,000 for general highway use were given their second reading.

The following transfers from miscellaneous department were made:

$600 Street Lights
200 Soldiers Relief
500 Salaries
1000 Relief of the Poor
200 Stationery and Printing
1000 Police
1000 Almshouse
5000 Fire Department
500 Election Expenses
400 Health Department
150 Sidewalk on Eastern ave

$3,000 additional to the budget appropriation of $20,000 was sent on its way for the Water Works maintenance account.

The Demons Of The Swamp

are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C. "three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since.' Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50 cts. at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

Odd.

Everett Shinn, whose paintings of ballet girls have made him well known, said at a dinner in New York:

"Very few artists can draw a horse, yet any horse can draw an artist, and, by the same token, few artists can paint a ballet girl, yet any ballet girl can paint herself."—New York Press.

Mother as an Accelerator.

Registry Clerk—It is necessary for me to ask the mother of the bride if she has nothing to say before I proceed with the ceremony. Voice of Mother (in background)—All I have to say is that if I hadn't had a good deal to say already they never would have landed here.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, its some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

ATTACKS OF HICCUPS.

If Persistent They May Carry With Them a Grave Warning.

Hiccup is the spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm. It may be a symptom of the most trivial importance that yields to the simplest kind of treatment or of a serious and intractable affection that persists for a long time and even produces death by exhaustion No one may hope to be entirely free from hiccup; in its simple form it is extremely frequent, but upon the whole it is more common with children than with adults.

Sometimes the attack comes on without any apparent cause, but it may follow a sudden chill, such as that caused by stepping from a warm bed to a cold room; it may accompany a violent fit of crying, or it may be due to the distension of the stomach by food or gas. Severe fright or nervous shock has also been known to lead to intractable attacks of hiccups.

A feeble infant with whom hiccup comes to be of daily occurence often falls into a state of extreme exhaustion. In such a case great care should be taken to ward off or put an early stop to the attack.

Where there is any serious disorder of the abdominal organs, persistent hiccup is a disquieting symptom, and when it occurs as an accompaniment of kidney disease it is almost always of grave significance.

In simple cases very slight measures are sufficient to put an end to the attack Anything that causes a feeling of suffocation will generally effect a cure, because that feeling naturally results in a forced contraction of the diaphragm One old fashioned remedy is the slow sipping of a glass of water; another is the drawing and holding of deep breaths at regular intervals.

In the case of small babies, a mere change of position will sometimes stop an attack. When the hiccup does not yield promptly to simple measures, careful search should be made for the cause In the case of infants or small children, this is usually connected with the diet.—Youth's Companion.

KISSING IN ENGLAND.

Its Prevalence at One Time Used to Puzzle Foreign Visitors.

Kissing, which has been officially prohibited at the railway station of Sarmen, in Switzerland, flourished in England in the seventeenth century to such an extent that the foreign visitor was bewildered by its prevalence. Nicolaus de Bethlen, who traveled in England in 1663, writes that "my brother and I behaved very rudely on one occasion, being unaware that it was customary in that country to kiss the corner of the mouth of ladies, instead of shaking hands, as we do in Hungary. We were invited to dine at the house of a gentleman of high rank and found his wife and three daughters (one of them married) ready to receive us. We kissed the girls, but not the married ladies, and thereby greatly offended the latter. Duval apologized for our blunder and told us that when saluting we must always kiss the senior lady first and leave the girls to the last"

The learned and sedate Erasmus in 1499 wrote a Latin letter from England to his friend Fausto Anfrolini advising him to come here at once, for, he remarks: "Here are girls with angels' faces who will receive you with kisses. They come to visit you, kisses again. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance—in fine, wherever you move there is nothing but kisses."

In 1466 a Bohemian nobleman named Leo von Rozmital visited England and in the "Journal of His Travel," published in 1577, he noted, "It is the custom there that on the arrival of a distinguished stranger from foreign parts the hostess with all her family goes out to meet him and the guests are required to kiss them all, and this among the English was the same as shaking hands among other nations."—Chicago News.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—Shakespeare.

What Texans Admire

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman of San Antonio. We find he writes, that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made. Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney troubles. 25c. at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

The Open Door to Long Distance Calls

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New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

CARE FOR SICK ON TRAINS.

German Roads Have Special Cars For Transporting Invalids.

Excellent facilities are afforded in Germany for transporting invalids and cripples who are unable to walk, according to our consul at Brunswick. The German railroad system provides a first class car for invalids who can afford to use it. This car is fitted with every possible convenience for the sick. A special apartment, opening on the level of the station platform, with a double door, so that a stretcher can be carried in without the slightest difficulty, is set apart for the invalid and attendants. The balance of the car contains a kitchen, where meals can be prepared, and a section handsomely upholstered for members of the family or accompanying friends. For invalids who travel second or third class an apartment on an ordinary car is used, opening in like manner with a double door on the station platform.

The charges for transporting sick and helpless persons have hitherto been moderate. For invalids traveling third class the charge has been the cost of four tickets, free transport being granted for two attendants. This rate is still granted when the car containing the invalid apartment belongs to a regular train with a fixed destination; otherwise in the future six tickets second class must be purchased. In addition to the cost of these tickets there will be an additional charge of 7 pfennigs (1¾ cents) per axle and kilometer (0.62 mile) for the time the car runs empty before and after the transport of the invalid to the point of destination.

For example, if the invalid is transported from Berlin to Hamburg, 290 kilometers (180 miles), when the car containing the invalid apartment forms part of the regular train the charge will be 35.6 marks ($8.47); if the same car is specially ordered the chage will be 164.64 marks ($39.18).—United States Consular Reports.

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the purse full.—Simmons.

Helps a Judge In a Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucken's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

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Violin and Piano-forte
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To Let.

In West Medford. A convenient sunny house of nine rooms Bath, set tubs, gas; some hardwood floors. Five minutes from steam trains. Two lines of electric cars to Boston. One to Everett. Apply to agent N. E. WILBER West Medford; or to owner, Medford Tel. 1074-M.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In Boston, Oct. 30, by Rev. A. H. Nazarian, James M. Farris of Woburn and Elizabeth A. Pratt of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 4, Sarah B. Parker, aged 72 years, 9 months, 29 days.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Berkshire Pattern.

When You Buy Spoons

knives, forks, etc., buy reliable brands, even if they do cost a little more. They are worth the difference. If "1847" is a part of the stamp it insures genuine Rogers quality, famous for wear. Full trade-mark—

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

WE WILL MAIL YOU $1
per set of old false teeth which are of no value to you. Highest cash prices paid for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and precious stones.
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KEEP ADDRESS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Stephen R. Moreland, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Edward F. Johnson who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

25-1-8 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the State Board of Insanity, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John C. Nichols of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward for his maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of November, A. D, 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the State Board of Insanity seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

25-1-8 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of George Chalmer Munroe formerly of Woburn, in said County, an absentee.

WHEREAS, Sarah M. Munroe receiver of the property of said absentee, has presented her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, certain real estate therein specified, of said absentee for investment.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-sixth day of November, A.D. 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

8-15-22 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
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S. FRANK SHERMAN,
118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

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In High Prices!

Gran. Sugar, 5¼c. lb.
Pillsbury's Best Flour 90c. bag, $6.75 bbl.
Best Shrimp, 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Campbell's Soups 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Soup 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Milk 8c. can 2 cans for 15c.
Van Camp's Spaghetti, 15c. can.
Macaroni 7c. package
Shredded Wheat 10c. package
New Buckwheat 10c. package
New Pancake Flour 10c. package
Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit 12c. package.
Grape Nut 13c. package 2 for 25.
Best Rice 10c. lb. 3 lbs for 25c.
10 cakes Chick Soap for 25c.

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has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 6.15 A.M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M. SUNDAY at 6.15 A.M., and every 30 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 7.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, 11.45 P.M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 1.15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P.M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A.M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P.M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P.M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P.M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P.M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A.M., and every 30 minutes to 11.45 P.M. SUNDAY at 9 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P.M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

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C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning. 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN. Canesat Chairs Reseated.
Telephone 492 W

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
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Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Seven remarkable all-star features, everyone of them new to Boston audiences, are included in the bill announced for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week. With Nina Payne and company in G. Molasso's spectacular Parisian pantomime, "La Somnambule," Albert Von Tilzer, the song writer; Ray Cox; Graham Moffatt's Players in "The Concealed Bed;" the Great Fulgora; Tom Dingle and the Esmeralda Sisters; and Harvey Devora Trio among the principal features, the program abounds in novelty and fun. "La Somnambule" is by far the most startlingly sensational dancing act Mr. Molasso has ever produced. Mlle. Payne is not only a skillful pantomimist, but a woman of striking beauty, and she is supported by a large company of French artists; Albert Tilzer, the composer of many catchy popular song hits will sing some of his latest compositions; while Ray Cox brings a new act that is in itself a striking novelty Miss Cox appears in a big aeroplane high above the stage, introducing some of her well known character impersonations and songs. Graham Moffatt, author of "Bunty Pulls The Strings," is responsible for "The Concealed Bed," presented by a troupe of bona-fide Scottish comedians; while Tom Dingle, the famous eccentric dancer, and the Esmeralda Sisters are another pair of newcomers. The Act Beautiful is the story of a hunting trip reproduced in marble statuary, while the Harvy Devora Trio is a lively turn. Other features yet unannounced will complete the bill.

THE TREMONT.

Henry Miller scored an overwhelming success at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, in his big New York hit of last season, "The Rainbow." The Boston critics are unanimous in their praise for the beautiful play that was the reigning dramatic success on Broadway last season and are no less enthusiastic about the really wonderful acting done by Mr. Miller and his superb supporting company. Here are just a few opinions by Boston reviewers.

The Globe says: "'The Rainbow' is a delightful entertainment and deserves its success."

The Journal says: "It has a fine and real human appeal."

The Post says: "It is a positive delight to view Henry Miller's work in his now famous play."

The American says: "'The Rainbow' clutches the heart. It is as natural as life itself."

The Record says: "It is sound in its humanity, natural in its dialogue and rich in comedy."

The Herald says: "It is a simple, natural, affecting story. One that appeals to all."

The Transcript says: "'The Rainbow' is not merely amusing. It has individuality and its outlook upon life, in play of wit, humor and sentiment. And it overflows with charm."

Capacity audiences have been the rule at every performance of "The Rainbow" since Henry Miller began his Boston run at the Tremont Theatre last Monday night. The engagement in Boston is limited and the positive announcement is made that Mr. Miller will not present the play in any other New England city this season. Immediately following the Boston engagement he goes direct to Philadelphia and Chicago for additional runs that will last until next summer.

THE COLONIAL.

There will be a gala engagement when Victor Herbert's newest and most successful comic opera "The Enchantress" comes to the Colonial Theatre Monday night for a three weeks engagement with beautiful Kitty Gordon, the famous English prima donna, in the stellar role. The piece is Mr. Herbert's favorite composition and, with a number of critics, he believes that it surpasses even his other noted successes "Babes in Toy land" and "Mlle. Modiste" Certainly Mr. Herbert has never allowed more exquisite melodies, more truly lilting dance music and triumphant finales to ripple from his pen. Both "The Enchantress" and Miss Gordon come with the endorsement of a highly prosperous run of five months at the New York Theatre. She, it will be remembered, is the strikingly handsome English prima donna, whom the notable French sculptor, Rodin, called at a symposium of French artists last summer, the most beautiful woman on the stage.

The piece is a genuine light opera woven around a love story of the gay Crown Prince of a mythical kingdom—a story brimming with humor and amusing situations.

Mr. Gaites, in his twenty years as manager, has never made so lavish a production and he has been unusually fortunate in the selection of a cast. The settings and costumes are said to have cost in the neighborhood of $60,000 before the piece opened. The operetta is interwoven with buoyant breezy dances, delightfully presented by fascinating Mamye Gehrue and Ralph Riggs and Katherine Witchie, the new Australian eccentric dancers, who came suddenly into fame in "The Enchantress" during the run at the New York Theatre, through their sensational work.

BOSTON THEATRE.

CLIFTON CRAWFORD.

—IN—

"MY BEST GIRL."

Clifton Crawford, foremost among the singing comedians of the day, has at last achieved stellar honors and under the management of Henry B. Harris will come to the Boston Theatre for a limited engagement in his new play, "My Best Girl," beginning Monday evening, November 11. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday and a special matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

The piece has just closed a long engagement at the Park Theatre, New York City, and comes with an excellent company direct for its engagement in Boston. Besides Mr. Crawford there will be found in the company some of the best known musical comedy people of our stage and a chorus of girls notable for their singing no less than their comeliness.

The story of "My Best Girl" has to do with Dickie Vanderfleet (played by Mr. Crawford) He finds himself one morning in a car in an automobile salesroom. He had started on the night before for the Mauretania and has been returned to the salesroom with the car. The car contains another passenger, a little girl who has crawled among the cushions to get warm. Upon discovering the girl Vanderfleet begins a romance which ends in his betrothal to "my best girl." This consummation, however, is not reached without startling events. Believing that in a fight the night before he has killed a man, he changes clothes with a chaffeur named Sandy Brown. Brown happens to have enlisted in the regular army and failed to report, so Vanderfleet is dragged away to serve three years. The second act finds the young man amidst the army hardships on Governor's Island. The third act shows a road house in winter. It is operated by Sammy Brown and there young Vanderfleet now released from the army goes. Here he meets the girl of his choice and all ends happily.

Henry B. Harris has given to Mr. Crawford's piece the splendid production which it warrents. The three acts are beautifully mounted and the gowns of the girls elaborate and the last word in fashion's speech. "My Best Girl," it is promised will be the best sort of musical comedy entertainment.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

David Belasco's production of "The Concert," that exceedingly well acted and brilliant comedy that is now being presented at the Hollis Street Theatre, begins its second and last week next Monday night. This return engagement of "The Concert" promises to be a memorable one. Mr. Belasco has made several changes in the cast from when it was seen here last year and these changes have been improvements. The most important one, of course, being the leading female role, which is now played by Isabel Irving.

The main character of "The Concert" is still played by Leo Ditrichstein. Mr. Ditrichstein, who adapted this play from a German one of the same name, adds to the gaiety of the day by his remarkable impersonation of a musical genius.

Mr. Belasco has seen to it that Mr Ditrichstein was ably supported. In addition to Miss Irving, the leading woman, the other fourteen speaking parts are all well played, even the minor ones. Miss Catherine Proctor plays the foolish sentimental pupil who runs away to the bungalow with the musician, and her sane and sensible husband is played by Nye Chart.

"The Concert" is an unusual comedy inasmuch as the majority of the characters are portrayed by women. There are only three male parts in the play. Because of this reason it makes a particularly strong appeal to women playgoers. There will be a matinee on Wednesday and Saturday.

THE GAIETY.

An announcement will soon be made of the coming to Boston of one stellar aggregation of stars, that will surprise even the regular theatre patrons. In the last few years we have had several All-Star Revivals, the Lambs and Friars Star Gambols, etc., but the first and only burlesque Jubilee will be seen here the week of November 11 at the Gayety Theatre. This signal honor was tendered Al. Reeves, who will head this big organization, as Mr. Reeves is considered without a peer in his line. When he consented to appear, it was agreed that this would be an event second to none in the history of Refined Burlesque.

The Big Jubilee Company will travel by special train and only the more important large cities will be visited on the tour. There are two good reasons why patrons should get seats at once; First, this big cast will appear at regular house prices; Second, the sale will be taken at the Box Office, by mail or phone now. First come, first served. No speculators will be sold any seats. The sale of seats will be limited to not over ten seats to any one person.

Escapes An Awful Fate.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now. Quick and safe, its the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

WINCHESTER.

The Parish Reception, one of the leading social events each year in the First Congregational church, will be held this evening and preparations have been made for an enjoyable evening. A committee of ladies have the affair in charge, with Mrs. F. N. Kerr and Mrs. George S. Rice as chairmen.

Although but a short time has elapsed since the Calumet Club enlarged its bowling capacity by the addition of two alleys, its equipment is at present inadequate and it is now proposed to build two more alleys. The matter is in charge of a committee composed of Messrs. Charles C. Rogers, Charles S. Tenney and George S Littlefield.

Frank H. Leonard, C. S. B., will deliver a lecture on "Christian Science and its Mission" in the Town Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 11, at 8 o'clock.

Constipation

"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful

DR. KING'S New Life Pills

Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N. Y.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

ART IN WAXWORK

Figures Made Nowadays That Are Really True to Life.

A SCULPTOR AND HIS MODEL.

When the Artist Cannot Get a Sitting From His Subject He Works From a Photograph or a Description—The Way the Effigies Are Made.

Dickens described Mrs. Jarley's famous waxworks as being "divers sprightly effigies of celebrated characters that stood more or less unsteadily upon their legs, with their eyes very wide open and their nostrils very much inflated and all staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing." But Mrs. Jarley was sure they were "so like life that if waxworks only spoke and moved about you'd hardly know the difference."

"I won't go so far as to say," ventured that estimable showwoman, "that I've seen waxworks quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like waxworks."

If Mrs. Jarley were with us today she could find plenty of wax figures that are altogether "quite like life," for the art of counterfeiting humanity has made great advances since the days of Mrs. Jarley.

Today waxworks are used for a variety of purposes. The United States army, navy and medical departments make extensive use of them. Wax figures form part of the outfit of many recruiting stations. The quartermaster's department uses them to show army costumes. The hospital service employs them to depict surgical operations. Museums use wax figures. Shopkeepers use them for displaying garments. Various waxworks exhibitions are still popular. And in every exposition nowadays hundreds of wax figures are used to portray life in distant times and climes.

Like any other commodity, wax figures can be had "ready made" or constructed "to order." The ready made kind are used principally in shop windows. The wax heads, arms and hands of these—the bodies are made of papier mache—are cast in stock molds, just as ready made coats are cut after stock patterns. They sell by the dozen and cost only $6 or $7 apiece.

The made to order wax figure is cast in a specially made mold, accurately fashioned after the given model and as carefully finished as a piece of statuary, which indeed it is. The very lowest cost for such a wax figure is $25, and from that sum the price runs as high as $200. It all depends upon the amount of time and labor expended by the artist.

The sculptor in wax begins a new figure by making a sketch of his subject. When he cannot get a sitting from his subject he makes use of a photograph or a written description. Skillful photographers can give descriptions of people they have photographed that are amazing for accuracy of detail. From this sketch a clay model is made. When this has hardened it is covered with plaster to form a mold. Imbedded in the plaster are strings, which, being pulled out just before the plaster is fully dry, cut the hardening mold in half, so that when firm it can be lifted off in sections.

Into this mold is poured in due time the wax, which it takes half a day to prepare. This wax must be melted and worked over and colored to match the complexion of the subject. Finally it is poured into the mold and allowed to harden.

The cast is first "trimmed up," all roughness and irregularities being smoothed off. Then the eyes are inserted. These are glass eyes that match exactly the shade of the subject's eyes.

Lastly the hair is put on. Strangely enough, this is a most difficult operation, for the hair of a wax image is not, as one might think, merely a wig laid on. To be sure, it is a wig, and it matches exactly the subject's hair, but it must be made to "grow." That is, it must seem to spring from the scalp and grow at various angles just as real hair does. So it must be put in and not on the scalp. The hair is inserted with needles, numbers of which are imbedded in a wooden handle so that the hair ends can be forced into the wax several at a time.

The most difficult task of all is to make whiskers look natural. To make the beard grow naturally with the correct "grain" every one of the thousands of hairs, each one-quarter of an inch long, has to be inserted separately—a labor that occupies many hours.

Mme. Tussaud was the originator of the waxworks exhibition. She was born in Switzerland in 1760 and when six years old was sent to Paris to be placed under the care of her uncle, M. Curius, artist to Louis XVI. Under him she studied drawing and modeling. In 1772 she opened the first waxworks in the Palais Royal. Figures of royalty comprise the principal exhibits of the waxworks of Europe. In this country the waxworks are more diversified. Any one who catches the public eye, be he murderer or president, is deemed a fitting subject for display. As interest in one character dwindles another figure must take its place, so that there is a constant changing of exhibits. It is interesting to note that in the leading American waxworks more than 2,000 different figures were exhibited in twenty-five years.—Harper's.

In the true life of the individual each day is the beginning of a new year.—Jordon.

Ventilation.

Have we ever stopped to think how our ancestors two or three generations back lived and flourished with little or no ventilation in their sleeping apartments? The night air used to be considered a very dreadful menace to health and a sure inducer of colds. Bedrooms were kept closely shut, and yet our ancestors, many of them, were hardier than we and lived to good old ages. Animals burrow in their holes at night, breathing the same air over and over again, while birds and fowls tuck their heads under their wings. Of course ventilation is absolutely necessary for proper comfort, cleanliness and health, but people have lived on little or none of it for hundreds and thousands of years.—Exchange.

Many Children Are Sickly.

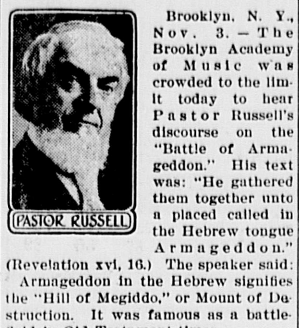
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

ARMAGEDDON OF THE SCRIPTURES

Startling Presentation of Coming Events.

PASTOR RUSSELL'S VIEWS.

Churches of All Denominations and the Civil Powers of Earth Are About to Unite In Common Cause—Powerful Influence Preparing For the Battle of Armageddon—A Reign of Anarchy Will Be the Result of the Warfare Until The Messiah Takes Control.


PASTOR RUSSELL

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The Brooklyn Academy of Music was crowded to the limit today to hear Pastor Russell's discourse on the "Battle of Armageddon." His text was: "He gathered them together unto a placed called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." (Revelation xvi, 16.) The speaker said:

Armageddon in the Hebrew signifies the "Hill of Megiddo," or Mount of Destruction. It was famous as a battlefield in Old Testament times.

The Lord has seen fit to associate the name Armageddon, with the great controversy between Truth and Error, right and wrong, God and Mammon, with which this Age will close, perish, and the New Age of Messiah's glory be ushered in. He has purposely used highly symbolical figures of speech in the last book of the Bible, evidently with a view to hiding certain important truths until the due time for their revealment. But even in the due time, the Bible assures us, "None of the wicked shall understand" (Daniel xii, 9, 10)—none who are out of heart harmony with God—but only the wise of His people—the "wise virgin" class of the Master's parable.

I have long avoided presentation of my understanding of our text and its context. I take it up now by request and because I believe it is due time to be understood. I disclaim any special inspiration. In some particulars my views agree with those of other Bible students, and in other respects they disagree. Each hearer must use his own judgment, do his own Bible study, and reach his own conclusions.

Kindly remember that I am not responsible for the figures of speech used by the Lord. My interpretations do indeed constitute a terrible arraignment of institutions which we have all reverenced and which embrace good people, of good words and good works. God's saintly people in these various institutions, being comparatively few, are ignored when systems as a whole are dealt with in prophecy.

The Dragon, Beast, False Prophet.

Our context tells us that three impure spirits (teachings) will go forth from the mouths of the Dragon, the Beast and the False Prophet, and these three will be in accord, and symbolically the doctrines are represented by "frogs." These three doctrines are to have a mighty influence throughout the civilized earth. They are to gather the kings and their armies to the great Battle of Armageddon.

The ecclesiastical kings and princes, and their retinues of clergy and faithful adherents, will be gathered in solid phalanx—Protestant and Catholic. The kings and captains of industry, and as many as can be influenced by them, will be gathered to the same side. The political kings and princes, with all their henchmen and retainers, will follow in line on the same side. The financial kings and merchant princes, and all whom they can influence by the most gigantic power ever yet exercised in the world, will join the same side, according to this prophecy.

These "doctrines of demons," represented by the "frogs," will lead many noble people in this great army to assume an attitude quite contrary to their preference. For a time the wheels of liberty and progress will be turned backward and medieval restraints will be considered necessary for self-preservation—for the maintenance of the present order of things.

In giving this interpretation, it is necessary for us to indicate what is symbolized by the Dragon, the Beast, and the False Prophet. Bible students of nearly all denominations agree with us that the "Dragon" of Revelation represents the purely Civil Power. Protestant interpreters generally agree that the "Beast like a leopard" (Revelation xiii, 2) represents the Papacy. But fewer still, we fear, will be ready to support our view that Protestantism is the "Image of the Beast" (Revelation xiii, 15) in our context given another name, "the False Prophet." We urge no one to accept our interpretation, nor shall we think hard of any who refuse it. We will neither slander nor otherwise injure them now, nor threaten them with eternal torture. They have the same right to their views that I have, and the same right to make them known to others. And I, for one, will be very glad to consider anything which opponents may set forth as their interpretations of our text.

"Unclean Spirits Like Frogs."

The symbolisms of Scripture, rightly understood, are always forceful. When the Holy Spirit used a "frog" to symbolically represent certain doctrines or teachings, we may be sure the true application will fit well. A frog has a sage look, a wise look. It swells itself up in an apparent endeavor to impress the beholder. Its great mouth well represents its chief power, used to croak.

Applying these symbols, we learn that an evil spirit, influence, teaching, will come from the Protestant churches federated, from the Church of Rome, and from the Civil authorities, all in full agreement. The spirit of all will be boastful; an air of superior wisdom and knowledge will be proudly assumed—all will croak in harmony. All will tell of dire results that would follow, involving the interests of both the present and the future life, if their counsel be not followed. However conflicting the creeds, the differences will be ignored in the general proposition that nothing ancient must be disturbed, or looked into, or repudiated.

The Divine authority of the Church, and the Divine right of kings, aside from the Church, will not be allowed to conflict. Any persons or teachings in conflict with these boastful and unscriptural claims will be branded as everything vile, at the mouths of these "frogs" speaking from pulpits and platforms and through the religious and secular press. The nobler sentiments of some will be strangled by the philosophy of the same evil spirit which spoke through Caiaphas, the high priest, respecting Jesus. As Caiaphas declared it expedient to commit a crime in violation of justice, human and Divine, to be rid of Jesus and His teachings, so this "frog" spirit will approve of every violation of principle necessary to their self-protection.

The croaking of these "frog" spirits or doctrines will gather the kings and princes, financial, political, religious and industrial into one great army. The spirit of fear, inspired by the croakings of these "frogs," will scourge the passions of otherwise good and reasonable men to fury, desperation. In their blind following of these evil spirits, evil doctrines, they will be ready to sacrifice *life* and everything on the altar of what they mistakenly suppose is justice, truth and righteousness, under a Divine arrangement.

For a brief time, as we understand the Scriptures, these combined forces of Armageddon will triumph. Free speech, free mails, and other liberties which have come to be the very breath of the masses in our day, will be ruthlessly shut off under the plea of necessity, the glory of God, the commands of the Church, etc. All will seem to be serene, until the great social explosion in our context described as the "great Earthquake." An "earthquake," in symbolic language, signifies social revolution, and the declaration of the context is that none like unto it ever before occurred. (Revelation xvi, 18, 19.) Jesus described it as a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation.—Matthew xxiv, 21.

The Lord Will Gather Them.

The false, frog-like teachings will gather together into one host the great, the rich, the wise, the learned and the kings of the earth, to battle. At this juncture Divine Power will step forward, and our text tells us that *HE* shall gather the marshaled hosts to Armageddon—to the Mountain of Destruction. The very thing which they sought to avert by their union, federation, etc., will be the very thing they will hasten. Other Scriptures tell us that God will be represented by the Great Messiah, and that He will be on the side of the masses. Thus we read in Daniel xii, 1: "At that time shall Michael [the Godlike One—Messiah] stand up"—assume authority. He will take possession of His Kingdom in a manner little looked for by many of those who erroneously have been claiming that they were His Kingdom, and authorized by Him to reign in His name and in His stead.

Jesus declared, "His servants ye are unto whom ye render service." Some may be rendering service to Satan and to error, who claim to be rendering service to God and to righteousness; and some of these may be serving ignorantly, as did Saul of Tarsus, who "verily thought that he did God a service" in persecuting the Church. The same principle holds true reversely. As an earthly king does not hold himself responsible for the moral character of each soldier who fights in his battles, so the Lord does not vouch for the moral character of all who will enlist and fight on His side of any question. "His servants they are to whom they render service," whatever the motive or object prompting them.

The same principles will apply in the coming Battle of Armageddon. God's side of that battle will be the people's side, and the very nondescript host, the people, will be pitted at the beginning of the battle. Anarchists, Socialists, and hot-headed radicals of every school of reason and unreason, will be in the forefront of that battle. The majority of the poor and the middle class prefer peace at almost any price. A comparatively small number, God's consecrated people, will at heart be longing for Messiah's Kingdom. These will bide the Lord's time and wait patiently for it; they will be of good courage, knowing the *outcome* outlined in the "more sure word of prophecy," to which they have done well to take heed, "as unto a light shining in a dark place until the Day dawn."—II Peter i, 19.

The masses will be restless of their restraints, but will be conscious of their own weakness as compared to the kings and princes, financial, religious and political, which will then hold sway. Besides, the masses have no sympathy with anarchy. They realize truly that the worst form of government is better than none. The masses will seek relief through the ballot and peaceful re-adjustment of earth's affairs for the elimination of evil, for the placing of monopolies and utilities and the supplies of nature in the hands of the people for the public good. The crisis will be reached when the hitherto upholders of law shall become violators of the law and resisters of the will of the majority as expressed by the ballot. Fear for the future will lead the well-meaning masses to desperation; and anarchy will result when Socialism fails.

The Cloud's Silver Lining.

Horrible would be this outlook for the future did we not have the infallible Word of God assuring us of a glorious outcome! Divine Wisdom has withheld until our day the great knowledge and skill which is at the same time breeding millionaires and discontents. Had God lifted the veil a thousand years sooner, the world would have lined up for its Armageddon a thousand years sooner. But that would have been too soon for the Divine purpose, because Messiah's Kingdom is to be the great Thousand-Year-Sabbath of the world's history. God in kindness veiled our eyes until the time when the gathering to Armageddon would immediately precede Messiah's taking to Himself His great power, and beginning His reign.—Revelation xi, 17, 18.

"Send Them Strong Delusions."

St. Paul wrote prophetically of our time, that it would be one of serious trial and testing to many professing to be Christians. The reason for this he states—they received not the Truth in the love of it. (II Thessalonians ii, 10, 11.) They preferred their own erroneous theories, the Apostle explains, and therefore God will give them over to a "strong delusion," and let them believe the lie which they preferred, and let them suffer for missing the Truth which they did not love. Thus they will be in the condemned host, "fighting against God," because of their lack of love for the Truth.

It is sad to say that we all as Christians have been laboring under a thorough delusion respecting God's Plan. We have claimed that Christ set up His Church in Kingdom power, and that the Church has been reigning on the earth as His representative. On the strength of this delusion, Jews and heretics have been persecuted to death as opponents to Christ's Kingdom. All the while we thoughtlessly repeated the Lord's prayer: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as in Heaven." We knew that the Redeemer said that He would come again to make us His Bride and joint-heirs; but we ignored the Scriptures. We were drunk, as the Scriptures symbolically say, "all nations were drunk" with the false doctrine. It is this false doctrine that will constitute the "frog" spirit which soon will begin to croak and to prepare for Armageddon.

The Bible presentation is that the world is a section of the universe in rebellion against Divine authority, under the captaincy of Satan and his associated fallen angels. By Divine grace Jesus has already "tasted death for every man," and the merit of that sacrifice must, eventually, grant Adam and his posterity a full, fair opportunity for the attainment of everlasting life. All who thus see the Divine program and are walking in the light may know something at least respecting the "times and seasons." These brethren "are not in darkness, that that day [and that battle of Armageddon] should overtake" them "as a thief"—unawares.

Armageddon Not Yet but Soon.

For forty years the Armageddon forces have been mustering for both sides of the conflict. Strikes, lockouts and riots, great and small, have been merely incidental skirmishes as the belligerent parties crossed each other's paths. Court and Army scandals in Europe, Insurance, Trust and Court scandals in America, have shaken public confidence. Dynamite plots, charged by turns on employees and on employers, have further shaken confidence and tended to make each distrustful of the other. Bitter and angry feelings on both sides are more and more manifest. The lines of battle are daily becoming more distinctly marked. Nevertheless Armageddon cannot yet be fought. Other matters intervene, according to prophecy.

Gentile times have still two years to run. The "Image of the Beast" of our context must yet receive *life*—power. The Image must be transformed from a mere mechanism to a living force. Protestant Federation realizes that its organization will still be futile unless it receive vitalization—unless its clergy directly or indirectly shall be recognized as possessed of apostolic ordination and authority to teach. This the prophecy indicates will come from the two horned beast, which, we believe, symbolically represents the Church of England. High-handed activities of Protestantism and Catholicism, operating in conjunction for the suppression of human liberties, await this vivifying of the Image. This may come soon, but Armageddon cannot precede it, but must follow—perhaps a year after it, according to our view of the Prophecy.

Still another thing intervenes: Although the Jews are gradually flowing into Palestine, gradually obtaining control of the land of Canaan, and although reports say that already nineteen millionaires are there, nevertheless prophecy requires an evidently larger number of wealthy Hebrews to be there before the Armageddon crisis be reached. Indeed we understand that "Jacob's trouble" in the Holy Land will come at the very close of Armageddon. Then Messiah's Kingdom will begin to be manifested. Thenceforth Israel in the land of promise will gradually rise from the ashes of the past to the grandeur of prophecy. Through its Divinely appointed princes Messiah's Kingdom, all-powerful but invisible, will begin to roll away the curse and to lift up mankind.

ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

The Prized Gem Only the Brilliant Sarcophagus of a Worm.

Science has discovered the real origin of the pearl to be a worm. Dr. Hugh M. Smith gives some interesting information on this subject in the National Geographic Magazine.

We know that almost any foreign body—a grain of sand, a bit of mud or shell, a piece of seaweed or a small animal—may by its irritation cause the mollusk to cover it with nacre and make it the nucleus of a pearl, but the largest part of the annual pearl crop of the world is due to parasites that normally pass a part of their life cycle within the shell of the pearl oyster.

Minute spherical larvae of marine worms known as cestodes become imbedded in the soft tissues, as many as forty having been found in one Ceylon oyster. As the result of irritation the oyster forms a protecting sac about the intruder, and then, if the larva dies, its body is gradually converted into carbonate of lime, and the pearly mass proceeds to grow with the shell.

If the larva lives it may pass into the body of the strong jawed trigger fishes which prey on the pearl oysters, there undergoing further development. Ultimately it reaches the body of the great rays, which in turn eat the trigger fishes. In the rays the worms attain full development and produce larvae that are cast into the sea and find lodgment in pearl oysters. Thus the cycle is begun once more.

We may literally accept the saying of a celebrated French investigator that "the most beautiful pearl is in reality only the brilliant sarcophagus of a worm."

FAITH OF THE FOREST.

Curious Traits of One of the Savage Tribes of Siberia.

Concerning one of the obscure races of northwestern Siberia a traveler writes: "A few of the traits of these curious people may prove of interest, as they show that environment is the strongest factor in determining character. Their intense superstition is accounted for by innate fear of all things they cannot understand. Their shyness, dislike of strangers and dread of their lamas and chiefs are again the result of superstition and seclusion. Sadness and melancholia are stamped on their faces, as is natural to a people who are in constant fear of the genii of the mountains, rivers and forests, whose whole time is taken up with propitiating the gods lest evil befall them.

"The Uriankhal is a product of the forest as the Arab is of the desert. The one is the antithesis of the other. Environment has molded the character of each to his surroundings. The fearless believer in one God, the nomad of the sunlit desert, compares strikingly with the superstitious inhabitants of dark, damp forests, fearsome of evil spirits and cringing under their witch doctors.

"All through life the forest dweller is in fear of offending the deities, and at death his corpse is carried out and placed on some lone hilltop, where the wild beasts are expected to devour it if the man has led a good life, but bad Uriankhal have not that doubtful honor bestowed upon them."—Chicago News.

MUTTON BIRDS IN MILLIONS.

Armies of Them Blacken New Zealand's Sky Every Spring.

Yearly, at the coming of spring, the thousand coastal islands of New Zealand, more especially those lying toward the south, become the temporary homes of myriads of mutton birds, which pay a visit for the nesting season. Out of the silence of the great southern ocean come the birds in vast armies. Low flying over the water, for the most part close in shore, the huge flocks draw dark parallels of shadow across the seascape. The birds fly in separate bands, disciplined and massed in a serried whole—a continuous stream that passes between sea and sky. Each army shows a front of perhaps a quarter of a mile, the huge length stretching away league after league into interminable distance.

Stand on the brow of some coastal headland and watch the passage of one of these bird armies. It is a wonderful sight. Far below one looks down on a heaving floor of close packed, undulating black backs, lit by a myriad scintillations of white tipped wings. So close is the floor, so serried the ranks of the fliers, that the water beneath is hidden as with a carpet.

Hour after hour the passage of the army continues, from dawn till dark and far into the night. In the night the noise of countless beating wings that surges up over the cliff head tells that the army is still on the move till the whir of wings and cries of the rear guard beating up the stragglers grow faint in the distance and one realizes that at last the mighty host has passed on its way.—Wide World Magazine.

DISMAL ENGLISHMEN.

Despair Over the State of the Country Becoming Chronic.

Dr. Forbes Ross, a well known London physician, says that England is "drifting toward the day when the average Englishman's face will be that of the typical criminal." He believes, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, that "the better classes of England cannot keep pace with the fearful stress of taxation and other burdens imposed upon them and are therefore being wiped out. In other words, modern legislation * * * is replacing the better classes by a mixture of sheep and wild beasts and the nation is being propagated by those retaining primordial qualities and the primitive instinct and the average Englishman at this rate will soon have a depraved gorilla countenance."

Despair over the state of the country is almost a national characteristic of the English. They are never so happy as when they are being gloomy about themselves. Any copy of any English paper will show that the English people are going to the demnition bowwows. The English addiction to patent medicines is another evidence of this general tendency to low spirits. Other nations see nothing in particular the matter with the English. They seem to outsiders to be doing fairly well as nations go. What they really need is a course of mental science and practice in the cheerful point of view.

The Danes and Britain.

John Ackworth, an English dialect novelist, who made a special study of the dialects of Lancashire, Yorkshire, the east coasts and also of the Danes, shows that the Danes by their early landings and sojournings in England have influenced the language of the east coasts of Britain to an extraordinary degree and that the Danes and the British in spite of apparent differences are one practically in speech and language as well as in the relationship of blood. "So strong is the English of the east coasts of England impregnated with Danish," John Ackworth once said, "that I am sure that if a fisherman from the east coasts of England were to be wrecked on the shores of Denmark and he would only speak in his true native dialect that fisherman would be able to make himself understood."

MARK TWAIN IN UNIFORM.

Occasion When the Humorist Posed as General Sherman.

Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's tells of the time when Mark Twain on his way to West Point to deliver an address found himself in the same train with General Sherman, who had been attending a dinner in Hartford.

"A pleasant incident followed, which Clemens himself used to relate. General Sherman attended the banquet and Secretary of War Robert Lincoln. Next morning Clemens and Twichell were leaving for West Point, where they were to address the military students, guests on the same special train on which Lincoln and Sherman had their private car. This car was at the end of the train, and when the two passengers reached the station Sherman and Lincoln were out on the rear platform addressing the multitude. Clemens and Twichell went in and, taking seats, waited for them.

"As the speakers finished the train started, but they still remained outside, bowing and waving to the assembled citizens, so that it was under good headway before they came in. Sherman came up to Clemens, who sat smoking unconcernedly.

"'Well,' he said, 'who told you you could go in this car?'

"'Nobody,' said Clemens.

"'Do you expect to pay extra fare?' asked Sherman.

"'No,' said Clemens; 'I don't expect to pay any fare.'

"'Oh, you don't! Then you'll work your way.'

"Sherman took off his coat and military hat and made Clemens put them on.

"'Now,' said he, 'whenever the train stops you get out on the platform and represent me and make a speech.'

"It was not long before the train stopped, and Clemens, according to orders, stepped out on the rear platform and bowed to the crowd. There was a cheer at the sight of his military uniform. Then the cheer waned, became a murmur of uncertainty, followed by an undertone of discussion. Presently somebody said:

"'Say, that ain't Sherman; that's Mark Twain,' which brought another cheer.

"Then Sherman had to come out, too, and the result was that both spoke. They kept this up at the different stations, and sometimes Robert Lincoln came out with them, and when there was time all three spoke, much to the satisfaction of their audiences."

Had to Creep.

"Why do you say 'A blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff'?" asks the editor.

"Because," explains the society editor, "there was so much powder on her face the blush had to creep or else it would raise too much dust!"

SIXTY BELOW

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was cold up there in the Klondike region. Ben Fleming thought he had experienced bitter cold in northern New England, but it had never been 60 degrees below the zero mark, as it was here. He only set his teeth the firmer, bought heavier clothing and delved hopelessly for gold.

Fleming had a part ownership in a small claim in the new strike near Dawson. It was sheer luck his being let into it, for he had reached the Yukon almost penniless. He had happened to save the life of a well equipped prospector going north, and the man—Ellison—had rewarded him with a tiny share in the new mine. If it had not been for his meeting Ellison and this stroke of good luck Ben might have starved to death in the cold unfriendly north country.

"What you going to call it?" asked Ben as he trudged home with Ellison the day they had struck the yellow metal in the new mine.

"I guess 'Sixty Below' will about hit it," laughed Ellison as he unlocked the door of their rough cabin.

"It deserves a better name than that," argued Ben as he raked down the fire.

"Don't feel as though you could spend gold that felt as cold as that sounds?"

"I don't want it to spend," said Ben hastily, a red flush staining his brown cheek.

"Miser!" jeered Ellison in high spirits, as in the growing warmth of the one room cabin he removed his warm furs and emerged a tall, stoutly built figure with bearded cheeks, and bright blue eyes.

"Money is worth the greatest good it will bring," muttered Ben Fleming moodily.

"And for the young chap like you, Ben, it can bring nothing less than a dandy good time," assured his partner.

Ben Fleming did not reply. He busied himself preparing the evening meal, much of it concocted from the

"NEVER MIND ME," ASSURED ELLISON, "I KNOW WHAT GIRLS ARE"

contents of various tinned provisions, but when it was ready it smelled good and tasted better. Ellison smacked his lips and drew up to the rough board table.

"Some girl has missed a good husband who can cook," he laughed as he helped himself to potatoes fried brown and crisp.

Ben was pouring coffee. "Some girl has no use for me," he said drily.

For an instant Ellison's brows drew together, and then he scanned Ben's face intently.

"Some girl back in Connecticut, or did you say it was Massachusetts?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

"I didn't say," retorted Ben.

"Oh!" Ellison smiled in his beard.

"I don't want to be grouchy," apologized Ben hastily, for Ellison was a good fellow and, although considerably older than himself, had proved himself companionable and a thoroughly fast friend to the young stranger.

"Never mind me," assured Ellison. "I know what girls are. Why, it was a girl sent me to the arctic circle twenty years ago, and it was a girl sent me this time. Why, I had given up prospecting for good and was taking my ease back there in—er—the state where I came from when I got my walking papers for the Yukon, and so I came. With my customary good luck I struck pay dirt again."

"The same girl didn't send you twice?" asked Ben, curious in his turn.

"Lord, no! The first girl—that was twenty years ago, and I was a young chap like you then—sent me up here to make my fortune; said she'd marry me when I'd made it. Well, I did make it, but when I got back home I'll be blanked, Ben, if she hadn't gone and married another fellow, a measly little clerk in a shoe store without a penny to his name, after sending me up here to have my hide frozen stiff. That girl had some nerve."

"I should say so," breathed Ben hastily. He was looking rather wildly at his companion. "Do you suppose any girl would do that? You needn't answer that question. I know she wouldn't," he added fervently.

"There are girls and girls," observed Ellison, apparently quite oblivious to Ben's agitation. "Now, this second girl who sent me is a different sort, but she's got a nerve too!"

"How?"

"Instead of wanting me to stay home and keep out of danger she sends me off up here on a wild goose chase."

Ellison sank into silence while he smoked his pipe, and Ben, as the junior member of the firm, washed up the dishes and then drew up a chair on the other side of the table and lighted his own pipe. There were some months or so old newspapers on the table, but they were new to these men, and they read them eagerly.

Ben finished his first and sank into abstracted silence. Suddenly he looked up to meet Ellison's kind eyes bent upon him.

"Feeling low, Fleming?" asked the other man. "I don't want to butt in, you know, only if it will relieve your mind to tell it to any one why fire away. It will go no further."

"I know that. Yes, there is something, and it's a girl too," confessed Ben.

"Confounded trouble makers—God bless 'em!" commented Ellison.

"I—I don't suppose I've had your experience. I've only seen one girl I ever—cared much about."

"That's enough."

"There's certainly variety enough in it," smiled Ben. "You see, I didn't have anything and her folks are pretty well to do, and when her father asked me how I was going to support her in the manner he had always done, why, I just threw up my hands and said I couldn't do that, of course—not just now—but she was willing to wait for me." Ben paused.

"Well?" urged Ellison after awhile.

"Oh, you see her father laughed and said money wasn't made so rapidly as all that. He said he supposed we wanted to be married while we were young. I said yes—in a year or so—and he laughed again and said it would take some time for a clerk in the railroad office to work himself up to be division superintendent or something like that. The second time he laughed and made me mad. I told him I'd come back in a year with money enough to marry her, and I said I was so sure of her love and loyalty that I wouldn't even see her before I went away. I knew she'd wait for me.

"I didn't count on falling sick in Seattle and breaking so into my money. That's how you found me down and out."

"Huh, if you hadn't saved my life down there on the river where would I have been, eh? If there's a balance of gratitude it's on the other side of the ledger. What does the girl say now?"

"I haven't heard a word from her," said Ben dejectedly. "I suppose I ought not to have gone off without seeing her. I couldn't say goodby, and, besides, I suppose I was ripping mad at the old man."

"It wasn't being quite square with her," admitted Ellison soberly. "You see, if you'd consulted her perhaps she would have preferred to marry you poor as you were. You ought to have given her the chance anyway."

"I realize it. I know it. And the thought strikes a chill to my heart that's way below your 60 degrees. I've written twice, and I've never had a word in reply."

There was an instant's silence. Then Ellison spoke across the table, and Ben looked up quickly to see the bright blue eyes fixed intently upon him under the glow of the lamp.

"Perhaps she's moved away and didn't get your letter," he suggested crisply.

"Why, hardly that. You see, her home was in Cleveland, and she would not be likely to"—

"Perhaps her father died and she was adopted by an uncle who lived in California. Perhaps she is there." The older man spoke forcefully, convincingly.

"Why, it might be. She did have an uncle in California. It's queer you should have hit upon that, Ellison." Ben looked at his partner with a puzzled expression.

"Not so queer, young man. The curious part of it is that I didn't suspect you before." Ellison's tone was sharp.

"Suspect! What do you mean?" Ben paled and arose, leaning across the table to stare into Ellison's face.

"I told you a girl sent me up here to the Yukon country. It was my niece. Her father has recently died, and as her mother, who was my only sister, is dead, I have adopted her. She makes her home with me in southern California. Grace Ellison Gary is my niece!"

"Grace Ellison Gary is your niece?" Ben chattered the words incredulously. "She sent you up here?"

"After you—what the deuce is your name? She said Benjamin Carwood. You pose as Ben Fleming."

"Benjamin Fleming Carwood," said Ben dizzily. "What—why did she send you after me?"

"Because she wants you to come back, you young idiot!"

"And you knew she wanted me all these months we have been together, and because of this wall of reserve between us—why, I've been so down and out sometimes I've felt like throwing myself down the shaft. I wonder if there will come a chance for me to go home soon?" Ben looked wistfully at his companion.

"I guess there will. I've had an offer for the mine as she stands now, and we better take it and divide. Then we can go home next month. In the meantime, as your heart is down at 60 degrees below zero, I'll just deliver this letter Grace sent up to you if I should find you, and I trust the contents will thaw you out." And Ellison smiled as he delivered the precious missive into Ben's eager hands.

MONEY A NATION'S SYMBOL.

Its Appearance Reflects the Character of Its People.

The form taken by money in each country is a curiously accurate indication of the character and tastes of the inhabitants thereof, writes James Davenport Whelpley in the Century. The stately English banknote of splendid workmanship and uncompromising severity, the German note with its rude proportions and florid style of finish, the American certificate of most convenient size, perfect workmanship, crispness of design and with the glint of the metal it stands for; the slovenly Italian paper money, dirty, carelessly cut and to be carefully inspected before it is accepted as genuine, and then the beads and shells of the savage.

There is no better illustration of this reflective character than the money of France. Carefully adjusted in size to fit the wallet carried by every careful Frenchman—and all Frenchmen are careful of money—fine of texture, artistic in design and light and delicate in coloring, it possesses a fineness beside which the money of other nations looks cold and brutal. In the same way the French show fineness and subtlety in their manner of living, their loves and hates, their crimes, their politics, their fighting, and even in their trade and manufacturing. They have no real competitors in this.

The One to Be Pleased.

"No," said Packham, "we never have boiled ham at our house any more."

"Why," said Ascum, "I thought you were very fond of it."

"So I am, but my wife's pet dog won't eat it at all."—Detroit Free Press.

His Punishment.

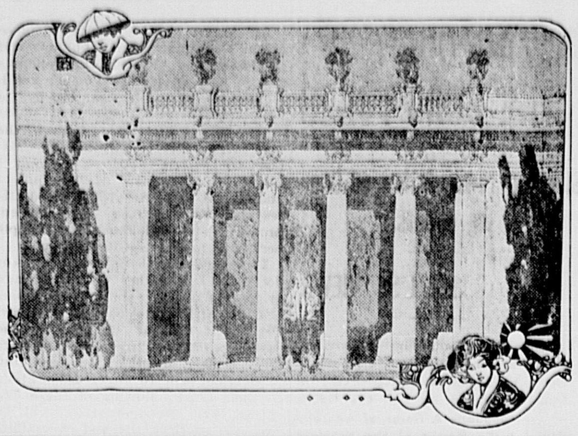
"What punishment did that defaulting banker get?"

"I understand his lawyer charged him $40,000."—Washington Herald.

A Fiver.

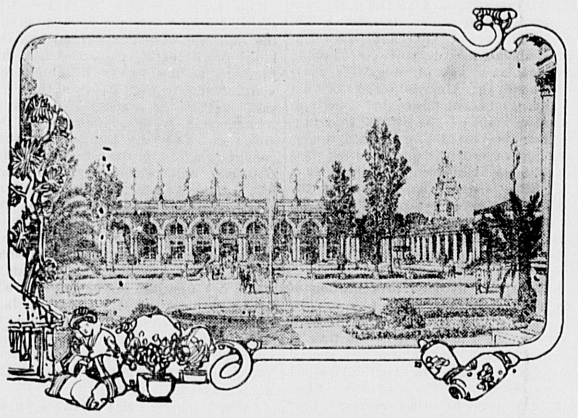
"In what shape did he appeal to you for help?"

"His appeal was V shaped."—Baltimore American.



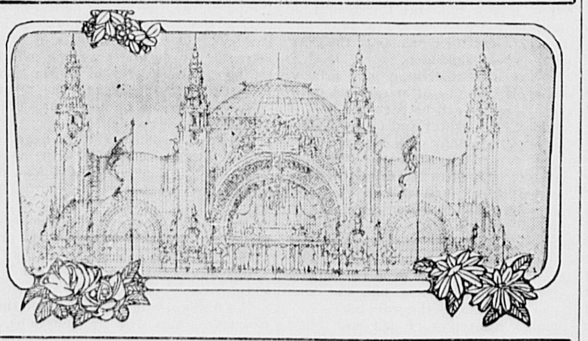
STUDY OF THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

TO the west of the great Court of Honor at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will come the Court of Four Seasons, one of the most elaborate and beautiful of the great interior courts that will lie between the huge exhibit palaces of the main group. The walls of the court will be partly formed by the palaces of Liberal Arts and of Education and by the two great wings of the Palace of Agriculture and partly by the classic colonnades and peristyles that will connect these buildings. The Court of Four Seasons, in classic Italian architecture, is designed by Mr. Henry Bacon of New York, designer of the Lincoln Memorial. In harmony with the title of the court there will, in each of its four corners, be set groups of statuary symbolical of the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The sculpture will be set in niches screened by colonnades. Mural paintings, also suggestive of the seasons, will form the background for the setting. Mr. Jules Guerin, the noted artist, has charge of the color plan. The Court of Four Seasons will be 340 feet square.



SERVICE BUILDING, FIRST STRUCTURE TO BE ERECTED BY THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

BIDS have been let for the Service Building, the first structure to be erected upon the Panama-Pacific International Exposition site. The structure will be three stories in height and will be occupied by the exposition force during the building of the great fair. It will be 150 feet square with an interior court of 58 by 104 feet. The environing grounds will be picturesque with flowers, fountains and statuary. The first floor will be occupied by the auditor, treasurer, railroad exhibits, admissions and concessions, police, information, telegraph and emergency hospital departments; the second floor will be occupied by the architectural, mechanical, electrical and civic engineering departments; the third floor will be used for blue printing, photograph and color studios. It is expected that the building will be completed by the first of the year.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

ONE of the most notable buildings at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will be the great Palace of Horticulture, constructed of glass, covering over five acres, or two city squares in extent, and surmounted by a dome 150 feet high. The Palace of Horticulture will be set in a great tropical garden near the main entrance to the exposition grounds. It will be 672 feet long and its greatest width will be 320 feet. An impressive nave eighty feet high will run the length of the building and paralleling the central nave on either side will be two side aisles fifty feet in height. At the main entrance to the building a huge arch will be adorned with classic bas-reliefs suggestive of the purpose of the structure. The entrance and interior of the Palace of Horticulture will be decorated with trellises upon which flowering vines will be trained. When the exposition opens the Horticultural Palace will appear as if set in the heart of a marvelous garden. Although wood will be used in connection with glass the Palace of Horticulture will be in every sense a glass palace; it will be the largest glass structure ever built. During the night illuminations at the exposition the vast surface of the building will present unusual and beautiful reflections.

EYES OF A PORTRAIT.

Why They Seem to Follow Observers Moving To and Fro.

The fact that the eyes of some portraits follow the observer as he moves to different positions has always been looked upon as a triumph of realism. Although the phenomenon has been exaggerated in some instances, it is not a myth. If the eyes of the portrait look at the observer in a favorable position they will continue to do so within a wide angle extending to any situation where a view is possible. Contrarily, if the eyes do not intentionally look at the observer they will not do so even though he take his station at a point where the painted gaze is seemingly directed.

Suppose that the portrait head is in three-quarter face turned to our left, with the eyes turned toward the spectator. If we move to the right we do not obtain another view of the head—that is, we do not move into the profile view that would be the case in real life. We see the same three-quarter head, but lessened in perspective. The picture itself is on a flat canvas and becomes narrowed in perspective, as does any flat surface beheld at less than a right angle. A square seen at less than a right angle tends toward the projection of an oblong. Under these conditions the face of the portrait becomes elongated proportionally. It still looks at the spectator because it possesses all the drawing that was seen in the front view, narrow now because viewed from an acute angle.

This fact will be more readily understood by the spectator if he will half close his eyes until unable to appreciate the surroundings of the picture and the acute angle which the painted surface bears to him. The contraction of the features will be apparent at once. The photograph of a portrait at an acute angle would show the perspective narrowing more plainly. It is this contracted portrait that is seen upon moving to the right or left of it. The principle would be the same if the spectator take a station higher or lower than the picture, except that the head would then appear to be widened instead of narrowed. Whatever the position of the spectator, the eyes will look at him (if they do so in the first place) because there is no other place for them to look.—Harper's Weekly.

Vacations In German Banks.

As an inducement for its clerks to take their vacations in the winter instead of during the usual vacation season the Imperial Bank of Germany is offering its clerks extra time off if they take their outings between Sept. 15 and May 1. The bank finds it necessary to employ hundreds of extra clerks in the summer months to take the places of those who are on vacation and believes that if the outings are spread over the whole year business will be less handicapped.—Argonaut.

Many things are well done that are not worth doing.

WHEN LIFE IS DONE

Some Peoples Give Their Dead to Animals to Devour.

PECULIAR FUNERAL CUSTOMS

Among Many Races There Are Different Methods of Burial For Men and Women—Rites That Are Inspired by Fear of the Spirit of the Departed.

Strange indeed are many of the ceremonies attending the disposal of the dead in different parts of the world, and, following the natural order of things, the more primitive the nation the more primitive its methods. The rudest mode now prevalent is that of simply leaving the body exposed, but the ways of exposure vary considerably. Some wandering tribes act on the maxim, "Where the tree falls, there let it lie," and, leaving the dead behind, move their camp to pastures new. The Wanyamwesi, however, carry their dead into the forest to be devoured by beats of prey, while some of the tribes of Guinea throw the corpse into the sea.

The Kamchadales keep dogs to consume their dead, under the strange impression that those who are devoured by dogs will be the masters of fine dogs in the world beyond. The Parsees, although a cultured nation, place their dead in a round tower, called a tower of science, and the vultures who make such towers their habitation finish the work. In Dahomey it was been stated that a person whose body has been struck by lightning is hacked to pieces and devoured by the priests.

Burial, of course, has many different forms, the simplest of which is perhaps the piling of stones or thorns over the body to keep off wild beasts. Some tribes bury their children by the roadside, so that their souls may enter into the bodies of the passersby. Burial in the earth is an earlier custom than that of cremation, embalming, or drying the body by suspending it from a tree, and many nations have more than one custom—for instance, merely burying their women, while the men are embalmed or dried.

An instance of several customs being in common use in one tribe is to be seen among the Kalmucks. They either expose, bury, burn, throw the body into the water, pile over it a heap of stones or build a hut over it, doing whatever the priest considers to be the most suitable. The position of the body also varies considerably, but as a general rule the head is laid either to the east or to the west. The Bongos, however, are an exception, for they bury the women with the face to the south, and the men with the face to the north.

"Among the primitive nations the expressions of grief at the loss of the deceased, grief not untinged with fear of him in his new state, and vent in self inflicted tortures and other tremendously exaggerated expressions of woe. The inhabitants of New Zealand—the aborigines that is—bedaub themselves with pigment and wound themselves with broken shells. The Hawaiians go still further, knocking out their teeth and cutting off an ear or finger joint, while, when Hawaii was under the rude of monarchs, at the king's death the nation at large feigned madness through grief, and this was the signal for unbridled license of every description.

No nation is there, as a whole, which believes that the soul does not continue to exist after it leaves the body, and the origin of many funeral rites is the belief that death means the soul's transition from one state to another and that it is necessary to entertain the soul on the journey; hence it is that wives, servants, horses, money, weapons, musical instruments, meat and drink are among the things buried with the body. The Laplanders supply the corpse with flint, steel and tinder wherewith to obtain light by the way, and the Gouds even place toothpicks in the grave.

Rather a touching custom is prevalent among the Greenlanders, for on the death of a child they bury a dog with it to guide it, certain that a dog will find his way anywhere. The Russians have a custom of placing a paper passport in the hand of the deceased to be shown to Peter at the gate of heaven, while at one time in Wales "sin eaters" were employed, who by eating a loaf of bread over the dead body took upon themselves the burden of the deceased's sins.

It would seem that the fear of being haunted by the ghost of the departed has had no small effect upon many of the rites practiced for the Egyptians turn the body round and round so as to confuse the spirit's idea of direction, while the peasants of Brandenburg pour a pail of water after the corpse to prevent its return, and the aborigines of Australia remove the nails of the dead, so that they may not scratch their way out of the grave.—London Globe.

Queer Justice.

Prison Visitor—My friend, you ought not to complain. You are here to satisfy the demands of justice. Prisoner—Not much I am. For months my creditors kept urging me to raise money and when I raised a check they put me in jail. I'm blamed if I can see how you call that justice.

Top Buttonhole of a Coat.

The buttonhole in one's coat does not owe its origin to the once universally worn flower, but to our ancestors' habit of buttoning their coats right up to the neck. Fashion changed, the coat was turned back, forming what the tailor calls the "lapel," and the buttonhole was utilized for the flower, which old portraits tell us was before this time tucked into the waistcoat near the waist, or if a belt were worn, in the belt. The primitive use of the buttonhole is still seen in the overcoat, which has a companion button on the other side for use in rough weather.—London Chronicle.

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax and white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 10, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Hos. vii—Memory Verse, 2—Golden Text, Isa. v, 11 (R. V.)—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

I am in doubt about this chapter being the one assigned for the world's temperance Sunday, but it is the one on the printed slip of lessons for the year, and we will find a profitable study by taking some statements from the whole book, which we must consider in order to understand this chapter. There being no memory verse, I have suggested verse 2, because our great failure as well as theirs is that we do not consider Isa. i, 3; v, 12; xliv, 19; Mark vi, 52. As to our own doings, they are the great hindrance and keep so many from turning to God (Hos. v, 4, and margin). As to the king, made glad by lies and wickedness, joining hands with scorners and giving himself bottles of wine (verses 3-7), Ahaz would fill the bill perfectly (II Chron. xxviii, 1-4, 19). Pride, drunkenness, rebellion against God, giving strength to strangers and unconscious but manifest physical failure (verses 9, 10, 13, 14) are some characteristics of the drunkard set forth in these verses.

In verses 11, 16, we see reliance upon human help instead of upon God, and we are reminded of the many cures for drunkenness tried in homes for inebriates, when there is only One that can really deliver. He is always ready to have mercy and may be heard saying to the drunkard and to every sinner, "Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help" (vi, 6; xiii, 9). Israel, here called Ephraim, is spoken of in many ways and by many figures regarding their turning away from the Lord, and these words are true also of all sinners: "Destroyed for lack of knowledge, forgotten the law of God, left off to take heed to the Lord, have sown the wind and shall reap the whirlwind, have plowed wickedness and shall reap iniquity" (iv, 6, 10; viii, 7; x, 13). The cry of the Lord to the wandering ones to return to Him is heard in such words as these: "Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words and turn to the Lord. * * * I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely" (xiv, 1, 2, 4).

Two remarkable figures describing the professed people of God in their wanderings from Him are, "A cake not turned," "An empty vine bringing forth fruit unto himself" (vii, 8; x, 1), suggesting the life that is right outwardly, but wrong on the other side, and also the life which seeks only its own happiness. Drunkards, opium fiends and such like are, of all people, apt to be the most selfish and unreasonable and rebellious, counting all others foolish and mad, joined to their idols, and desiring to be let alone (ix, 7; iv, 16). Yet for even such there is deliverance if they will only turn to the Lord. Prophecy has become to me a fascinating study since I began to receive it as a light shining in a dark place—the words of the Holy Spirit by holy men, that we might know what God is doing and is going to do, written for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope (II Pet. i, 19-21; Amos iii, 7; Rom. xv, 4); since I have also found that He, Jesus Christ Himself, and His people Israel are the center of all the prophecy and that everywhere His and their glorious future is predicted as bringing blessing to the whole world (Acts x, 43; Rev. xix, 10; Isa. lx, 1-3; lxii, 1-3). In all prophecy He tells Israel plainly their sins, rebukes them, pleads with them, chastens them, but always tells of a glorious future, when they shall see evil no more, after they shall have truly repented and received their Messiah.

We might not have thought that Hos. xi, 1, had any reference to Christ, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him and called my Son out of Egypt," if we had not read it in Matt. ii, 15. But everywhere there are such plain or hidden references to Him. See His and their glorious resurrection in chapter vi, 2, 3: "After two days will He revive us. In the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight. * * * His going forth is prepared as the morning."

In the revised version that last clause is "sure as the morning." Rotherham translates it, "Like the dawn is His coming forth assured." And another translates it, "His coming is as certain as the dawn." It is perfectly in accordance with Hab. ii, 3; Heb. x, 37, "Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry." "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come and will not tarry." In the context of these two and in two other places we have the four times repeated saying, "The just shall live by faith" (Hab. ii, 4; Rom. i, 17; Gal. iii, 11; Heb. x, 38). May we follow on diligently to know the Lord until we see Him face to face.

The words in Hos. xiii, 14, concerning death and the grave take us to Isa. xxv, 8, 9, and on to I Cor. xv, 26, 54, 55; Rev. xxi, 4, when the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed and from such words as these I feel authorized to say that God hates death. What more important word could we have for our souls than Hos. xii, 6: "Turn thou to thy God. Keep mercy and judgment and wait on thy God continually." The message is not Hosea's, but the word of the Lord by Hosea, who was contemporary with Isaiah (Hos. i, 1, 2).

The Oldest Order.

What is the oldest order in existence? The claim is made for that of the holy sepulcher. It appears that no date or the name of a founder can be assigned to the Order of the Holy Sepulcher, though there is a legendary tradition that traces its origin to the time of Charlemagne. In the middle of the last century, however, when the Latin patriarchate of Jerusalem was re-established, the office of grand master of the order was transferred to it by Pope Pius IX, who many years later, in 1868, created by statute three ranks of the order—the grand cross, commander and knight. The costume is a white cloak with the cross of Jerusalem in red enamel. The pope himself is grand master of the order.—Westminster Gazette.

Contagious.

"Is insomnia a contagious disease?" asked the boob.

"No," replied the wise guy. "Why do you ask?"

"When my neighbor's dog can't sleep at night I can't either," replied the boob.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A. GRANT

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WHAT IS DIRT?

How the Question Was Answered by a Professor of Chemistry.

An old college professor used to say to his students: "What is dirt? Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentleman. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that dirty grease spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears. It is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt.

"That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it, analyze it! It will all separate into very clear elements.

"Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or fuller's earth.

"There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Nice, pearly face powder is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."—Exchange.

MIXED WIVES.

The Dilemma That Mr. Church Faced and How He Mastered It.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his early life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot.

In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed.

His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription.

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Exchange.

A Bit of English Humor.

An English humorist many years ago hit upon a neat way of scoring against certain politicians of the times. A comic journal, not being a newspaper within the meaning of the act, was prohibited from giving news, and so in place of a parliamentary report the humorist in question reported a few "first lines" from speeches by prominent members: "Sir Charles Wetherell said he was not sensible"— "Mr. Hunt was entirely ignorant"— "Lord Ashley said he should take the earliest opportunity of moving"— "Mr. Perceval presented a petition praying"— "Colonel Sibthorpe never could understand"— "Lord Lyndhurst said he must entreat of every one to give him credit"— "Sir Edward Sugden was not one of those who thought"— "Mr. Croker said he had the fullest assurance"—

THEY DID NOT RETURN.

The Four Men That Handled a Hearse In South Africa.

"Talking about omens," said the ex-Canadian soldier, "a queer thing happened in the Boer war.

"A troop of mounted rifles were returning after a hard day's scouting to our camp near Middleburg, in the eastern part of the Transvaal. On our way back we had to pass the town cemetery, which was on the side of a hill. Near the gate of the cemetery stood a shed in which was kept the town hearse.

"The doors of this building were open as we were riding past, and in some manner the blocks which were usually kept under the wheels of the hearse must have become dislodged, for the hearse slowly moved out of the shed and rolled down the hill into the middle of our party, who scattered in all directions.

"The officer in charge of the troop ordered four men to dismount and take the hearse back. Now comes the queer part. Soon after this we went to Cape Town and took ship for home. Every man of that scouting party returned alive and well to Canada except the four men who handled that hearse. Not a man of that four returned."

The former warrior paused and heaved a sigh.

"Good men, true comrades, they were," said he. "The reason they did not come back was because two of them got good jobs in Cape Town; the other two married Boer widows and settled down on farms," he said.—New York Sun.

Hope and Joy.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here. Joy has her tears, and transport has her death. Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong, man's heart at once inspirits and serenes, nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.—Young.

What Troubled Him.

"I've tried all kinds of health foods, but none of them seems to fit my case."

"What is it you are troubled with?"

"An appetite."—Boston Transcript.

A man should make sacrifices to keep clear of doing wrong; sacrifices will not undo it when it is done.

Business Cards.

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SIXTY BELOW

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was cold up there in the Klondike region. Ben Fleming thought he had experienced bitter cold in northern New England, but it had never been 60 degrees below the zero mark, as it was here. He only set his teeth the firmer, bought heavier clothing and delved hopelessly for gold.

Fleming had a part ownership in a small claim in the new strike near Dawson. It was sheer luck his being let into it, for he had reached the Yukon almost penniless. He had happened to save the life of a well equipped prospector going north, and the man—Ellison—had rewarded him with a tiny share in the new mine. If it had not been for his meeting Ellison and this stroke of good luck Ben might have starved to death in the cold unfriendly north country.

"What you going to call it?" asked Ben as he trudged home with Ellison the day they had struck the yellow metal in the new mine.

"I guess 'Sixty Below' will about hit it," laughed Ellison as he unlocked the door of their rough cabin.

"It deserves a better name than that," argued Ben as he raked down the fire.

"Don't feel as though you could spend gold that felt as cold as that sounds?"

"I don't want it to spend," said Ben hastily, a red flush staining his brown cheek.

"Miser!" jeered Ellison in high spirits, as in the growing warmth of the one room cabin he removed his warm furs and emerged a tall, stoutly built figure with bearded cheeks, and bright blue eyes.

"Money is worth the greatest good it will bring," muttered Ben Fleming moodily.

"And for the young chap like you, Ben, it can bring nothing less than a dandy good time," assured his partner.

Ben Fleming did not reply. He busied himself preparing the evening meal, much of it concocted from the

"NEVER MIND ME," ASSURED ELLISON, "I KNOW WHAT GIRLS ARE."

contents of various tinned provisions, but when it was ready it smelled good and tasted better. Ellison smacked his lips and drew up to the rough board table.

"Some girl has missed a good husband who can cook," he laughed as he helped himself to potatoes fried brown and crisp.

Ben was pouring coffee. "Some girl has no use for me," he said drily.

For an instant Ellison's brows drew together, and then he scanned Ben's face intently.

"Some girl back in Connecticut, or did you say it was Massachusetts?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

"I didn't say," retorted Ben.

"Oh!" Ellison smiled in his beard.

"I don't want to be grouchy," apologized Ben hastily, for Ellison was a good fellow and, although considerably older than himself, had proved himself companionable and a thoroughly fast friend to the young stranger.

"Never mind me," assured Ellison. "I know what girls are. Why, it was a girl sent me to the arctic circle twenty years ago, and it was a girl sent me this time. Why, I had given up prospecting for good and was taking my ease back there in—er—the state where I came from when I got my walking papers for the Yukon, and so I came. With my customary good luck I struck pay dirt again."

"The same girl didn't send you twice?" asked Ben, curious in his turn.

"Lord, no! The first girl—that was twenty years ago, and I was a young chap like you then—sent me up here to make my fortune; said she'd marry me when I'd made it. Well, I did make it, but when I got back home I'll be blanked, Ben, if she hadn't gone and married another fellow, a measly little clerk in a shoe store without a penny to his name, after sending me up here to have my hide frozen stiff. That girl had some nerve."

"I should say so," breathed Ben hastily. He was looking rather wildly at his companion. "Do you suppose any girl would do that? You needn't answer that question. I know she wouldn't," he added fervently.

"There are girls and girls," observed Ellison, apparently quite oblivious to Ben's agitation. "Now, this second girl who sent me is a different sort, but she's got a nerve too!"

"How?"

"Instead of wanting me to stay home and keep out of danger she sends me off up here on a wild goose chase."

Ellison sank into silence while he smoked his pipe, and Ben, as the junior member of the firm, washed up the dishes and then drew up a chair on the other side of the table and lighted his own pipe. There were some months or so old newspapers on the table, but they were new to these men, and they read them eagerly.

Ben finished his first and sank into abstracted silence. Suddenly he looked up to meet Ellison's kind eyes bent upon him.

"Feeling low, Fleming?" asked the other man. "I don't want to butt in, you know, only if it will relieve your mind to tell it to any one why fire away. It will go no further."

"I know that. Yes, there is something, and it's a girl too," confessed Ben.

"Confounded trouble makers—God bless 'em!" commented Ellison.

"I—I don't suppose I've had your experience. I've only seen one girl I ever—cared much about."

"That's enough."

"There's certainly variety enough in it," smiled Ben. "You see, I didn't have anything and her folks are pretty well to do, and when her father asked me how I was going to support her in the manner he had always done, why, I just threw up my hands and said I couldn't do that, of course—not just now—but she was willing to wait for me." Ben paused.

"Well?" urged Ellison after awhile.

"Oh, you see her father laughed and said money wasn't made so rapidly as all that. He said he supposed we wanted to be married while we were young. I said yes—in a year or so—and he laughed again and said it would take some time for a clerk in the railroad office to work himself up to be division superintendent or something like that. The second time he laughed and made me mad. I told him I'd come back in a year with money enough to marry her, and I said I was so sure of her love and loyalty that I wouldn't even see her before I went away. I knew she'd wait for me.

"I didn't count on falling sick in Seattle and breaking so into my money. That's how you found me down and out."

"Huh, if you hadn't saved my life down there on the river where would I have been, eh? If there's a balance of gratitude it's on the other side of the ledger. What does the girl say now?"

"I haven't heard a word from her," said Ben dejectedly. "I suppose I ought not to have gone off without seeing her. I couldn't say goodby, and, besides, I suppose I was ripping mad at the old man."

"It wasn't being quite square with her," admitted Ellison soberly. "You see, if you'd consulted her perhaps she would have preferred to marry you poor as you were. You ought to have given her the chance anyway."

"I realize it. I know it. And the thought strikes a chill to my heart that's way below your 60 degrees. I've written twice, and I've never had a word in reply."

There was an instant's silence. Then Ellison spoke across the table, and Ben looked up quickly to see the bright blue eyes fixed intently upon him under the glow of the lamp.

"Perhaps she's moved away and didn't get your letter," he suggested crisply.

"Why, hardly that. You see, her home was in Cleveland, and she would not be likely to"—

"Perhaps her father died and she was adopted by an uncle who lived in California. Perhaps she is there." The older man spoke forcefully, convincingly.

"Why, it might be. She did have an uncle in California. It's queer you should have hit upon that, Ellison." Ben looked at his partner with a puzzled expression.

"Not so queer, young man. The curious part of it is that I didn't suspect you before." Ellison's tone was sharp.

"Suspect! What do you mean?" Ben paled and arose, leaning across the table to stare into Ellison's face.

"I told you a girl sent me up here to the Yukon country. It was my niece. Her father has recently died, and as her mother, who was my only sister, is dead, I have adopted her. She makes her home with me in southern California. Grace Ellison Gary is my niece!"

"Grace Ellison Gary is your niece?" Ben chattered the words incredulously. "She sent you up here?"

"After you—what the deuce is your name? She said Benjamin Carwood. You pose as Ben Fleming."

"Benjamin Fleming Carwood," said Ben dizzily. "What—why did she send you after me?"

"Because she wants you to come back, you young idiot!"

"And you knew she wanted me all these months we have been together, and because of this wall of reserve between us—why, I've been so down and out sometimes I've felt like throwing myself down the shaft. I wonder if there will come a chance for me to go home soon?" Ben looked wistfully at his companion.

"I guess there will. I've had an offer for the mine as she stands now, and we better take it and divide. Then we can go home next month. In the meantime, as your heart is down at 60 degrees below zero, I'll just deliver this letter Grace sent up to you if I should find you, and I trust the contents will thaw you out." And Ellison smiled as he delivered the precious missive into Ben's eager hands.

MONEY A NATION'S SYMBOL.

Its Appearance Reflects the Character of Its People.

The form taken by money in each country is a curiously accurate indication of the character and tastes of the inhabitants thereof, writes James Davenport Whelpley in the Century. The stately English banknote of splendid workmanship and uncompromising severity, the German note with its rude proportions and florid style of finish, the American certificate of most convenient size, perfect workmanship, crispness of design and with the glint of the metal it stands for; the slovenly Italian paper money, dirty, carelessly cut and to be carefully inspected before it is accepted as genuine, and then the beads and shells of the savage.

There is no better illustration of this reflective character than the money of France. Carefully adjusted in size to fit the wallet carried by every careful Frenchman—and all Frenchmen are careful of money—fine of texture, artistic in design and light and delicate in coloring, it possesses a fineness beside which the money of other nations looks cold and brutal. In the same way the French show fineness and subtlety in their manner of living, their loves and hates, their crimes, their politics, their fighting, and even in their trade and manufacturing. They have no real competitors in this.

The One to Be Pleased.

"No," said Packham, "we never have boiled ham at our house any more."

"Why," said Ascum, "I thought you were very fond of it."

"So I am, but my wife's pet dog won't eat it at all."—Detroit Free Press.

His Punishment.

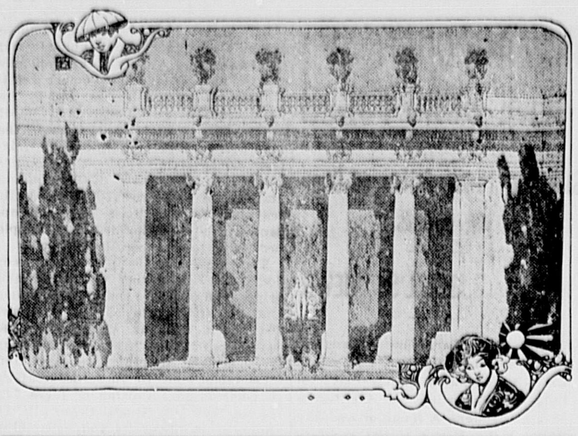
"What punishment did that defaulting banker get?"

"I understand his lawyer charged him $40,000."—Washington Herald.

A Fiver.

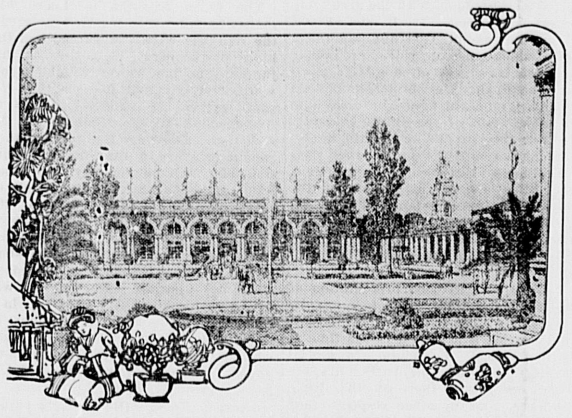
"In what shape did he appeal to you for help?"

"His appeal was V shaped."—Baltimore American.



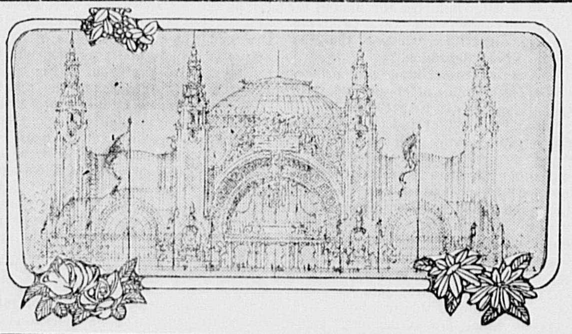
STUDY OF THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

To the west of the great Court of Honor at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will come the Court of Four Seasons, one of the most elaborate and beautiful of the great interior courts that will lie between the huge exhibit palaces of the main group. The walls of the court will be partly formed by the palaces of Liberal Arts and of Education and by the two great wings of the Palace of Agriculture and partly by the classic colonnades and peristyles that will connect these buildings. The Court of Four Seasons, in classic Italian architecture, is designed by Mr. Henry Bacon of New York, designer of the Lincoln Memorial. In harmony with the title of the court there will, in each of its four corners, be set groups of statuary symbolical of the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The sculpture will be set in niches screened by colonnades. Mural paintings, also suggestive of the seasons, will form the background for the setting. Mr. Jules Guerin, the noted artist, has charge of the color plan. The Court of Four Seasons will be 340 feet square.



SERVICE BUILDING, FIRST STRUCTURE TO BE ERECTED BY THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Bids have been let for the Service Building, the first structure to be erected upon the Panama-Pacific International Exposition site. The structure will be three stories in height and will be occupied by the exposition force during the building of the great fair. It will be 150 feet square with an interior court of 58 by 104 feet. The environing grounds will be picturesque with flowers, fountains and statuary. The first floor will be occupied by the auditor, treasurer, railroad exhibits, admissions and concessions, police, information, telegraph and emergency hospital departments; the second floor will be occupied by the architectural, mechanical, electrical and civic engineering departments; the third floor will be used for blue printing, photograph and color studios. It is expected that the building will be completed by the first of the year.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

One of the most notable buildings at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915 will be the great Palace of Horticulture, constructed of glass, covering over five acres, or two city squares in extent, and surmounted by a dome 150 feet high. The Palace of Horticulture will be set in a great tropical garden near the main entrance to the exposition grounds. It will be 672 feet long and its greatest width will be 320 feet. An impressive nave eighty feet high will run the length of the building and paralleling the central nave on either side will be two side aisles fifty feet in height. At the main entrance to the building a huge arch will be adorned with classic bas-reliefs suggestive of the purpose of the structure. The entrance and interior of the Palace of Horticulture will be decorated with trellises upon which flowering vines will be trained. When the exposition opens the Horticultural Palace will appear as if set in the heart of a marvelous garden. Although wood will be used in connection with glass the Palace of Horticulture will be in every sense a glass palace; it will be the largest glass structure ever built. During the night illuminations at the exposition the vast surface of the building will present unusual and beautiful reflections.

EYES OF A PORTRAIT.

Why They Seem to Follow Observers Moving To and Fro.

The fact that the eyes of some portraits follow the observer as he moves to different positions has always been looked upon as a triumph of realism. Although the phenomenon has been exaggerated in some instances, it is not a myth. If the eyes of the portrait look at the observer in a favorable position they will continue to do so within a wide angle extending to any situation where a view is possible. Contrarily, if the eyes do not intentionally look at the observer they will not do so even though he take his station at a point where the painted gaze is seemingly directed.

Suppose that the portrait head is in three-quarter face turned to our left, with the eyes turned toward the spectator. If we move to the right we do not obtain another view of the head—that is, we do not move into the profile view that would be the case in real life. We see the same three-quarter head, but lessened in perspective. The picture itself is on a flat canvas and becomes narrowed in perspective, as does any flat surface beheld at less than a right angle. A square seen at less than a right angle tends toward the projection of an oblong. Under these conditions the face of the portrait becomes elongated proportionally. It still looks at the spectator because it possesses all the drawing that was seen in the front view, narrow now because viewed from an acute angle.

This fact will be more readily understood by the spectator if he will half close his eyes until unable to appreciate the surroundings of the picture and the acute angle which the painted surface bears to him. The contraction of the features will be apparent at once. The photograph of a portrait at an acute angle would show the perspective narrowing more plainly. It is this contracted portrait that is seen upon moving to the right or left of it. The principle would be the same if the spectator take a station higher or lower than the picture, except that the head would then appear to be widened instead of narrowed. Whatever the position of the spectator, the eyes will look at him (if they do so in the first place) because there is no other place for them to look.—Harper's Weekly.

Vacations In German Banks.

As an inducement for its clerks to take their vacations in the winter instead of during the usual vacation season the Imperial Bank of Germany is offering its clerks extra time off if they take their outings between Sept. 15 and May 1. The bank finds it necessary to employ hundreds of extra clerks in the summer months to take the places of those who are on vacation and believes that if the outings are spread over the whole year business will be less handicapped.—Argonaut.

Many things are well done that are not worth doing.

WHEN LIFE IS DONE

Some Peoples Give Their Dead to Animals to Devour.

PECULIAR FUNERAL CUSTOMS

Among Many Races There Are Different Methods of Burial For Men and Women—Rites That Are Inspired by Fear of the Spirit of the Departed.

Strange indeed are many of the ceremonies attending the disposal of the dead in different parts of the world, and, following the natural order of things, the more primitive the nation the more primitive its methods. The rudest mode now prevalent is that of simply leaving the body exposed, but the ways of exposure vary considerably. Some wandering tribes act on the maxim, "Where the tree falls, there let it lie," and, leaving the dead behind, move their camp to pastures new. The Wanyamwesi, however, carry their dead into the forest to be devoured by beats of prey, while some of the tribes of Guinea throw the corpse into the sea.

The Kamchadales keep dogs to consume their dead, under the strange impression that those who are devoured by dogs will be the masters of fine dogs in the world beyond. The Parsees, although a cultured nation, place their dead in a round tower, called a tower of science, and the vultures who make such towers their habitation finish the work. In Dahomey it was been stated that a person whose body has been struck by lightning is hacked to pieces and devoured by the priests.

Burial, of course, has many different forms, the simplest of which is perhaps the piling of stones or thorns over the body to keep off wild beasts. Some tribes bury their children by the roadside, so that their souls may enter into the bodies of the passersby. Burial in the earth is an earlier custom than that of cremation, embalming, or drying the body by suspending it from a tree, and many nations have more than one custom—for instance, merely burying their women, while the men are embalmed or dried.

An instance of several customs being in common use in one tribe is to be seen among the Kalmucks. They either expose, bury, burn, throw the body into the water, pile over it a heap of stones or build a hut over it, doing whatever the priest considers to be the most suitable. The position of the body also varies considerably, but as a general rule the head is laid either to the east or to the west. The Bongos, however, are an exception, for they bury the women with the face to the south, and the men with the face to the north.

"Among the primitive nations the expressions of grief at the loss of the deceased, grief not untinged with fear of him in his new state, and vent in self inflicted tortures and other tremendously exaggerated expressions of woe. The inhabitants of New Zealand—the aborigines that is—bedaub themselves with pigment and wound themselves with broken shells. The Hawaiians go still further, knocking out their teeth and cutting off an ear or finger joint, while, when Hawaii was under the rude of monarchs, at the king's death the nation at large feigned madness through grief, and this was the signal for unbridled license of every description.

No nation is there, as a whole, which believes that the soul does not continue to exist after it leaves the body, and the origin of many funeral rites is the belief that death means the soul's transition from one state to another and that it is necessary to entertain the soul on the journey; hence it is that wives, servants, horses, money, weapons, musical instruments, meat and drink are among the things buried with the body. The Laplanders supply the corpse with flint, steel and tinder wherewith to obtain light by the way, and the Gouds even place toothpicks in the grave.

Rather a touching custom is prevalent among the Greenlanders, for on the death of a child they bury a dog with it to guide it, certain that a dog will find his way anywhere. The Russians have a custom of placing a paper passport in the hand of the deceased to be shown to Peter at the gate of heaven, while at one time in Wales "sin eaters" were employed, who by eating a loaf of bread over the dead body took upon themselves the burden of the deceased's sins.

It would seem that the fear of being haunted by the ghost of the departed has had no small effect upon many of the rites practiced for the Egyptians turn the body round and round so as to confuse the spirit's idea of direction, while the peasants of Brandenburg pour a pail of water after the corpse to prevent its return, and the aborigines of Australia remove the nails of the dead, so that they may not scratch their way out of the grave.—London Globe.

Queer Justice.

Prison Visitor—My friend, you ought not to complain. You are here to satisfy the demands of justice. Prisoner—Not much I am. For months my creditors kept urging me to raise money and when I raised a check they put me in jail. I'm blamed if I can see how you call that justice.

Top Buttonhole of a Coat.

The buttonhole in one's coat does not owe its origin to the once universally worn flower, but to our ancestors' habit of buttoning their coats right up to the neck. Fashion changed, the coat was turned back, forming what the tailor calls the "lapel," and the buttonhole was utilized for the flower, which old portraits tell us was before this time tucked into the waistcoat near the waist, or if a belt were worn, in the belt. The primitive use of the buttonhole is still seen in the overcoat, which has a companion button on the other side for use in rough weather.—London Chronicle.

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax and white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 10, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Hos. vii—Memory Verse, 2—Golden Text, Isa. v, 11 (R. V.)—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

I am in doubt about this chapter being the one assigned for the world's temperance Sunday, but it is the one on the printed slip of lessons for the year, and we will find a profitable study by taking some statements from the whole book, which we must consider in order to understand this chapter. There being no memory verse, I have suggested verse 2, because our great failure as well as theirs is that we do not consider Isa. i, 3; v, 12; xliv, 19; Mark vi, 52. As to our own doings, they are the great hindrance and keep so many from turning to God (Hos. v, 4, and margin). As to the king, made glad by lies and wickedness, joining hands with scorners and giving himself bottles of wine (verses 3-7), Ahaz would fill the bill perfectly (II Chron. xxviii, 1-4, 19). Pride, drunkenness, rebellion against God, giving strength to strangers and unconscious but manifest physical failure (verses 9, 10, 13, 14) are some characteristics of the drunkard set forth in these verses.

In verses 11, 16, we see reliance upon human help instead of upon God, and we are reminded of the many cures for drunkenness tried in homes for inebriates, when there is only One that can really deliver. He is always ready to have mercy and may be heard saying to the drunkard and to every sinner, "Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help" (vi, 6; xiii, 9). Israel, here called Ephraim, is spoken of in many ways and by many figures regarding their turning away from the Lord, and these words are true also of all sinners: "Destroyed for lack of knowledge, forgotten the law of God, left off to take heed to the Lord, have sown the wind and shall reap the whirlwind, have plowed wickedness and shall reap iniquity" (iv, 6, 10; viii, 7; x, 13). The cry of the Lord to the wandering ones to return to Him is heard in such words as these: "Return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words and turn to the Lord. * * * I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely" (xiv, 1, 2, 4).

Two remarkable figures describing the professed people of God in their wanderings from Him are, "A cake not turned," "An empty vine bringing forth fruit unto himself" (vii, 8; x, 1), suggesting the life that is right outwardly, but wrong on the other side, and also the life which seeks only its own happiness. Drunkards, opium fiends and such like are, of all people, apt to be the most selfish and unreasonable and rebellious, counting all others foolish and mad, joined to their idols, and desiring to be let alone (ix, 7; iv, 16). Yet for even such there is deliverance if they will only turn to the Lord. Prophecy has become to me a fascinating study since I began to receive it as a light shining in a dark place—the words of the Holy Spirit by holy men, that we might know what God is doing and is going to do, written for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope (II Pet. i, 19-21; Amos iii, 7; Rom. xv, 4); since I have also found that He, Jesus Christ Himself, and His people Israel are the center of all the prophecy and that everywhere His and their glorious future is predicted as bringing blessing to the whole world (Acts x, 43; Rev. xix, 10; Isa. lx, 1-3; lxii, 1-3). In all prophecy He tells Israel plainly their sins, rebukes them, pleads with them, chastens them, but always tells of a glorious future, when they shall see evil no more, after they shall have truly repented and received their Messiah.

We might not have thought that Hos. xi, 1, had any reference to Christ, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him and called my Son out of Egypt," if we had not read it in Matt. ii, 15. But everywhere there are such plain or hidden references to Him. See His and their glorious resurrection in chapter vi, 2, 3: "After two days will He revive us. In the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight. * * * His going forth is prepared as the morning."

In the revised version that last clause is "sure as the morning." Rotherham translates it, "Like the dawn is His coming forth assured." And another translates it, "His coming is as certain as the dawn." It is perfectly in accordance with Hab. ii, 3; Heb. x, 37, "Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry." "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come and will not tarry." In the context of these two and in two other places we have the four times repeated saying, "The just shall live by faith" (Hab. ii, 4; Rom. i, 17; Gal. iii, 11; Heb. x, 38). May we follow on diligently to know the Lord until we see Him face to face.

The words in Hos. xiii, 14, concerning death and the grave take us to Isa. xxv, 8, 9, and on to I Cor. xv, 26, 54, 55; Rev. xxi, 4, when the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed and from such words as these I feel authorized to say that God hates death. What more important word could we have for our souls than Hos. xii, 6: "Turn thou to thy God. Keep mercy and judgment and wait on thy God continually." The message is not Hosea's, but the word of the Lord by Hosea, who was contemporary with Isaiah (Hos. i, 1, 2).

The Oldest Order.

What is the oldest order in existence? The claim is made for that of the holy sepulcher. It appears that no date or the name of a founder can be assigned to the Order of the Holy Sepulcher, though there is a legendary tradition that traces its origin to the time of Charlemagne. In the middle of the last century, however, when the Latin patriarchate of Jerusalem was re-established, the office of grand master of the order was transferred to it by Pope Pius IX, who many years later, in 1868, created by statute three ranks of the order—the grand cross, commander and knight. The costume is a white cloak with the cross of Jerusalem in red enamel. The pope himself is grand master of the order.—Westminster Gazette.

Contagious.

"Is insomnia a contagious disease?" asked the boob.

"No," replied the wise guy. "Why do you ask?"

"When my neighbor's dog can't sleep at night I can't either," replied the boob.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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WHAT IS DIRT?

How the Question Was Answered by a Professor of Chemistry.

An old college professor used to say to his students: "What is dirt? Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentleman. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that dirty grease spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears. It is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt.

"That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it, analyze it! It will all separate into very clear elements.

"Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or fuller's earth.

"There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Nice, pearly face powder is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."—Exchange.

MIXED WIVES.

The Dilemma That Mr. Church Faced and How He Mastered It.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his early life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot.

In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed.

His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription.

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Exchange.

A Bit of English Humor.

An English humorist many years ago hit upon a neat way of scoring against certain politicians of the times. A comic journal, not being a newspaper within the meaning of the act, was prohibited from giving news, and so in place of a parliamentary report the humorist in question reported a few "first lines" from speeches by prominent members: "Sir Charles Wetherell said he was not sensible"— "Mr. Hunt was entirely ignorant"— "Lord Ashley said he should take the earliest opportunity of moving"— "Mr. Perceval presented a petition praying"— "Colonel Sibthorpe never could understand"— "Lord Lyndhurst said he must entreat of every one to give him credit"— "Sir Edward Sugden was not one of those who thought"— "Mr. Croker said he had the fullest assurance"—

THEY DID NOT RETURN.

The Four Men That Handled a Hearse In South Africa.

"Talking about omens," said the ex-Canadian soldier, "a queer thing happened in the Boer war.

"A troop of mounted rifles were returning after a hard day's scouting to our camp near Middleburg, in the eastern part of the Transvaal. On our way back we had to pass the town cemetery, which was on the side of a hill. Near the gate of the cemetery stood a shed in which was kept the town hearse.

"The doors of this building were open as we were riding past, and in some manner the blocks which were usually kept under the wheels of the hearse must have become dislodged, for the hearse slowly moved out of the shed and rolled down the hill into the middle of our party, who scattered in all directions.

"The officer in charge of the troop ordered four men to dismount and take the hearse back. Now comes the queer part. Soon after this we went to Cape Town and took ship for home. Every man of that scouting party returned alive and well to Canada except the four men who handled that hearse. Not a man of that four returned."

The former warrior paused and heaved a sigh.

"Good men, true comrades, they were," said he. "The reason they did not come back was because two of them got good jobs in Cape Town; the other two married Boer widows and settled down on farms," he said.—New York Sun.

Hope and Joy.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here. Joy has her tears, and transport has her death. Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong, man's heart at once inspirits and serenes, nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.—Young.

What Troubled Him.

"I've tried all kinds of health foods, but none of them seems to fit my case."

"What is it you are troubled with?"

"An appetite."—Boston Transcript.

A man should make sacrifices to keep clear of doing wrong; sacrifices will not undo it when it is done.

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MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at [illegible].30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
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44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn
361	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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They saw
Were convinced
Bought
And were happy

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The Thornton Secret

Or, a Prophecy Fulfilled

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"It will never be discovered," sighed Mrs. Thornton as she laid aside her sewing and looked at her daughter. "Your father looked for it during his lifetime and so did his father before him. I am beginning to believe that your Great-grandfather Thornton's hidden fortune was a hoax, although it was known that he had a great fortune."

"Perhaps he speculated and lost the money," suggested Alma with a disappointed sigh. "I wish he had never left that queer letter saying that when an heir was found worthy to receive his money it would be discovered to him. I'm afraid great-grandfather must have been joking, for just think what a good man father was and what did he ever find in return for his years of digging and delving around this old place hoping to discover the money?"

Alma threw down her sewing with sudden impatience of the subject. "I'm tired of talking about that old fortune, mother. Grandfather spent all his life looking for it and so neglected his work that he died a poor man, and it was the same way with father. Now, we're the last two of the family, and I for one am not going to spend my life looking for buried money."

"What are you going to do, Alma?" asked her mother anxiously.

"I'm going to work and earn some money for myself."

"Alma Thornton!" cried her mother in dismay. "Your father brought you up as a lady and as the heiress to the Thornton fortune should be trained, and now you are going to spoil it all by going to work."

"Fortune, heiress!" sniffed Alma skeptically. "Why, mother, dear, what would you have me do? Sit with folded hands and wait for the fortune to jump out at me from some hidden cranny of the house or to fall out of the walnut tree?"

"I thought we might take a few summer boarders and wait awhile. Who knows when the secret will be revealed?" argued her mother fretfully.

"You would be tired to death taking summer boarders," said Alma decidedly. "It's my place to work for you,

FOUND THE BIG BRASS BOX..

and I've been trying to make some use of the education you have given me, and now I've got something to do at last." Her voice ended in a triumphant laugh.

"What is it, Alma?"

"I'm going to teach music and languages in a boarding school for girls. It's in Wentwood, nearly sixty miles from here, and I can come home every week. Won't that be lovely? We'll be rich, mother."

Several weeks passed before Mrs. Thornton became fully reconciled to her daughter's plan. Once consenting, however, she spared no effort to assist Alma in her modest preparations and sent her away with a smiling countenance, even though she did cry as soon as the stage rolled away from the door. For that matter, Alma cried too.

A year passed, bringing once more the summer vacation season, and with it Alma Thornton came home to her mother.

"It's glorious to be home once more," cried Alma happily as she danced from one familiar spot to another of the old home, which, weather beaten to a silvery gray, had seemed to take root as had the huge walnut tree which shaded it.

"I don't know what your poor father would say to see you working, Alma," sighed her mother as they ate their dinner. "He was always expecting to find the money and then we'd build a new house."

"I am so happy working, mother, dear. Think how independent we are, and I am sure my six hundred a year is of more practical use to us than great-grandfather's imaginary thousands."

"Don't despise the thousands, dear," said her mother. "They may come after all. Who knows?" she questioned dreamily. "What was the queer verse he added to his letter?

"When the bee wings away from the hive
Then shall the south wind blow free,
So fortune shall come to Thorntons alive,
But doomed is the giant—doomed the rooftree."

A little silence fell between them after the recital. Alma was thinking how strong had been the belief of her parents in the tradition of her ancestor's hidden fortune and how the long search had almost resulted in financial ruin and its failure had hastened her father's death. Mrs. Thornton was repeating the lines of the doggerel verse over and over again until all at once there came a queer, frightened look in her eyes, and she turned a colorless face toward her daughter. "Alma!" she cried suddenly.

"What is it, mother? You are ill?" The girl sprang to her feet and hastened around the table to her mother's side.

"No, it is nothing; only, Alma, I believe I have discovered the secret hidden in the vase." Mrs. Thornton's voice was agitated, and her hands trembled in her daughter's warm clasp.

"Oh, mother, dear, don't bother your head about that foolish prophecy! You will be really ill if you permit yourself to brood over it," urged Alma. "Come out and look at my monthly rose bush. It is covered with buds."

"No, listen, Alma. I am in earnest," protested Mrs. Thornton. "Don't you remember your father always called you his 'busy bee'?"

"Yes," said Alma patiently.

"And you remember the walnut tree at the back door has always been called the giant because of its size?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, see if the verse your great-grandfather wrote does not seem a prophecy:

"When the bee wings away from the hive
Then shall the south wind blow free,
So fortune shall come to Thorntons alive,
But doomed is the giant—doomed the rooftree."

"You, Alma, are the bee, and you have left home to seek for work, and the other lines predict that in a strong south wind the walnut tree will fall, and it will fall upon the house. Then fortune will come to the Thorntons!"

Pink spots burned in Mrs. Thornton's cheeks as she looked at her pretty daughter.

Alma bent and kissed her with sudden misgiving. It all seemed rather queer and creepy to have the mystical verse translated in that manner. It could not be that her mother's mind was affected by long brooding over the Thornton secret, for Mrs. Thornton banished these fears by arising and proceeding with her household tasks in her customarily efficient manner, and Alma tried to banish her own uneasiness by helping her mother, and the subject was dropped.

It was a hot day, with an irritating wind blowing from the south. As the afternoon advanced the sun disappeared and the wind howled mournfully in the walnut tree. Alma found herself thinking that the wind was sounding a requiem among the green branches.

It grew cooler, and after sunset they wandered down into the garden, their thin gowns blowing in the gale that swept upon them. The pale clouds reflected the afterglow and seemed menacing in their rapid approach. The dust whirled down the road in a white sheet, and as it flew the gale broke over the Thornton place. The two women did not go into the house. As if by unspoken but mutual consent, they clung to the garden fence and watched the attack of the south wind.

It came and threw itself upon the walnut tree with violence. The giant writhed and bent in the struggle. Then all at once, with an ominous crackle, it fell, crashing, thundering down upon the kitchen end of the house, crushing the roof to earth like an eggshell. The fall of the giant walnut tree shook the earth. It brought wondering faces to neighboring windows, and its last echo found Mrs. Thornton and Alma clinging to each other and crying.

"If all this has come true as he prophesied, then it will be true about the fortune," sobbed the elder woman, and Alma, awed into silence, had nothing to say.

Neighbors were gathering about the fallen tree and ruined house. It was Abel Bloxsom who, delving among the roots upturned by the toppling giant, found the big brass box which contained the Thornton fortune so long hidden from the heirs.

"Your great-grandfather must have planted that tree when he buried the box," commented Abel after he had congratulated mother and daughter. "I'll dicker with you for the tree, Mrs. Thornton. Of course the trunk is hollow or it wouldn't have fallen, but the big limbs are all right and"—

"No, thank you, Mr. Bloxsom," said Alma quickly. "We're going to build a new house, and the walnut tree is to be made into furniture, isn't it, mother?"

"Anything you say, my dear," cried her happy mother. "I am so glad you haven't got to go to that horrid school again."

"If the busy bee hadn't gone and winged her flight away, you know, where would the Thornton prophecy come in or the solution of the secret? It all goes to show Great-grandfather Thornton was a more wonderful man than you have depicted him," laughed Alma.

"Come, dear; let us go in and count the money," urged her mother. And you will agree that this is what most anybody would have done at that moment.

They found that there was quite enough to keep them comfortably for the rest of their days; but Alma, having departed from the hive, found it difficult to go back to it. At any rate, she couldn't be a drone; she had acquired the work habit.

The Reasen.

Diner—That man at the round table gets better service than I do. I shall complain to the manager. Where is he? Waiter—It's the man at the round table.—Fliegende Blatter.

More L'ke It.

"That young gayly is a chip of the old block, isn't he?"

"Rather a tooth of the old rake."—Judge.

BAZAARS OF CAIRO.

The Curious Tiny Shops and the Narrow, Swarming Streets.

The bazaars of Cairo are very interesting. The streets are exceedingly narrow, and the stores of the merchants are often no larger than a good sized cupboard, without doors, but with shelves on which the goods are displayed. The merchants squat down on a little platform in front. You see here the workers in gold and silver, weavers of silk fabrics and slipper makers, doing their work in the same way it was done hundreds of years ago. The oldest bazaar is that of the scentmakers. They have a whole street to themselves, and when you get within a hundred yards or so the only guide you need is your nose.

These narrow streets are crowded with a ceaseless throng of natives: women with veiled faces; men, women and children on donkeys; curious flat carts drawn by donkeys, on which squat women enshrouded in black—nothing visible but one eye, and occasionally along comes a great lumbering camel, quite as large as half a dozen of the native shops. Cabmen drive past with studied indifference to life and limb, and rather than get hurt you crowd yourself into a bunch of natives, at the risk of having your pocket picked or being covered with vermin.—Christian Herald.

OUR BIG REPUBLIC.

It's Quite a Way From Maine to the Aleutian Islands.

On the British empire the sun never sets. In the short summer nights it never sets on the American republic. San Francisco is the middle city in our territory. It is literally true that in August the sunset has not ceased to flash on the spears of the fishermen in the Aleutian islands before it begins to glint and blaze on the axes of the woodsmen in the forests of Maine.

Roll up the map of New England! Unroll that of your whole country! How large is Texas? You could bury in it the German empire and have room enough left for England and Wales. How large is California? You could bury in it England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and have room enough left for Switzerland and Belgium.

How large is Colorado? You could bury in it Norway and have room enough left for Denmark. How large is Iowa? You could bury in it Portugal and Switzerland. How large is Lake Superior? You could sink Scotland in it. How large is New York? You could bury in it Belgium and Switzerland and Greece.—Joseph Cook.

Her Property.

Now and again things happen on the football field which go to add to the gayety of the nation. On one occasion, for instance, during a certain league match in the north, the referee somehow managed to lose his whistle. There was not another whistle to be found, and it seemed that the game would have to come to a sudden and inglorious end, until the referee hit upon an ingenious scheme. He produced a latchkey from his pocket and managed to tootle merrily enough on it till suddenly, as he approached the touch line a woman's shrill voice was heard exclaiming:

"Fred, come here at once. Where did you get that latchkey?"

As he listened to the guffaw which went up from the assembled crowd that referee was the most sheepish looking man on the ground, and as he thought of the curtain lecture looming ahead his heart became like lead within his bosom.—London Answers.

A Puzzling Trick.

Take a piece of writing paper about three inches square and with a lead pencil, the point of which has been dipped in water, draw a circle, a square, a triangle or any other geometrical figure. Put the paper carefully on a pan of water, letting it float and leaving the surface dry. Carefully drop water on the surface of the paper until the space within the figure is filled. The moistened pencil lines will keep it from flowing outside the figure. Now place the point of a pin over some point in the figure near the edge. The pin point must penetrate the surface of the water, but must not touch the paper. At once the paper will float around until the pin points directly to the center of the figure. See if you can find out why it does this.

Rats and Water.

Government experiments show that rats can live an indefinite time without water. Three of the animals were put on a diet consisting of bread, meat and cheese, but no water, and all were alive and well sixty days after the experiment was begun. On the fifteenth day one was given an opportunity to drink, but made no attempt to do so. When kept without food, but with water, one rat lived three days, and of six rats deprived of both food and water all died within periods ranging from two to five days.—Chicago News.

Raiment of the Coster.

The English costermonger must be fearfully and wonderfully clothed, judging from the following coster tailor's advertisement in a London paper:

"A slap-up togs and kicksies builder, with upper Benjamins snipped on a downy plan, with moleskins of hankypanky design, with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, with kicksies cut pegtop, half tight, or to drop loose over the trotters, with fancy vests made to flash the dickey, or to fit tight round the scrag."

Domestic Joys.

"Rosa, my mother-in-law is coming for a long visit tomorrow. Here is a list of her favorite dishes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us one of these you'll get a week's notice."—Fliegende Blatter.

Not Abel.

In a county court recently an inquiry was made as to why a defendant named Cain was not present. "Because he isn't able!" cried a voice from the back of the court.—London Mail.

CHARM OF CHARLESTON.

A City Where Every House Faces Toward the Sea.

Every house in Charleston faces seaward. It frequently happens that the streets do not adjust themselves to this disposition of the house plan, in which case the street line is calmly disregarded and the house is built so that it shall square with the four points of the compass. The result of this is curious and most interesting, at times disconcerting, but frequently as pleasing as one of Whistler's audacious and unexpected color schemes.

As in the mansions of old Virginia, the general form of the Charleston houses is very simple, and they depend for their beauty upon the fine balance and spacing of doors and windows, the character of the cornice and, above all, upon the dignified beauty and classic porticoes and galleries which adorn one side of each structure.

But Charleston has another and quite unique architectural feature in the arched and ornate walls of moss grown brick which close in all of the fine residences and the highly decorative wrought iron gateways which give access to the private grounds. In a city which was at one time the port of call of all the pirates of the Spanish main—where one day it was found advisable to bury forty of these worthies under the sea wall of the city, where half civilized negroes formed always an overwhelming majority of the population, it was the part of common prudence to erect a strong barrier between the streets and the private demesnes of the better class residents. Out of this necessity grew the infinite number of gates and grillages of twisted iron which are the chief pride of Charleston today and whose only rivals are the far famed gates of Seville. These marvels of wrought and beaten iron were all the work of local smiths. I was told that no two gates of the city were of similar design, and I certainly saw no single example which was not in itself beautiful.—Birge Harrison in Art and Progress.

MEN OF STONE.

Queer Figures Dot the Crest of the Superstitious Mountains.

Among the natural wonders of the southwestern portion of this country are the Superstitious mountains, which loom up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt river valley.

These mountains are so curious that the Indians will have nothing to do with them. In consequence they are full of deer, bear and other big game. The Superstitious mountains rise out of the level surface of the desert like the pyramids of Egypt.

On the crest of this unique range and in full view of the rarefied atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all attitudes. When you look first you are sure they are men, and when you turn your gaze again to them you are as absolutely certain of it as you can be of anything.

They represent ball throwers, outlooks, mere viewers of the country roundabout, men recumbent and contemplative, others starting a foot race and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh and blood men, however—nothing but stone syenite—yet nothing can convince the Indians that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air in the mountains.

This belief has grown out of an Apache legend, handed down for hundreds of years. They have it that an ancient chief who had learned of the curious character of the Superstitious mountains forbade any of his people to go there. A large band, however, one day discovered a way to get in by a precipitous route and finally reached the top. It resulted as the chief had said, and they never got down alive.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nothing More to Live For.

Without question the Scots curler of whom Lord Lyveden tells in Fry's Magazine placed the proper value on his sport.

During a curling match in Switzerland the skip of one of the teams, who happened to be a Scotsman, was so delighted with the accurate shot of one of his team that he was heard to address him in the following manner: "Lie down and dee, mon; lie down and dee. Ye'll never lay a finer stane nor that if ye live to be a hundred."

Weird Story of a Chair.

In the museum at Cape Town is shown an old fashioned, high backed wooden chair, to which attaches a weird story. It is related that the chair is the one in which the Dutch governor was found sitting dead a few moments after the execution of a soldier whom he had sentenced to be hanged and who on his doom being pronounced solemnly called upon his condemner to accompany him to the throne of the Supreme Judge.

England's Motto.

"Dieu et Mon Droit"—"God and My Country"—the royal motto of England was the parole of the day given by Richard I. (he of the lion heart) to his army at the battle of Gisors, in France, on the 20th of September, 1198, when the French army was signally defeated. Dieu et mon driot appears to have been first assumed as a motto by Henry VI (1422-1461). Semper Idem—"Always the Same"—was one of the mottoes of Queen Elizabeth; also adopted by Queens Mary and Anne.—Exchange.

A Substitute.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the individual who had just moved into the little town as he entered the grocery store, "but is there a chicken raiser here?"

"Why don't you take an ax?" asked the village Tallyrand. "A razor will lose its edge if you use it on a chicken."—Judge.

Knew What She Was Doing.

Nell—Oh, Jack, I wish you could have seen Milly this afternoon. She literally threw herself at Jack Wright.

Jack—Ah, well, she knew he was a good catch.

ONE DAY IN PARIS

An Experience During the Riotous Times of the Commune.

DEATH STALKED THE ROADS.

An Unarmed Procession Bearing Banners of Peace and Good Will Was Mowed Down by Cannon Planted In the Streets—A Woman's Adventure.

In Harper's Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone tells of her experiences in Paris during the commune. One day's adventures are typical. On March 20, 1871, she writes:

"Today there was a great demonstration in the streets.

"A young fellow named Henri de Pene thought if he could collect enough people to follow him he would lead them to the barricades in the Place Vendome in order to beg the communards in the name of le peuple to restore order and quiet in the city. He sent word beforehand that they would come there unarmed.

"I happened to go at 1 o'clock to Worth's, in the Rue de la Paix, and, finding the street barred, I left my coupe in the Rue des Petit Champs, telling Louis (my coachman) to wait for me in the Rue St. Arnaud (just behind the Rue de la Paix), and I walked to No. 7.

"I wondered why there were so few people in the street. The Place Vendome was barricaded with paving stones, and cannons were pointing down the Rue de la Paix. I walked quietly along to Worth's, and hardly had I reached his salon than we heard distant, confused sounds, and then the shouting in the street below made us all rush to the windows.

"What a sight met our eyes!

"This handsome young fellow De Pene, his hat in his outstretched hand, followed by a crowd of men, women and children, looked the picture of life, health and enthusiasm.

"The crowd bore banners on which were written 'Les Amis du Peuple,' 'Amis de l'Ordre,' 'Pour la Paix' and one with 'Nous ne sommes pas armes.'

"One can't imagine the horror we felt when we heard the roar of a cannon and looking down saw the street filled with smoke and frightened screams and terrified groans reached our ears. Some one dragged me inside the window and shut it down to drown the horrible noise outside. De Pene was the first who was killed. The street was filled with dead and wounded.

"I felt terribly agitated and, moreover, deathly sick. My one thought was to reach my carriage and get home as quickly as possible. But how was I to accomplish it? The Rue de la Paix was, of course, impossible. Worth had a courtyard, but no outlet into the Rue St. Arnaud. He suggested that I should go through his ateliers, which he had at the top of the house, and reach an adjoining apartment, from which I might descend to the Rue St. Arnaud, where I would find my carriage. He told one of his women to lead the way, and I followed. We toiled up many flights of wearisome steps until we arrived at the above mentioned ateliers. These communicated with another apartment, of which Worth's woman had the key. On her opening the door we found ourselves in a small bedroom (not in the tidiest condition), seeming to have just been occupied. We passed through this room and came out to a staircase, where the demoiselle said, 'You have only to go down here.'

"When at last I came to the porte-cochere I found it closed and locked, and the frightened concierge would not open for me. Fortunately I had a gold piece to make her yield to my demand. She reluctantly unfastened the door, and I went out. The street was filled with a terrified mob, howling and flying in every direction. I caught a glimpse of the carriage away up the street, and I saw a hand gesticulating above the heads of the crowd, which I recognized as Louis'. It was the only one with a glove on.

"I pushed my way through the mass of people, saying very politely 'Pardon' as I pushed and very politely 'Merci' after I had passed.

"My horse had been unharnessed, and a man was trying to lead him away in spite of Louis' remonstrances.

"The man holding the bridle opposite to Louis seemed a most formidable person to me. Still I tried to smile with placid calmness, and, though I was shaking all over, said, 'Pardon, monsieur, will you permit me to have my carriage harnessed?' I think he was completely taken off his guard, for, with the intuitive gallantry of a Frenchman, he answered most amiably, throwing back his coat and showing me his badge, 'I am the agent of the salut publique, and it is for the government that I take your horse.'

"I made him observe that it would be very difficult for me to walk to my home in the Rue de Courcelles and if his government wanted the horse it could come there and fetch it. He looked doubtfully at me as if weighing the situation, then said, very courteously, 'I understand, madame, and give you back your horse,' and he even helped Louis to reharness the horse, who seemed happy to return to his shafts.

"When I arrived home I had to go to bed, I was so exhausted. Mlle. W. administered the infallible camomile tea, her remedy for every ill. She cannot conceive of any disease which is not cured by camomile tea unless in extreme, when fleurs d'oranger takes its place."

Willing to Demonstrate.

"Tommy," said his distressed mother, "I don't see how you can get so dirty."

"Come on out and I'll show you," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clark.

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, NOV. 15, 1912

WHY CHANGE?

We believe it was a wise provision by the framers of the Constitution of the United States that Representatives to the Congress should be elected by votes of the electors, and that the Senators of the Congress should be elected by the Legislatures of the several States, thereby creating two separate bodies to compose the Congress, the one acting as a check or safety valve upon the other.

The House of Representatives commonly called Congressmen, represent the people, the higher body of Senators represents the sovereignty of the States and should continue to be elected by the sovereign States only.

Senators of the United States as now provided by the Constitution hold a higher, a more dignified, a more exalted position in the eyes of the world at large than do those of a Congressman and why lower the high standard that has always been maintained by the United States Senate by having its members elected in the cheaper game of politics as has recently been proposed.

The present method of election has been in force since 1787 and has worked thus far in a most satisfactory manner and why make any change? Why not continue it for another 125 years.

Who are those that clamor for a change? Certainly not the sovereign States for they are the only power that can change or amend the Constitution in any way, shape or form and to make such a change would require a two thirds vote of all the sovereign states.

Webster's dictionary defines a demagogue as "a leader of the people, especially one who controlls the multitude by specious or deceitful arts; a panderer to popular prejudices; an artful political orator."

Shall we follow the advice of such? We think not, hope not, believe not.

☞ The most important duty devolving upon the incoming Legislature to perform at its next assembling is the election of a United States Senator to succeed the present incumbent of that office the Hon. W. Murray Crane. Of the many excellent strong and available candidates that we have thus far heard mentioned for that most honorable position we believe the best equipped man for it is the Hon. Samuel W. McCall of Winchester our present congressman. He is best fitted for the position because of his long experience in national affairs, because of his legal training, broad mindedness, liberal ideas, progressive tendencies in all that is really progressive without the insurgent proclivities that attach to those wrongly masquerading under the name of progressive and who in reality and truth are purely insurgents and political rebels. Mr. McCall if elected would do honor and credit to himself and the State as a United States Senator.

☞ The American Telephone and Telegraph Company together with its asssociated companies, among whom is the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co., have adopted a pension, disability and insurance plan for its more than 175,000 employees that is colossal in amount and quite unique in its character, and which must of necessity endear itself to the hearts of its employees by its generous provisions for their benefit. It has set aside a fund of $10,000,000 for a starting capital and yearly appropriations are to be added to keep the fund intact and to liberally provide for those in distress or who may become incapacitated through illness. It is a wise provision for them to keep their working machinery in good order.

☞ Next week Friday occur the Democratic caucuses and the following night those of the Republicans will be held to nominate candidates for the city election. For city officials we wish party lines might be wiped out of existance and candidates nominated by a citizens caucus, solely and wholly upon their merits as citizens and not for their party affillations.

☞ The "Old Farmer's Almanac" for 1913, by Robert B. Thomas, was received yesterday. Established when Washington was President, for 120 years it has annually gone out to its friends and patrons, always bright and readable.

Escapes An Awful Fate.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now. Quick and safe, its the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

LOCAL NEWS.

— Mount Horeb Lodge held a special communication Wednesday evening.

— Elijah Marion is building another house on the land recently opened up by him on Wyman street.

— Mr. George C. Conn, of Detroit, Mich., formerly of Woburn, has been visiting in town the past week.

— The non-commissioned officers of the W. H. S. Battalion will conduct a dancing party in the armory Wednesday evening, Nov. 27.

— Representative Parker gave a practical talk on legislative work before the citizens of Woburnia in the assembly hall of the High School Wednesday morning.

— Mr. D R Beggs, Dr. Benjamin Lewis and Fred Richardson returned Tuesday morning from their trip to the Maine woods. They secured a moose and a deer.

— James Fleming, the little lad who was so severely injured Oct. 17, that it was thought he could not recover, is convalescing at the Choate Hospital and is considered out of danger.

— George W. Hall of Boston, has sold the Buel estate, consisting of a store, two dwellings and two shops, the assessed value of which was $19,500, to Emma Lane of Derry, N. H. She buys for investment.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baplist church held its monthly meeting and supper in the vestry last evening. A large number were present. A fine musical program was given after the supper.

— Stephen Bean has been chosen editor of the Liber, the annual publication of the Greek letter fraternities of Brown University and Norman Duncan has been chosen associate editor of the University daily, the Brown Harald.

— The Tusitala Club of the Episcopal church gave a party at the Parish house Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Arthur E. Phelps, who assisted them in staging the play The Japanese Girl. Mr. Phelps was presented with a travelling bag.

— The Glen Ridge Club met at the home of Mrs. George Foster, Wednesday afternoon. Plans were made for a young people's night for next Thursday evening. The next club meeting will be with Mrs. Carrie Cox, Waltham street, Nov. 27.

— Mr. Clarence E. Littlefield, who has been in Nome, Alaska for several years past, is on his way home to spend Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Littlefield of Prospect street.

— The M. O. H. Class met with Mrs. Mary Cole, 25 Chestnut street last Monday evening. The gathering was in the nature of a surprise and shower to Mrs. Adelbert Bartlett of Kilby street. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening spent.

— Mrs. Norman Francis and Mrs. Frank Robbins left Wednesday morning for California. Mrs. Francis goes to join her husband who is a professor in the University at Berkeley and Mrs. Robbins is to visit her daughter Mrs. Ray F. German of Pasadena.

— At a meeting of the Board of Public Works held Monday evening it was voted to have the Edison Company keep the street lights burning all night beginning Friday, Nov. 15, It was also voted to abolish for the present the Saturday half holiday for city employees.

— Messrs. James Brown, Alva Wood, Harrie B. Blye, George A. Blye, John H. Newman, Ernest A Newman, George R. Menchin, Alvah Heald, Frank Menchin, Lewis Menchin and Elliot J Wetherbee attended the annual visitation by the Grand Officers of William Parkman Lodge, Winchester, last Tuesday evening.

— Among the visitors from out of town at the First Church Parish supper were: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jenkins of Malden, formerly in the hardware business here, selling out to the late A. L. Holdridge; Mr. and Mrs George C Conn, Detroit, Mich; Mrs W. L Murdock, Sault Ste Marie, Mich, and Mrs. Grafton Murdock of Olean, N. Y.

— The regular meeting of the W. F. M. S. of the Methodist church was held at the home of Mrs. M A. Burnes 40 Mt. Pleasant street, Thursday evening at 7 45. The meeting was in charge of the Young Women's Society. Subject: "What the Christians of Asia Think." Papers were read by Misses Caroline Long, Maude West and Daisy Holdridge. Refreshments were served.

15th ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. James R Graham celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage at their home 709 Main street, last Saturday evening More than two hundred relatives and friends called and offered good wishes and congratulations during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Graham were assisted in receiving by their two children Brainard and Marian. Graham's Orchestra furnished music for the evening and dainty refreshments were served. The ushers were N W. Frye, W. G Stretton and Mr. Graham. Mrs Fred Given read an original poem A large number of beautiful gifts, including cut glass, silver, china, linen, a clock and chafing dish, attested the popularity of the host and hostess.

Unitarian Church Notes.

Regular services on Sunday. Preaching at 10 30 A. M. by the pastor. Subject: "My Sheep Know My Voice, but the Voice of a Stranger They Will not Follow." Sunday School at 12 M

Rev. Florence Buck, who came recently from Santa Barbara, California, to take a possition with the Educational Department of the American Unitarian Association, will speak next Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock, in the vestry of the church on "The Spirit of Youth." All invited.

Both Satisfied.

"I should like to break it off, but I can't bear to give up this diamond ring."

"Then why don't you tell him so? He told me he'd be willing to lose the ring if he could get out of the engagement."

Sarah Abbie Cutting.

Mrs. Sarah Abbie Cutting, wife of Francis Cutting, died at her home in Oakland, Cal., October 3, after an illness of about six months and impaired health for several years. In her death the Unitarian cause on the Pacific Coast has lost the presence of one of its most devoted and enthusiastic supporters. She was born in Lexington, Mass, July 3, 1830, the daughter of Leonard and Maria (Cutter) Cutler, taught school in early life, practised medicine with marked success for twenty years after her first marriage [to Joseph R Kendall] and removed to California about 1880. Here she devoted her time and efforts largely to the advancement of the Unitarian cause, and was one of the founders, and, so long as her strength permitted, one of the most active supporters, of the Oakland church. Her prophetic vision discerned soon after her settlement in California that a local divinity school was essential to the satisfactory progress and permanence of our cause on the Pacific Coast, and, although the realization of her dream was for many years deferred, it was never forgotten or put aside, until in 1904, through the combined efforts of herself, her husband and Mr. and Mrs Horace Davis of San Francisco, the Pacific School for the Ministry became a reality. Thenceforward the school was the controlling enthusiasm of her life, and she followed every stage of its development with the greatest eagerness, constantly anticipating its needs, and seeing ever larger visions of its future, and she possessed a will capable of surmounting great obstacles; but her life was centred in her affections and in her religious faith. Through this faith she rose triumphant over the physical infirmities of her later years, believing, as men seldom do, in the constant, living, present reality of God; our life a part of his life; his inspirations the source of our highest knowledge; and our strength and substance given us to be used as his agents. It was because this faith brought such strength, enlightenment, and inspiration to her that she determined to do all in her power to spread it among others.

Mrs. Cutting is survived by her husband, with whom her life during the fifteen years since their marriage had been ideal, by two sons in Portland and San Diego, by a brother, Col. A. D. Cutler of San Francisco, and by two sisters.—E. M. W. *in The Christian Register, Oct 31, 1912.*

Post 33 Anniversary.

Last Friday night Burbank Post 33 G. A. R, with the able assistance of Woman's Relief Corps 84, celebrated its 45th birthday with a supper in their hall followed by a musical program and speeches by many invited guests, all of which were most heartily enjoyed by the 150 guests that were present.

After a bountiful supper provided by the energetic and loyal supporters of the Post, the women of Corps 84, the assembly was called to order by Mrs Annabelle Brown, President of the Corps, who welcomed all in attendance and acted as toastmistress of the occasion in a most satisfactory and felicitous manner.

Those who responded to her genial invitation to say a few words of encouragement and congratulation to the 17 surviving members of the "Boys in Blue," all that now remain of its former membership of 332, were Commander Joseph E Carr, the youngest commander of any post in the State, Mrs Mary A. Holbrook, Department President of Mass. W. R C; Past Department Com. John L Parker of Lynn, the only surviving charter member of Post 33, Adj. General Depart. of Mass. Wilford D. Wetherbee, Mrs Fannie M. Jones Dept. Treas. of W. R. C., Rev. Roy W. Magoon, Rev. H B Williams, Rev. George H Tilton, Frank E Wetherell and Mrs Sarah A Woodside the Mother of Burbank Relief Corps 84

Letters of regret at their enforced absence were read from Department Commander Hosley, J. De Wolf, J. H. Parker, Jr., Representative to the General Court, Rev. H. C. Parker and Ex Mayor A. H. Linscott.

Musical selections were rendered during the evening by the Berean Quartet; Mrs. E. B. Northrup, Miss Ruth Bishop and Miss Emily Bromley, which were heartily enjoyed.

At a late hour the exercises were brought to a close by all joining in singing the Star Spangled Banner.

Samuel Rinn.

SAMUEL RINN a former resident of Woburn for about 20 years during and after the Civil War, died suddenly Saturday night in the Cambridge hospital. He collapsed suddenly that morning while about to enter the shop of M. P. Toomey on Boylston street, Cambridge to begin his day's work, having been employed there for the past two years.

Mr. Rinn was an old time fashionable boot and shoe maker in the days when long legged boots were in style for evening dress or for work on the farm, all of his products being hand made instead of factory products, and his customers numbered many of the most prosperous citizens in the town

His shop was on Main street opposite the Common. During the war he enlisted in G Co. 5th Regt. M. Volunteers for 9 months being sworn in Sept. 16, 1862 and was discharged at the expiration of service July 2, 1863 During his service he joined the band of the 5th Regiment and after his return home he re-enlisted again in the band of the 3rd Brigade 3rd Division, 24th Army Corps.

He was born in Halifax, N S, March 21, 1833, and being of a somewhat eccentric nature was never married

He was one of the first initiates into Crystal Fount Lodge No. 9, I. O. O. F. after its reinstitution in 1871 but withdrew from it several years ago.

His nearest of kin are a neice and nephew, the children of his brother; Mrs. P. H. Evans of Somerville and Samuel Rinn of Winthrop street, Somerville, last Tuesday.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, its some satisfaction to know that many peolpe can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ancient Relic.

A valuable relic of Colonial days came into the possession of Arthur W. Whitcher the druggist a few days ago it being a military hat of the style in which the first Napoleon Bonaparte of Corsica is most numerously pictured as having worn in his palmiest days of military renown.

It is a relic from the old Buckman tavern in Lexington which was closed out at auction this week and the front of the hat is adorned with a gold button and chain glittering as brightly today as when it was first made more than a hundred years ago.

It has been kept in a triangle shaped box of wood covered with ancient paper of the period evidently of English manufacture as it bears the English crown surmounting the rampant lion with pictures of triangular hats in three corners and the name of J. McClelan. The braid upon the hat is of the finest texture and shows evidence of its expensive quality when first made, the whole being in a fine state of preservation.

It is very strange that ignorant people in cleaning out an old house of such historic memories as clustered around the old Buckman Tavern in Lexington should wanton burn and destroy old papers, books and documents found therein because they are old and without submitting them to the inspection of educated people that could put a money value upon them and perhaps save priceless treasures for the benefit of the historian and future generations. Such however was the fate of some of the contents of this ancient house as a large pile of ashes in the yard mutely testified to at the sale of what was left from the vandalism.

The Demons Of The Swamp

are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C. "three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since.' Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50 cts. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Civil Service Examination.

A competitive examination of applicants for stenographer-typewriters, class 9, will be held as already scheduled on December 2, 1912. The regulation speed tests will be given. *In addition* a speed test as low as 75 words a minute will be given Those passing only this 75 word test will have their names placed upon the eligible list and will find many places open to them at a salary of $8 per week to begin with, where chances are exceptionally good for speedy and substantial promotion.

Only citizens of the United States who have been residents of Massachusetts for the past year have a right to apply for the service of the Commonwealth; and only citizens of the United States who have been residents of Massachusetts for the past year and of Boston for the six months last past have a right to apply for the service of Boston.

Men or women desiring to take this examination may secure application blanks by applying in person, or by letter, at the office of the Civil Service Commission, Room 152, State House, Boston, Mass

The application paper must be filled out and placed on file in the office of the Commission on or before November 22, 1912.

By order of the
Massachusetts Civil Service Commission.
WARREN P. DUDLEY, Secretary.

Woman's Club Notes.

The Club will hold its regular meeting this afternoon in Lyceum Hall at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Helen Winslow will speak on the proposed "Widow's Pension Bill." Mr. Carl Dodge, cellist, of the Boston Opera Orchestra, will give a musical entertainment.

The date of the Emergency Fund entertainment has been changed from Dec. 6 to Dec. 13, at 8 o'clock in Lyceum Hall.

Mrs. D. W. Bond, Miss Grace Leslie and Mrs. LeRoy Pratt were guests of the Outlook Club of Lexingington at its opening meeting, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 5.

Mrs. D. W. Bond and Mrs. G. Edward Winn represented the Club at the Fall State Federation meeting held at Warren last Monday.

Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Simonds were guests of the Stoneham Club last Tuesday afternoon

What Texans Admire

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman of San Antonio. We find he writes, that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made. Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney troubles. 25c. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

The Youth's Companion Window Transparency and Calendar For 1913.

The publishers of The Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription ($2 00) is paid for 1913, a beautiful souvenir. This year it takes the unique form of a Window Transparency, to be hung in the window or in front of a lighted lamp. Through it the light shines as through the stained glass of a cathedral window, softly illuminating the design—a figure of Autumn laden with fruits; and all around, wreathed in purple clusters of grapes and green foliage, is the circle of the months It is the most attractive gift ever sent to Companion readers.

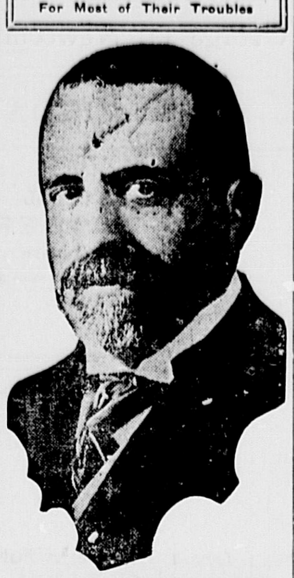
Caucuses.

The Republican Caucuses will be held Nov. 23 in the following places: Ward 1, Concert Hall; Ward 2, Prospect street Hose House; Ward 3, Sons of Veteran' Hall; Ward 4, Republican Headquarters; Ward 5, Porter Hose House; Ward 6, Vidette Hose House; Ward 7, Cummings Hose House.

The Democrat Caucuses will be held Nov. 22 as follows: Ward 1, A. O. H. Hall; Ward 2, Hose House on Prospect street; Ward 3, Concert Hall; Ward 4, Mechanics Hall; Wards 5, 6, and 7, in respective Hose Houses

PREMIER CANALEJAS

Catholics of Spain Blame Him For Most of Their Troubles



WILL NOT ENTER BOSTON

Much Discussed Plans of Grand Trunk Road Are Abandoned

Boston, Nov. 11.—The Grand Trunk railroad has abandoned its plans to enter Boston. Rumors that an agreement with the New Haven had caused the Canadian road to quit its plans were current last night.

Thus the work of months on the part of Boston citizens who labored earnestly in behalf of the Grand Trunk has been swept away.

For several days men prominent in Boston's business affairs have felt a growing uncertainty as to the ultimate outcome of their efforts to induce the big Canadian line to enter this city.

SANITY OF ST. DENIS GIRL IS QUESTIONED

Pleads Guilty of Attempt to Poison Aunt and Uncle

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 14.—After five jurors of the panel which was to hear her trial had been chosen, 16-year-old Gladys St. Denis of Lowell, charged with an attempt to poison her aunt and uncle, caused a sensation by pleading guilty of the charge, at the advice of her counsel. It is alleged that she put rat poison in the coffee of her relatives.

Believing that there is a question as to the girl's sanity, Judge Chase, after a conference at the bench with parties connected with the case, appointed Dr. Henry C. Baldwin of Boston and Dr. Butler of the Waverly institution to examine her at the Cambridge jail.

HAS COME TO STAY

Roosevelt Says Battle of Progressive Party Has but Just Begun

New York, Nov. 12.—Theodore Roosevelt made a formal statement last night bearing on the election and the future of the Progressive party. In line with previous expressions of his own and of his colleagues, he reiterates that "the Progressive party has come to stay," and "so far from being over, the battle has just begun."

He regards the party's showing in polling over 4,000,000 votes in the face of numerous obstacles naturally in the path of a new movement as "literally unparalleled in the history of free government."

SIXTEEN LIVES LOST

Passenger Train Goes Through Open Switch and Strikes Freight

Indianapolis, Nov. 14.—Sixteen persons were killed and as many seriously injured when a passenger train struck an open switch and crashed head-on into a freight train at Arlington avenue, a suburb.

The passenger train was an hour late and was said to be making forty miles an hour when the collision came.

Carl Gross, head brakeman on the freight train, said the switch had been left open by one of the men on his train.

Money Troubles Lead to Suicide

Boston, Nov. 11.—Alfred S. Hayes, formerly a member of the legislature and one of Boston's best known lawyers, committed suicide by shooting on his large farm at Ashland as the culmination of serious financial troubles.

Woman's Ravings Reveal Crime

Richmond, Nov. 14.—Mrs. Hattie T. Merriam, dying, raved of the murder of her baby by her husband. Officers found the child's body and arrested the husband. He confessed.

Gout Keeps Taft Indoors

Washington, Nov. 12.—President Taft, still suffering from a slight attack of gout, spent yesterday in his library, receiving no callers except Secretary of State Knox.

Nation With No Language.

The Swiss, alone of all the peoples of the world, may, in a sense, be said to possess no language, a fact that is all the more remarkable in the light that theirs is the most intense patriotism of any. About 75 per cent of the population speak German, while the remainder divide four other languages among them, mainly French and Italian, these tongues varying, as a rule, according to the proximity of the people to the country whose language they speak. Public documents and notices are printed in both French and German. In the Swiss parliament the members make their speeches either in French or German, for nearly all the members understand both these languages.—New York Press.

Arresting Time.

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time," said the funny man.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the matter of fact person. "Only this morning I saw a policeman enter a side door and stop a few minutes."

HOW THE CASE WAS SETTLED

Here is a note from a lawyer telling how litigation was averted:

"A case, in which I represented one of the parties as attorney, was pending in the Federal Court here in Boston. The ptaintiff was in New Jersey, the defendant was in Western Massachusetts. There was a possibility of a settlement out of court, and with this in view the plaintiff called me up on the long distance telephone. I got into communication with the defendant, and the case was adjusted out of court to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. To have tried the case would have cost, including attorneys' fees, probably a thousand dollars. The telephone charges were less than ten dollars, and modesty forbids me to state the amount of the attorney's compensation."

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New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Miss Frances A. Hurd.

Miss Frances A. Hurd, a well-known resident of Woburn, died at the home of her nephew, Dr. Alonzo L. Hurd, Somers, Conn., early last Tuesday morning. Miss Hurd went to Somers about two two months ago that she might be under the care of Dr. Hurd. Although ailing for some time her death was unexpected and was a great shock to her many friends and relatives in this city.

Miss Hurd lived in the old family home, corner of Mishawum Road and Middle street. She was the daugeter of Vilruvius Hurd, who at his death, Oct. 20, 1892, at the age of 94 was the oldest resident in this city. Her mother was Miss Patience Woodward. She was born at Sanford, Maine, and was the youngest of a large family all of whom have passed away with the exception of Jacob E. Hurd, a brother, of Somers, Conn. She is survived by several neices and nephews.

The deceased was a member of the Episcopal church and a devoted worker in all the activities of the parish. Funeral services were held in that church Thursday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. W. H. Osmond of Marlboro, formerly rector here, the vested choir assisting the service. Interment was in Woodbrook, the pall bearers being her nephews and grand nephews.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

The pastor will occupy his pulpit at both services on Sunday. At 7 o'clock he will give the second sermon in The New Life, his special subject being: "A Scholarly Inquirer, or an Important Question Asked and Answered."

Mr. Hiram West will conduct the Epworth League service at 6 o'clock, his subject being: "Convincing in Conversation (Personal Evangelism) There will be a Sunday School Board meeting at the close of the Sunday School.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.— Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 6, by Rev. Patrick T. Higgins, William D. Carns of Winchester, Mass., and Mary E. Quigley of Woburn.

In this city, Nov 9, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, Phillips Nelson Smith and Syvilla Josephine Perkins, both of Peabody, Mass.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

At Somers, Conn., Nov. 12, Frances A. Hurd, aged 74 years, 12 days.

Articles not alone beautiful, but useful and durable, make the most sensible gift. These good features, together with a moderate price, make the genuine "1847 Rogers Bros." SPOONS, KNIVES, FORKS, ETC. an ideal Holiday gift. They are made in a great variety of shapes, sizes and designs, handsomely packed in lined cases, and vary in price from 25c. to $3.50. Your dealer can supply you. Ask for "1847" goods. Write us for our handsome catalogue No.234 to aid you in making selections.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor to MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

Columbia Salad Fork

Columbia Salad Spoon

HELP WANTED.

TWO MEN at present employed at inside work, clerks preferred, to prepare to fill traveling salesmens positions. School for salesmanship, 15 Beacon Street, Boston.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

EXPERIENCED house to house canvassers Salary $2 daily for those who can qualify. New line. 10c sales. Big demand. Sanicone Co., Beacon Hill Trust Building, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of George Chalmer Munroe formerly of Woburn, in said County, an absentee.

WHEREAS, Sarah M. Munroe receiver of the property of said absentee, has presented her petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, certain real estate therein specified, of said absentee for investment.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of November, A.D 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

8.15-22 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan T. Greenough, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Jennie L. Greenough, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in said County, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

15-22-29 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

A BREAK

In High Prices!

Gran. Sugar, 5½c, lb.
Pillsbury's Best Flour 90c. bag, $6.75 bbl.
Best Shrimp, 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Campbell's Soups 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Soup 10c. 3 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Milk 8c. can 2 cans for 25c.
Van Camp's Spaghetti, 15c. can.
Macaroni 7c. package
Shredded Wheat 10c. package.
New Buckwheat 10c. package
New Pancake Flour 10c package.
Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit 12c. package.
Grape Nut 13c. package 2 for 25.
Best Rice 10c. lb. 3 lbs for 25c.
10 cakes Chick Soap for 25c.

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Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

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Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5 45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8 15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

Linnell's Market

Beech-Nut Brand
(Goods in Glass)

Sliced Beef,
Sliced Bacon,
Peanut Butter,
Red Current Jelly,
Grape Jelly,
Pineapple Preserves,
Raspberry Jam.

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Tel. 314 W.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
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C. A. NICHOLS,
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Canesest Chairs Reseated.
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NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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Coal, Coke and Wood
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Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Without question the most notable novelty ever brought to this country by Mr. B. F. Keith for his vaudeville circuit will be seen at B. F. Keith's Theatre in Boston this week, in "Don," the marvelous talking dog from Germany. Unlike the other so-called "talking" animals previously seen upon the stage, "Don" actually speaks words like a human being. He is without doubt the canine phenomenon of the twentieth century. "Don" is a German hunting dog, the property of one of the game keepers in the Imperial Forests at Berlin. He is about eight years old and rather corpulent for his age. Before coming to this country he was the talk of all Germany and Russia, where he broke box office records in every music hall where he appeared. Another big feature of the week will be the Great Fillis Family, Europe's most finished troupe of equestrians, who appear in a startling novelty introducing several blooded horses. Sherman, Van and Hyman are a trio of young men who introduce what they call "Fifteen minutes of musical foolishness," and another big feature will be McIntyre and Groves, in their ludicrous sidewalk chat, "On Father's Train." Emerson and Baldwin are a pair of expert ball and club jugglers, and many other brilliant features, yet to be announced will complete a great bill.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Clifton Crawford has scored an emphatic success in his new musical play "My Best Girl" which is now being presented by the Henry B. Harris management at the Boston Theatre. The engagement at the Boston is limited so that there will be few opportunities to see Mr. Crawford in his best part in years. The matinees are on Wednesday and Saturday.

"My Best Girl" tells a pretty love story sufficient to weave together the melodies which Mr. Crawford and Augustus Barratt have composed for it. It has some of the best music of the popular sort heard in Boston this season and many of the melodies will doubtless become widely popular. Among the song numbers which are already being whistled about the streets are "Follow Me Around," "If the Morning After Were the Night Before," "The Bogie Boo," "Mr. Schnoodle," "Henry Clay," "My Best Girl," "The Cat Came Back" and "Come Take a Dance with Me." There are more than twenty musical numbers in the piece.

The Henry B. Harris management have surrounded Mr. Crawford with an exceptional cast. The star himself has the best part he has ever created. In it he has opportunity to sing and dance and be merry after his wont, and there is no comedian on our stage who can amuse and entertain better than Mr. Crawford. There are two settings, the first an automobile sales room and the second Colonel's Row on Governor's Island, New York. Both are excellent specimens of scenic art.

THE PARK.

Rose Stahl in Charles Klein's department store comedy continues as the one big hit of the season in Boston, where it has been attracting large audiences since Labor Day. There are matinees on Wednesday and Saturday and an extra matinee on Thanksgiving Day. The engagement at the Park Theatre will be the only one which Miss Stahl will play in New England, and that is limited as contracts already made cannot be postponed. So out-of-town playgoers should witness the play at the earliest possible moment. Miss Stahl has scored a success in Boston which equals that registered in other large cities and there has been no play produced either in New York or Chicago this season which excels her in the length of the present engagement.

"Maggie Pepper" is the story of a girl of the stores; it is full of the spirit of life and its main delight is the comedy which sparkles throughout the performance. The audience is kept in constant laughter from the beginning of the play until its end. But underneath the comedy there is a most appealing story of a woman's struggle for success; for her endeavor to protect a loved child from bad influences; for the ability of woman kind to make a success where men, living under the archaic conditions of another day had failed. It is an inspiring play for the young and the old alike. Miss Stahl has never done finer work than as "Maggie Pepper," and, in fact, her interpretation of the girl of the stores places her among our foremost players for all time. There is no moment when the audience does not feel she is the character she represents and she wins and holds the sympathy and attention from first to last.

The Henry B Harris management have surrounded Miss Stahl with an exceptional acting organization. Although they have been playing in "Maggie Pepper" since mid-August the acting is as spontaneous as though it were in the first week of its season. There is no part in "Maggie Pepper" that is not played for its full value and every member of the company seems imbued with the same artistic inspiration which makes the work of Miss Stahl herself so notable.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

One of the undoubted successes of the past season in New York was the C Hadden Chambers' comedy, "Passers By" which Charles Frohman produced at the Criterion Theatre early in September and which delighted metropolitan theatregoers for full four months. This season Mr. Frohman is presenting this play with Charles Cherry as the star. "Passers By" unquestionably owes a great deal of its popularity to its saneness and to its humanity. The comedy is sane in that it is almost a page "torn out of life itself" in the opinion of those who have sat in criticism and at the same time it is human. Before "Passers By" was produced in New York, it was the big success of its year in London. If Peter Waverton's valet had not been interested in the passers by on the street below, Peter Waverton would most probably have not worked out his life's story in the manner he did. Coming home early on a very foggy evening he finds the valet looking after the material welfare of a "cabby." He is angry, but finally decides that he will try the same thing himself and the first passer by that is brought in by his orders is a tramp. Then a young woman is discovered by the valet all but fainting on the doorstep. She is brought in. On lifting her heavy veil Peter discovers that she is Margaret Summers, the only real love that he has ever known, but of whom, through the intrigues of a half sister, he has lost all track. Years have passed, and in the meantime Peter has become engaged to be married to a very charming young lady of his own social set. In the role of Peter Waverton, Mr. Cherry is said to be very happily cast and to have a part which fits him in every particular. Mr. Frohman presents Charles Cherry in "Passers-By" for a limited engagement which will open on Monday evening. The regular matinees on Wednesday and on Saturday will be given and an additional matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

WINCHESTER.

Today and tomorrow the Fortnightly of Winchester is to hold an Advertising Carnival in the Winchester Town Hall, for the benefit of the club philanthropies. Some of these are a vacation school conducted during the summer for the poorer children of the town, playground management and equipment, and a scholarship for a needy High School graduate.

The corner stone of the new 25,000 music room to be built by Edwin Ginn the publisher, on the south end of his home, was laid last Saturday. The room is to be 60 x 40 feet. Mr. Ginn himself laid the stone, putting into the box inside of it a scroll containing the autographs of all the guests present. An interesting program was given by well known artists.

The Unitarian church is doing good work for the Italian residents of Winchester Last Sunday afternoon the third in a series of meetings was held in the Assembly Hall of the High School under the auspices of the Social Service Committee of the church. There were about 250 present. Music was furnished by an orchestra and Miss Michelini, soprano soloist, sang. A lecture on Civic work was given in Italian by Francis Malgeri of Boston. It is proposed to establish a night school for those who wish to learn English.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular **Year Book** ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c. for his 1913 Almanac, or only **one dollar** for his **splendid Magazine and Almanac** one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to **Word and Works Publishing Company** 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"The Durbar."

At Tremont Temple Monday evening, Nov. 18th, "The Durbar in Kinemacolor" will be revived—this time with a practically new program. Only the actual coronation of King George and Queen Mary as Emperor and Empress of India will be retained. The other reels have never been shown in Boston. Among these wholly new episodes of the Durbar are "The Unveiling of the King Edward Memorial," "The Presentation of Colors," "The Royal Visit to Kabab Minor," "The Calcutta Races for the Viceroy's Cup," "The State Entry through the Elephant Gate of Delhi," "The Arrival at Princeps Ghat, Calcutta," "The Muhurrum Procession and Festival" and "The State Departure from Calcutta."

Helps a Judge In a Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucken's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

A Charity Dance.

Awkward Spouse—I see our set is to have a grand charity ball. Did you ever dance for charity? Pretty Wife—Of course. Don't you remember how I used to take pity on you and dance with you when we first met?—London Telegraph.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

WE WILL MAIL YOU $1
per set of old false teeth which are of no value to you. Highest cash prices paid for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and precious stones.
MONEY SENT BY RETURN MAIL.
PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.
823 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
KEEP ADDRESS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

Constipation
"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful
DR. KING'S
New Life Pills
Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N.Y.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

AWARDS FOR 'PHONE WORKERS

$10,000,000 Fund Set Apart For Pensions and Insurance

GOES INTO EFFECT JAN. 1

Provision For Superannuation, Injury by Accident, Sickness, and For Life Insurance Payable to Dependents—Most Complete Plan Ever Applied Anywhere

On Jan. 1, 1913, a $10,000,000 fund will be applicable to pensions, sickness and accident benefits, and life insurance for all employes of the Bell telephone system and associated interests, including therein the Western Union Telegraph company and the Western Electric company.

Among the associated companies affected are the New England Telephone and Telegraph company and its allied companies, which will supplement their present pension plan by the substitution of this much broader proposition. It is the intention, however, that the status of those already pensioned shall not be affected.

The plan for the distribution of this fund has been characterized as the most liberal, comprehensive and ideal ever inaugurated. President Vail has provided combined benefits for superannuation, sickness, accident and death, for an industrial army more than twice as large as the standing army of the United States.

This provision is made entirely at the expense of the various companies interested, without contributions of any kind from the employes themselves. The application of these varied benefits will be strictly democratic and will be for the benefit of employes of every rank.

The terms by which provision is made for the needs of age, illness, accidents and death, may be summarized as follows:

Pensions: Male employes who have reached the age of 60 years and who have been twenty years in service, may retire on pensions. They may be retired at the option of the company when they have reached the age of 55 years and have been twenty-five years in service. The pension age of female employes is in each case five years younger than that of male employes. Any employe who has been thirty years in service, regardless of age, may be pensioned on the approval of the president of the company.

The amount of the pension is automatically based on the years of service and the amount of pay, and will be 1 percent of the average annual pay for ten years, multiplied by the number of years of service. Therefore, a man who had been thirty years in service would get 30 percent of the average salary which he had been receiving during his last ten years of service. No pension will be less than $20 a month.

Accident Disability Benefits: In the case of accidents occurring in and due to the performance of work for the company, the employe will receive, for total disability, full pay for thirteen weeks and half pay for the remainder of disability, up to six years.

If the disability is temporary, he will receive full pay for thirteen weeks and half pay until able to earn a livelihood, not exceeding six years.

Sickness Disability Benefits: Employes who are disabled by sickness, or by accident outside of the regular course of duty after ten years in service, will receive full pay for thirteen weeks and half pay for thirty-nine weeks; if from five to ten years in service, full pay for thirteen weeks and half pay for thirteen weeks; if from two to five years in service, full pay for four weeks and half pay for nine weeks. In the case of employes who have not been two years in service, heads of departments will be permitted the same discretion as heretofore, in continuing pay during temporary illness.

Life Insurance: In the case of death resulting from accident in and due to performance of work for the company, an insurance amounting to three years' pay will be paid to the dependants of the employe, the maximum payment being $5000.

In the case of death resulting from sickness or from accident outside the business, the payment will be one year's pay for employes who have been ten years in service, and one-half of one year's pay for employes who have been from five to ten years in service, the maximum payment being $2000.

The American Telephone and Telegraph company has set aside from its surplus a fund which provides for those whom it directly employs, and also provides a reserve, upon which, under certain conditions, the associated companies may draw. This fund is supplemented by funds set aside by each local company. The total appropriations will aggregate something more than $10,000,000. The benefits, it is estimated, will cost annually $1,000,000 more than the present payments on this account.

Well Disposed Little Cousin.

A little girl who lives in a small town in Missouri wrote the following letter to her cousin: "We is all well, and mother's got the his Terricks, brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh, and sister Ann is got a babee, and i hope these few lines will find you the same. Your affeeshunate kuzen."—Kansas City Times.

Music.

"Mrs. Irons, if that infernal cat of yours keeps me awake as he did last night I'll shoot him."

"I wouldn't blame you a bit if you did, Colonel Stormley. Only it wasn't the cat; one of my boarders is learning to play the oboe."—Chicago Tribune.

One View of It.

"But if she makes all her own dresses I should think she'd be a good wife for you. It shows she's industrious and sensible."

"Not for me, thank you. It simply shows how poor her father must be."—Philadelphia Ledger.

BY INVOLUNTARY PETITION

Butler's Big Department Store Is Put Into Bankruptcy

Boston, Nov. 11.—An involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed against William S. Butler & Co., Inc., by three New York creditors.

Their petition, filed in the United States district court, declares the company should be adjudged bankrupt on the representations made in the bill of equity filed before Judge Colt of the United States circuit court last [illegible].

Judge Colt appointed C. F. Weed and Melroy H. Gibson receivers of William S. Butler & Co., Inc., and also of Gilchrist's and Everybody's stores. The last two joined in the receivership as a precaution. Weed succeeded William E. Butler as an officer of the Butler companies when Butler committed suicide.

According to the bill in equity the liabilities of William S. Butler & Co., Inc., are $700,000 and the assets $250,,000.

REA SUCCEEDS M'CREA

Head of Pennsylvania Railroad Retires After Long Service

Philadelphia, Nov. 14.—At a meeting of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania railroad President James McCrea resigned, to take effect Jan. 1. Vice President Samuel Rea was appointed to succeed him.

McCrea was elected president of the road in January, 1907, following the death of President Cassatt. At the time he was first vice president of the lines west of Pittsburg, and had a reputation of being one of the most experienced railroad men in the country.

McCrea in his letter of resignation says that he is approaching the age of 65 years and feels that he needs a rest. He adds that forty-six years of his life has been spent in the service of the Pennsylvania railroad.

REVOLTED AGAINST AWFUL CONDITIONS

Grace Carbone Had to Pay Penalty With Her Life

Georgetown, Conn., Nov. 14.—The woman whose knife-pierced body was taken from a mill pond here Saturday, was Grace Carbone of New Haven, who had been missing since Oct. 24 from her home in that city.

Positive identification of the victim was made by a woman who came from New Haven, but whose identity is withheld.

Having established her identity the police are now looking for Andrew Carbone, her husband; "Big Andrew" Capone and Fred Cusanno of New Haven, and James Lewis of Hartford, who, they say, compelled the woman to participate in the "white slave" traffic.

The police believe the woman was slain when she revolted against the conditions under which she was compelled to live. They say she was an intimate friend of Jennie Cavaglieri, who was shot to death at Stratford recently.

SAY SIGNALS WERE PASSED

Railroad Officials Place Blame For Wreck Upon Engineer

Boston, Nov. 13.—Investigation has disclosed, according to the railroad officials, the fact that John J. Buckle, the engineer of the Marlboro passenger train, failed to see the signals of caution and danger set, and dashed his train at full speed into a freight train at West Cambridge Junction Monday night. Buckley has been suspended from duty.

Buckley comes from Marlboro, and has been in the employ of the Boston and Maine road eleven years. Before that time he was in a sanatorium and previously he had worked on the road.

Couple Killed by Gas

Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 14.—With gas flowing into the room they were occupying in a lodging house here the bodies of Frank Chapin and Mollie Leary were found dead. A gas heater in the room had been turned off, but the gas cock of the main pipe was still open.

IN BOSTON MARKETS

Butter—Choice northern creamery, 33@33½c; western creamery, 32@32½c.

Cheese—York state, fancy, 18¼@18¾c; fair to good, 17½@18c.

Eggs—Choice hennery, 49@50c; eastern extras, 46@47c; western extras, 37@38c; firsts 28@32c; storage, 23@24½c.

Apples—Gravensteins, $2.50@3.50 bbl; Baldwins, $1.75@2.50; greenings, $1.75@2.50; northern spy, $2@2.50; pippins, $1.50@2.25; Hubbardstons, $1.50@2.25.

Potatoes—Aroostook Green mountain, $1.35@1.35 bg; sweets, Eastern Shore, $1.75@2 bbl.

Poultry—Northern fowl, large, 18@19c; medium, 15@16c; roasters, 20@22c; western, large, 16@17c; medium, 14@15c; western chickens, 15@17c; western broilers, 19@20c; live fowl, 14c; native chickens, live, 14@15c; turkeys, northern, choice, 28@30c; squab, $3@3.50 doz.

The Nine In the Calendar.

The figure 9, which came into the calendar on Jan. 1, 1889, will stay with us 111 years from that date, or until Dec. 31, 1999. No other figure has ever had such a long consecutive run, and the 9 itself has only once before been in a race which lasted over a century—that in which it continuously figured from Jan. 1, 889, until Dec. 31, 999, a period of 111 years. The figures 3 and 7 occasionally fall into odd combinations, but neither of them has ever yet served for a longer period than a hundred consecutive years in our calendar since the present mode of calculating time was established. It is also clear that from their relative positions among the numerals it is an impossibility for either of them to appear in date reckonings continuously for a longer period than a century.

The Parting.

Aunt (to engaged niece)—So Henry went away yesterday, I hear. Parting is very painful, isn't it? Niece—I should say so. Every rib in my body is aching today.—Fliegende Blatter.

PREMIER SLAIN BY ANARCHIST

Canalejas Shot When About to Attend Ministry Meeting

ASSAILANT KILLS HIMSELF

Authorities Have Impression That General Outbreak Was Scheduled to Follow and Pandemonium Reigns—Many Anarchists and Republicans Locked Up In Madrid

Madrid, Nov. 13.—The Spanish premier, Jose Canalejas, was shot dead here while entering the ministry of the interior to attend a cabinet meeting. His assailant, Manuel Pardinas Serrato Martin, an anarchist, aged 28, was arrested and then committed suicide by turning his revolver upon himself.

The shooting occurred in the Puerto del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, a big quarter in the centre of Madrid, the busiest spot in the city.

Stepping up behind and slightly to the right of his victim, the assassin pointed a pistol pointblank at the premier's head and discharged it twice in rapid succession.

The big square at one side of which the premier was killed was packed at the time of the shooting.

Senor Canalejas had just left his carriage when he was killed. He was crossing the sidewalk toward the entrance to the ministry of the interior, where he was to have attended a cabinet meeting.

The assassin had forced himself into the front ranks of the throng, and had no difficulty in getting close to his victim before anyone realized his object. Then he acted so quickly that it was impossible to stop him.

The premier did not turn his head, cry out or throw up his hands when shot, but collapsed instantly. The assassin was a native of northern Spain and an open enemy of government.

Mad confusion followed the crack of the pistol. Policemen came running from every direction, drawing their revolvers or cutlasses. Dozens of civil guards, a kind of military police, poured out from the ministry of the interior, fixing their bayonets or slipping clips of cartridges into their rifles as they came.

Among the authorities it was evidently the impression that a general outbreak was scheduled to follow, and an attempt to clear the square was begun immediately.

The crowd was so great that this was not an easy matter. Throngs stampeded for the streets leading out of the puerto. Other throngs rushed forward to learn what was the matter. Trolley cars clanged furiously for the right of way through the crowd. Scores of loaded mules, which are continually passing through the square, tied together in tandems of five or six, took fright and bit and kicked viciously. Cafes which line the puerto emptied out struggling mobs of customers.

The pandemonium continued for many minutes before the police and civiles, re-enforced by a detachment of cavalry, succeeded in scattering the crowd and restoring at least temporary order.

Many arrests were made following the assassination. Practically every well known anarchist in Madrid as well as many republicans had been locked up within two or three hours.

Jose Canalejas was 52 years old, and was called a radical at the time of his elevation to the office of premier.

He was first brought into the public eye in 1910, when he became premier at the time of the crisis in Spain between the government and the Vatican.

In 1900 Canalejas rose to the front rank in the political life of Spain. The times were troublous, and it was then that Canalejas made his famous declaration: "We must wage war against Clericalism."

At the age of 19, Canalejas had addressed political meetings with success. At 25, he took his seat among the advanced Liberals at the cortes. After this he advanced steadily, serving as minister of finance and of justice in several cabinets, and in 1902 took the portfono of agriculture.

In 1905 he lectured in the presence of the young Alfonso, upon whom he made an impression to which was, in part, due his later elevation to the presidency of the cortes in 1906, during the Liberal regime.

Following this elevation, Canalejas became virtually the autocrat of Spain. He was a big man, physically and mentally. He came of a family wealthy and cultured and which has produced several writers of marked ability. He was a man of simple habits, despite his wealth, and spent much of his time in his home among his collection of books.

Strikers Reduce Leaders' Salaries

Cardiff, Wales, Nov. 14.—Angered by its failure to win the recent coal strike in South Wales, the Miners' Federation adopted a resolution to cut the federation officials' salaries 50 percent.

How Some Turks Tell Time.

Though comparatively few of the natives of Turkey own watches, yet they have an ingenious way of approximating the time, and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then, holding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shadow cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between.

A Case For Sympathy.

"I have three children who are the very image of myself," said Jones enthusiastically.

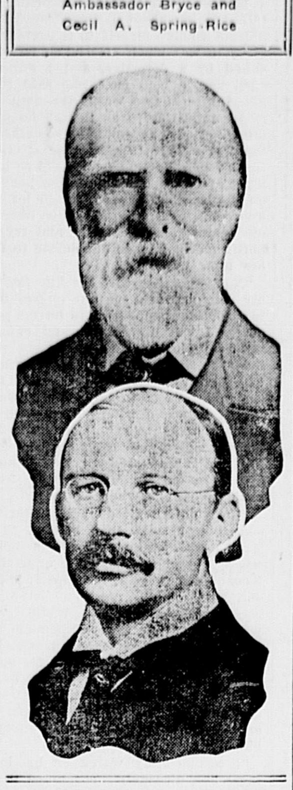
"I pity the youngest," returned Brown quietly.

"Why?" asked Jones.

"Because he is the one who will have to resemble you the longest," said Brown.—London Tit-Bits.

IN DIPLOMATIC CHARGE

Ambassador Bryce and Cecil A. Spring Rice



REMAINED BY REQUEST

Bryce Some Time Ago Asked to Be Relieved From His Post

London, Nov. 14.—The resignation of James Bryce as British ambassador to the United States and the appointment of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice as his successor are officially announced.

The foreign office, in announcing the changes, says Bryce some time ago intimated his wish to retire but prolonged his stay at Washington at the request of the British government.

COURT FORBIDS MAN EARNING HIS LIVING

Strange Order Issued at Request of Moulder's Wife

Chicago, Nov. 13.—Joseph Girsch has begun in earnest the job of being Mrs. Joseph Girsch's husband. That is the only job he can hold until Municipal Judge Newcomer permits him to resume his trade as a moulder. The strange court order was issued forbidding him to work, at the request of his wife.

"He beats me up every pay day," Mrs. Girsch told the court. "If you order him not to work he will have no pay day, and he will be nice. I have money enough of my own for us both to live on."

"It's a little unusual," said Newcomer, "but I'll issue the order. Joe, you go home with your wife, and if I hear of your working you'll go to the Bridewell."

CRUSHED SKULL IS BARRED

Cannot Be Used as Evidence In the Trial of Mariano

Providence, Nov. 13.—The trial of Antonio Mariano, 14, for the murder of Willie Mathers, in North Providence, Feb. 29, took a gruesome turn when the state sought to introduce as evidence the crushed skull of the victim of the crime.

Counsel for the defense entered strenuous objection, and after a lengthy argument, with the jury out of the room, the introduction of the skull was postponed.

SANITY TO BE TESTED

Schrank Pleads Guilty of Attempt to Murder Roosevelt

Milwaukee, Nov. 13. — John Schrank pleaded guilty of attempting to murder Theodore Roosevelt, and in his plea he sought to distinguish between an assault on Roosevelt as a "menace" and an attack on Roosevelt as a citizen.

Municipal Judge Backus later named a commission to examine Schrank's mental condition.

Woman Dies on Her Knees

North Adams, Mass., Nov. 11.—While the North Adams city council was voting to purchase her property for $13,000 for school purposes, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Wright was found dead in her room, kneeling beside her bed. She was an artist of talent.

Socialist Editor a Suicide

Girard, Kan., Nov. 12.—Julius A. Wayland, founder of the Socialist paper, the Appeal to Reason, committed suicide at his home here by shooting.

Sir Reginald Lister Dead

Tangier, Nov. 12.—Sir Reginald Lister, British minister to Morocco since 1908, is dead.

A Gentle Rebuke.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences relates how Queen Victoria once rebuked a certain mistress of the robes for unpunctuality. A day and hour had been appointed for a public ceremony in which the queen was to take part. The hour had arrived, and of all the court the duchess alone was absent. The queen gave vent more than once to her impatience, and at last, just as she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady of honor, the duchess in breathless haste made her appearance, stammering out faint words of excuse. "My dear duchess," said the queen, smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch," and she unloosed from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore and passed it round the neck of the offender.

No Chance.

Employee—I would like more salary. I am going to get married. Employer—Sorry, but I'll have to reduce it. I'm going to get married myself.—Chicago News.

FOUR SLAYERS OF ROSENTHAL

Identified In Court by Chauffeur of "Murder Car"

THREATENED WITH REVOLVER

Ordered to Hurry Away After Crime Had Been Committed—Heard "Dago Frank" Say Becker Had "Fixed the Cops"—Was Afraid to Testify While Zelig Was Alive

New York, Nov. 13.—William Shapiro, co-defendant with the four gunmen indicted as the actual slayers of Herman Rosenthal, has turned state's evidence.

Testifying at the gunmen's trial for murder, Shapiro identified the quartet—"Lefty Louie," "Gyp the Blood," "Whitey" Lewis and "Dago Frank" Cirofici—as his passengers in the "murder car" which he drove to the Hotel Metropole, where Rosenthal met his fate.

He saw them get out of the machine, he swore, heard the shots fired and declared that when they came back to the machine they had revolvers in their hands.

"Gyp the Blood," Shapiro said, had placed a revolver to his head and ordered him to "hurry up and drive away." He had heard "Dago Frank" say, he testified, that Police Lieutenant Becker, since convicted of instigating the murder, had "fixed the cops."

Shapiro's appearance as a state witness was one of the results, according to District Attorney Whitman, of the death of "Big Jack" Zelig, leader of the gang of East Side thugs to which the four gunmen belonged. Shapiro testified on the stand that he had heretofore refused to identify the gunmen because of fear of being killed.

"Shapiro told me," explained Whitman after court adjourned, "that he was afraid if he testified against the gunmen 'Big Jack' Zelig would have him 'croaked.' When Zelig was killed Shapiro got his nerve back and decided to tell the truth."

Mr. Whitman added that the indictment against Shapiro would, in all probability, be dismissed.

The witness told his story in a monotone, looking straight ahead and avoiding the angry glare of the four gunmen who sat bent far forward in their seats all the time he was testifying.

Each man of the quartet, except "Dago Frank," was identified earlier in the day by Louis Krause, a waiter, as men whom he had seen fire at Rosenthal, and "Dago Frank" was thus identified by Morris Luben, another eyewitness.

DEFENSE OF GUNMEN

Rosenthal Murder Laid to Webber, Vallon and Stranger

New York, Nov. 14.—The state rested its case last night in the trial of the four gangsters accused of murdering Herman Rosenthal, at the instigation of Charles Becker, and counsel for the gunmen opened for the defense, declaring he would show none of the four took part in the shooting or were in any way connected with the plot to kill the gambler.

He declared he would show the quartet was lured to the scene on a pretext and the shooting in front of the Metropole, where Rosenthal was laid low, was done by Bridgie Webber, Harry Vallon and a mysterious stranger, who was thus brought into the case for the first time.

QUITS POST IN JAPAN

Bryan the First of Taft's Corps of Diplomats to Resign

Washington, Nov. 12.—Charles P. Bryan, United States ambassador to Japan, tendered his resignation to President Taft, who reluctantly accepted it.

Bryan gave ill-health, brought on by a carriage accident in Japan, as the reason for his resignation.

Although a general change in the personnel of the ambassadors of the United States was expected as a sequence to the recent election, Bryan is the first of the diplomatic corps formally to tender his resignation to President Taft.

$11,000 FOR WIDOW

Boston and Maine Must Pay That Sum For Death of Husband

Boston, Nov. 14.—Ella F. Cotton of Portland, Me., widow of Woodbury E. Cotton, a freight conductor on the Boston and Maine railroad, was awarded a verdict for $11,000 by a jury in the United States district court here.

Mrs. Cotton sued the road for the sufferings and death of her husband, who was struck by a locomotive in the freight yards at Clinton on Jan. 7, 1910, and died later of his injuries.

Smallpox Epidemic Checked

Barre, Vt., Nov. 13.—The smallpox epidemic in this city has been checked. The pubic schools, closed for four weeks, have been reopened.

The Flag Halyards.

"Many a slender flagpole has been ruined," said a rigger, "by drawing the halyards down too snugly when making them fast after hauling down the flag. If this is done in dry weather and it comes on wet the shrinking of the halyards thus drawn taut to start with may be enough to bend the pole, and if it should be left in that way long enough the pole would be permanently bent. Flag halyards when no flag is flying should be made fast with a little slack."

Pythons Like Milk.

"The fondness of pythons for milk is notorious," said an official of the zoo. "A python will follow a bowl of milk for miles and then be perfectly satisfied with the milk as a reward for its journey. In India sometimes the natives in traveling through the forests carry a torch ahead for fear of wild animals, and one man will bring up the rear carrying a bowl of milk. In this way they sometimes enter a town, followed by half a dozen pythons, as they say in India, 'wagging their tails behind them.'"—New York Times.

A Good Scheme

A Woman's Perception Was Required to Defeat It

By EDWARD C. LONG

"There are a number of problems before the counterfeiter," said my friend Roberts, the detective, "but the most important of all is distributing the bills after they are made. There's more room for ingenuity in this part of the work than any other, and more counterfeiters are tracked from this clew than any other. All sorts of devices are resorted to to get the stuff in circulation. Persons are roped in by being offered an enormous price for something they own, and when they get their pay find that the money they have received is counterfeit. In such cases the transaction is usually large, and when it is completed the rascals disappear without leaving any trace. Of methods whereby the bills are put into circulation in a small way and continuously a case that fell into my hands a few years ago is about the best example I ever met with.

"I was sent to a banker who had reported some five dollar bill counterfeits on his bank's circulation. Every now and again a lot of these bills would appear, be absorbed and after awhile another lot would find their way into the hands principally of shopkeepers. The only clew that anybody had was this: An old man one day went into a drug store and, after

SHE WAS MUCH PLEASED TO BE CONSULTED.

looking carefully over some toothbrushes, bought one, paid for it with a five dollar bill and received $4.70 in change.

"The clerk had received through a customer, who was beyond suspicion, one of these same bills before which had been pronounced a counterfeit and was suspicious of this one. But instead of refusing it he gave the man his change and sent a boy after him to see where he went. While the boy was gone the clerk took the bill he had received to the bank, where it was pronounced spurious. The boy saw the old man who had passed it go into a certain house, then returned to the drug store and reported the fact. A watch was set upon the house, but the party who had gone in there was not seen to come out or again enter it.

"This is the point at which I took the case. It may be supposed that my first move would be to call at the house on some pretext and find out who lived there. Any such act might stand against me in the future. Instead, I rented a room opposite the suspected premises, where from a window I could keep it under constant surveillance, and spent many an hour watching it. Several times I sat up till daylight in the morning hoping I might see some suspicious circumstance. An elderly woman lived in the house, who, I learned, was a widow with two or three little children. She did not appear to have any lodgers, though there was a card in a window, "Room to Rent." I saw one or two persons who were passing look at the card, ring the bell, enter and come out, but during my watch the room was not hired.

"One day I received notice that a counterfeit bill had been passed at a meat store, another at a newsstand and still another at a hardware store. Indeed, the reports of the passing of these bills came in from all over the city. One of the persons on whom they were passed had submitted to be victimized in order to catch the perpetrator. Not being sure that the bill was counterfeit, he had pursued the same course as that pursued by the drug clerk. The person who had offered the bill was a woman. She had been followed, and the house she entered was watched. But she was not seen making an exit, nor did she ever again appear to the watcher or any one else concerned.

"When I had gathered these additional facts I felt sure that I had met with conditions that would be very difficult to unravel. And yet it appeared that more than one person was engaged in shoving the counterfeits, and the more persons possessing a secret the more difficult it is to keep it.

"One day the president of the bank whose bills were counterfeited received an anonymous note written in a feminine hand that if he would send to such a street and number he might be afforded a clew to the counterfeiters. The note was turned over to me, and I replied to it in person. I was received by a young woman, who told me that a man in a house directly opposite to the one in which she lived had excited her suspicions. But she could give no reason for this except that he appeared to have no business.

"If I were to let it be known that I was a detective working up a case I would get a multitude of clews every day, and each clew would be more ridiculous than its predecessor. Nevertheless in this case the girl seemed to be so positive that there was something wrong about the man opposite that I concluded to investigate. The best way to do this was to transfer my quarters to the house she lived in—it was an apartment house—and set up a watch. One of the flats was vacant, and I rented a front room in it.

"I had observed the man opposite but a few times before I could understand the girl's suspicions. But I could give no more reason for mine than she could for hers. She was quite attractive, and I made the case a pretext to call upon her often. I talked to her about it a good deal, but did not confine myself to it exclusively. She was much pleased to be consulted by a detective, and I encouraged her to help me. She said that about once in two weeks the man opposite sallied forth as though he was intending to accomplish something. She had noticed this, because at other times when he went out he did so listlessly and as though time hung heavily on his hands. I asked her to let me know the next time she saw him go out in an energetic mood and try to notify me in time to enable me to follow him.

"Not long after this she knocked at my door and told me our quarry had just gone out, appearing to have a purpose. I ran downstairs and caught sight of him turning a corner. He soon entered a stationery store, where he bought some articles. I did not follow him into the store, for I knew that if he was a criminal he would be suspicious of every one he met. My purpose was to note the stores he went into and if he passed counterfeit money. If he did his game was up, for I could arrest him where he lodged.

"He visited various stores, buying something in each, then, instead of going to his lodging, entered a house where several families were quartered. I concluded to wait for him to come out, but he never did come out—that is, so far as I could see. While I was waiting for him several persons entered and came out of the house, but not my man. After waiting for some time I telephoned for a person to relieve me and visited the stores at which the man had made purchases. In every store he had passed a counterfeit bill.

"I resumed my watch on his lodgings; but, although I continued it for a week, I never saw the fellow again.

"By this time the young lady who had given me the clew had become much interested in the case. Moreover, she sympathized with me in my defeat and was anxious to do something to help me. I couldn't afford to spend any more time watching the house where the counterfeiter lived. I learned that he had simply lodged there, and the occupants knew nothing about him. The young woman volunteered that if she saw him there again she would attempt to shadow him and if possible communicate with me while she was doing so. It was evident that he was one of several persons who were shoving the counterfeit money, but I had no clew to his whereabouts and was therefore no better off than before.

"The fellow went back just once to the house in which he had lodged to get some clothes he had left there, and the young woman happened to see him. She followed him and caught him on one of his rounds getting rid of spurious bills. After visiting divers stores he went to a house where he disappeared as before. His shadower waited from 10 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon for him to come out. Then a woman emerged, carrying a parasol and a reticule. The shadower, who had for weeks seen the man opposite go and come, had no sooner seen the woman walk than she recognized in the peculiar gait him whom she was looking for. She followed, looking about her for a policeman, but these gentleman have a convenient way of not appearing when they are wanted, and the party turned into a building before she could get a cop.

"There was a store opposite and, luckily, a telephone in the store. The young woman called the police and explained why she wanted them. They came in sufficient numbers to surround the house, then went upstairs to the top story, where they found not only the man in woman's clothes, but the whole gang of counterfeiters and their tools. In the reticule was considerable genuine money he had brought for division among them.

"He had been the only one engaged in passing the queer. After doing a bit of this work he would enter a house and come out as some one else. Had it not been for the feminine intuition of my volunteer assistant and her keen perception in recognizing his gait he might have continued his work, no one knows how long.

"I was so pleased with the young woman's detective instincts that I invited her to go into partnership with me. We worked so successfully together that we finally concluded to make a life arrangement of it.

"In all my experience I have never met with a better scheme for covering tracks after passing counterfeit money than the one I have described."

SIRIUS, THE DOG STAR.

It Gives Out Thirty Times More Light and Heat Than Our Sun.

The dog days are the hottest part of the year, a period which the ancients associated with the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog star—that is, when Sirius and our own sun crossed the meridian at the same time in midsummer. The great heat was supposed to extend from twenty days before the rising of Sirius until twenty days after; hence the total dog days were forty. The Romans dated the period from July 3 to August 11.

The dog days can be no longer identified with the rising of Sirius owing to the effects of precession, the star rising later every year. In time Sirius will cross the meridian in midwinter. At present the dog days are popularly supposed to extend from July 15 to Aug. 15, but are not associated with the star. This is the hottest and most unpleasant period in our latitude.

Sirius, the dog star, may be easily recognized, as he is five times brighter than any other star in our firmament. He gives out thirty times more light and heat than our own sun, but is 555,000 times farther away. He now rises about 16½ degrees south of due east and in our latitude is with us from October to May. In midwinter he is in full view for ten hours every clear night.—Christian Herald.

Knowledge and Culture.

A great memory does not make a philosopher any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations toward each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place. I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them. Still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well read men or men of information they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind or fulfills the type of liberal education.—Newman.

A BATTLE IN THE SEA.

Wanton Slaughter When Bluefish and Menhaden Meet.

Did you ever see bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and they attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly.

Into all this commotion comes a great shark. It's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for his benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school. It gorges itself without effort.

But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish, but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish plunging and tearing incessantly and killing and maiming at every stroke.

The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden have less of fear than they have of contempt for him.

WONDERS OF BAALBEC.

A Building Problem That Has Puzzled Modern Engineers.

Baalbec, or Baalbek, is the name given a ruined city lying in ancient Coele, Syria, forty-five miles northwest of Damascus.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about a ruined city being found in the locality mentioned, but the size of the blocks of stone used by the ancient builders of this particular city is something that has puzzled the modern engineers since the day when Baalbec was first made the Mecca of the oriental traveler.

There are immense stones on every side of the visitor to this ancient pile of ruins, but the three most remarkable blocks—said to be the largest ever used in the construction of a building—are in a wall back of the temple of Baal.

These immense stones are respectively sixty-four, sixty-three and sixty-two feet in length and each is thirteen feet in thickness, but the most wonderful thing in connection with them is the fact they are at a place in the wall twenty-five feet from the ground. How these immense blocks of granite were ever raised to such a height is a question that has never yet been answered.

Tiger and Lion.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, "we placed Chinese crackers in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—London Tit-Bits.

Victoria and the Future.

Queen Victoria's childlike faith in the future life is touchingly revealed in her published letters to Dr. Boyd Carpenter. The only fear that troubled her was lest those she loved who had left this world before her might have outgrown her companionship. "I feel only this doubt," she wrote to Carpenter, "on account of my dear husband, whose tastes were of a higher and different order from mine and who had different interests perhaps from mine. I am far more fit now to be his companion than I used to be, but still I know that he must have soared higher than me."

THE ROLE DUST PLAYS.

It Gives Us Clouds, Rain, Snow, Sunset Effects and Blue Skies.

While much evil has been attributed to dust, very little attention has been given to its benefits. Without dust there would be no blue sky nor any diffused light. Man's only light of day would be that directly radiated by the sun.

Light is produced by the vibrations of ether in the form of waves of variable extent, and these short or long waves are differently reflected, according to the dimensions of the grains of dust that they meet as they descend to earth. The fine dust reflects only the shortest waves, the blue. Dust of medium thickness reflects the yellow and the green waves, while the coarsest dust reflects nothing but the red.

We owe the blue of the sky to the fine dust in the atmospheric heights, where the air is purest. When the wind sets the dust in motion the blue turns to gray. The smoke of a cigar is blue as it issues from the cigar, while the smoke issuing from the mouth of the smoker is whitish gray because the particles of the gray smoke have increased in volume by fixing water vapor. The blue smoke of a burning cigar is like the blue sky, and as the water vapor is fixed by the smoke close to the mouth of the smoker so the vapor risen from the seas is condensed on the particles of atmospheric dust.

Without dust earth could have no rain. Not a drop of all the water evaporated from the oceans could come to earth on anything but the bearer of its condensations, the dust. Were it not for atmospheric dust there would be no clouds, no fog, no rain, no snow, no splendid sunsets, no azure skies. The surface of the ground, the trees, the houses, men and animals would be the objects on which water vapor would condense. The clothing of man and the fur of the animal would drip with water.—Harper's Weekly.

The Clever Ones.

Griggs—Some men are born great, others achieve greatness. Briggs—Yes; and others simply have the trick of making other people think they're great.

The Builder's Lament.

His Friend (gazing at new house)—So this is your last house? Builder (sadly)—Yes, last, but not leased.—London Answers.

SHATTERED THE MOUNTAIN.

A Volcanic Outburst That Tore Krakatoa Up by the Roots.

The eruption of Krakatoa, in the Sunda strait Aug. 28, 1883, still ranks first among the appalling convulsions of nature.

Krakatoa was a volcanic mountain midway between Sumatra and Java, but it had been inactive since 1680. In the spring of 1883 it began to show signs of activity. On the 26th of August loud explosions were heard, and on the 28th came the eruption that fairly shook the planet.

The eruption was followed by an appalling darkness, with a downpour of mud and sand. Then came a tremendous tidal movement, the water receding and then returning and overwhelming the people on the shores. The tidal wave was fifty feet high.

When investigation became possible it was found that Krakatoa had burst, throwing one part eight miles to the north and hurling the other part completely over Lang island, seven miles to the northeast.

The great mountain was literally torn up by the roots, as was shown by the fact that over the spot where the exploded volcano had stood the sounding line found a depth of 160 fathoms, or 960 feet. Other soundings showed that the bottom of the ocean for miles around had been changed. Islands that had never been seen before appeared and others entirely disappeared.

The damage to human life, done chiefly by the monster tidal waves, has never been definitely estimated, but it is known that at least 100,000 perished. The loss was probably far in excess of that number.

Some idea of the force of the explosion may be had from the fact that the waves that were started by it and driven east and west from the narrow straits, traveled across the oceans and met on the other side of the globe. Indeed, it was proved that these waves crossed at the antipodes and encircled the earth no less than four times before they got back to normal.

Strange as it may seem, the detonation accompanying the explosion was felt 3,000 miles away, while from its very immensity it was almost inaudible to the dwellers in the immediate vicinity.

Wonderful, too, were the meterological phenomena following the dread calamity. The sun did not rise or set in the old familiar way for more than a year after the explosion. The clouds appeared to be touched with strange lurid tints, and the blue of the heavens did not look as it had looked before. The superstitious in all lands felt that the very laws of nature were changing, and some imagined that the world was nearing its end.

The explanation, later on given, was that the queer phenomena were due to the fact that the awful explosion had filled the whole upper atmosphere with thousands of tons of fine dust, which encircled the entire earth and changed the aspect of the heavens.—New York American.

THREE SONGS.

They Will Live Above All Others In the Man Who Heard Them.

The brilliant, fashionably clad audience roared an ovation to the great singer. She was unquestionably the best soprano in the world. The critic turned to his friend, the self made millionaire, and said:

"Did you ever hear any song more exquisitely rendered?"

"Yes," said the rich man musingly, for he was touched by the magic of what he had heard. "Yes; I have heard three greater singers."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the critic.

"The first was years ago. The singer was plain of face and gray of hair and tired of body. There was much work to do and many little mouths to feed. I was the youngest child, sick and cross, and that dear singer crooned to me a lullaby, and I slept. It was a wonderful song.

"The next was years afterward. We had a little cottage. It was summer, and the windows and doors were open. My wife was in the kitchen preparing supper. She was singing something about her true love coming home to her. It was for me. And that, too, was a wonderful song.

"Some more years elapse. There is a little toddler in the garden, and she sings hesitantly something about daddy and his baby.

"These are the three singers, my friend, who beat all your Tetrazzinis."

And the critic? Well, perhaps the critic agreed with him.—Albany Times-Union.

LIQUID AIR.

The Way It Acts as a Preservative of Animal Matter.

It is sometimes necessary to preserve parts of a human body or of some other animal for the purpose of testing for the presence of poisons. In such cases the preservative must fulfil certain special requirements. It must be able to prevent absolutely any decay or putrefaction; it must not itself cause any change in the tissues, either structural or chemical; it must not introduce any substance that would in any way interfere with the subsequent tests or give rise to false conclusions, and it must be easily handled.

Liquid air has been found to be quite well adapted to this use. Its low temperature (about 400 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit) prevents absolutely all putrefaction as well as all other chemical change. At the same time, it prevents the evaporation of any volatile substance that may be present, such as carbon monoxide or hydrocyanic acid gas. Experiments have shown that the most delicate tissues, such as glands and brain, are quite unaffected by being placed in liquid air for a long time, and the tissues even retain their natural colors.

For the purpose of making chemical tests in a piece of tissue it is frequently necessary to cut the material up into very small pieces. Tissues that have been preserved in liquid air are frozen so hard that they may be ground up into a fine powder.—Harper's.

Animal Food.

Innocent Young Wife—The doctor said you were to have a little animal food today, John, so I've chopped you up a bit of nice clover hay and scalded it to make it go down softer!—London Telegraph.

It is more heroic to live on one's grief than to die on it.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living.—Phillips.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 17, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark viii, 27, to ix, 1—Memory Verses, 36, 37—Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson is recorded also in Matt. xvi and Luke ix, and we will consider it with the harmony of the gospels before us. Mimpriss in his harmony says that this is the first particular prediction concerning the rejection, the death and the resurrection of the Christ and was probably apart from the multitude and is the first key opposed to the leaven of the Pharisees. Matthew and Mark say that He had come into the coasts or towns of Caesarea Philippi, and Luke adds that He was alone praying, His disciples being with Him. We shall see in the next lesson that He was praying also at the time of His transfiguration (Luke ix, 18, 29). Luke records other instances of His praying in chapters iii, 21; vi, 12; xi, 1; xxii, 41; xxiii, 34. He ever talked with His Father in heaven with the same realization of His presence as that of the people about Him.

People talked about Him and had their opinions as they have today. The Pharisees who believed in a resurrection thought that He might be John the Baptist or Elijah or Jeremiah or one of the prophets, at which, no doubt, the Sadducees scoffed, for they did not believe in resurrection or spirit, but the Pharisees confessed both (Acts xxiii, 8). His next question is the one that should lay hold of our hearts. "Whom say ye that I am?" or as He put it to the Pharisees at another time, "What think ye of Christ?" (Matt. xxii, 42.)

It should not so much concern me what others say, but what does my heart say, what is He to me personally? Simon Peter, generally the spokesman, answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (verse 29; Matt. xvi, 16). See his similar testimony in John vi, 69, and that of Martha in John xi, 27. Can I look upon Him with His eyes as a flame of fire searching me through and through and say, O Lord, thou art to me the risen living Christ, my personal Saviour. If so, then blessed am I, for our Father in heaven has taught me by His spirit (Matt. xvi, 17). The words translated Peter and rock in Matt. xvi, 18, are not quite the same, the first signifying a piece of rock easily moved and the other a solid rock immovable. The rock foundation is the great truth that Jesus is God, and other foundation can no man lay (I Cor. iii, 11; Acts iv, 12).

The church built on this and on His great atonement as God can never be moved. The company of all true believers in Him constitutes this church, and all else must come to naught. Peter was given the keys of the kingdom, not the church, and the church is not the kingdom, but the heavenly center of it. From that time and repeatedly He began to tell them that at the hands of the elders, chief priests and scribes He must suffer many things, be rejected and killed and after three days rise again (verses 31; ix, 31; x, 33, 34); but, although to us seemingly so plain, His disciples did not receive these sayings, not even Peter and John, and it is written concerning them that up to the time of His actual resurrection from the dead they knew not the Scripture that He must rise again from the dead (John xx, 9). They had not received the message of the prophets that the Messiah must suffer, die, be buried and rise again, though we can see it plainly in such passages as Ps. xxii; Isa. liii; Dan. ix, 26; Zech. xii, 10; xiii, 6, 7. Peter therefore said that He should not speak of suffering: "Be it far from Thee, Lord. This shall not be unto Thee." "Pity thyself" (Matt. xvi, 22, and margin). Mark our Lord's reply and note that what is not of God is of the devil and is an offense to God.

Believers are either a sweet savor of Christ or salt that has lost its savor. There is no room for self in a disciple of Christ. It must be always a denial of self, taking up the cross daily and following Him; always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life of Jesus may be manifest in us; reckoning ourselves dead unto sin and alive unto God (II Cor. iv, 10, 11; Rom. vi, 11). There is no cross of gold or jet or jewels or flowers seen in Scripture, but only a cruel cross of death.

It means crucified to the world and the world to us, seeing Jesus only. To one life means business, to another his profession, to another pleasure, to another this or that great scheme, philanthropic perhaps, or just to make money, but one who is right with God says, "To me to live is Christ." He does not ask us to suffer with Him without setting before us the glory of the kingdom to which He has called (I Thess. ii, 12; II Thess. ii, 14; I Pet. v, 10), and to which He refers in verses 38 of our lesson, and which we shall see more clearly in next week's study of the transfiguration, and to which the last verse of this lesson (Mark ix, 1) clearly belongs. It was the God of glory who appeared to Abraham (Acts vii, 2), and we can only be sustained in the patient waiting, as He and others were. But the church as a whole is as blind to the glory of His kingdom as the disciples were to His death and resurrection, not because it is not plainly revealed, but because other thoughts and ways leave no room for His.

Result of Intense Emotion.

A young cat was seen to catch his first mouse. As he was carrying it in triumph to the house he suddenly became paralyzed in the hind quarters and for an hour remained stretched on the ground. Then movement returned, but it was observed from the way he knocked himself against the furniture and made no effort to take food which was given to him that he was blind. For two hours he remained in this condition. Finally the blindness suddenly vanished, and pussy was himself again. His was a case of hysterical paralysis brought on by the intense emotion of his first mouse.

A True Believer.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day."

"How much have you saved?"

"Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is only from our efforts to obtain a thing that we learn its value.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.—Swift.

How He Won Her

A Story Illustrating a Feminine Foible

By ARTHUR BURLEIGH

General Le Verrier told this story at dinner in his own house to his friend, M. Chauveteau:

"I entered the army at the opening of the war of 1870, enlisting in an infantry regiment. My father was a plain farmer not far from Fontainebleau, and I was among a people who were very much excited over the war and intent upon the soldiers who were being recruited in their midst. I was very much in love with a girl of seventeen who smiled sweetly upon me, especially after I had enlisted to fight the Prussians. I joined the Forty-third, whose uniform was the simple baggy red trousers and blue coat of the common infantry soldier, and soon had occasion to regret that I had not joined a more showy corps, for when a recruiting officer for the Twelfth cuirassiers came along a rival of mine for my girl's favors, Francois Duval, enlisted in that corps and when uniformed was resplendent in white riding breeches, high boots, a shining metal cuirassier and helmet. My sweetheart—Clochette was her name—when next she passed me had just seen Francois riding along the road decked out in all his finery. I saw an expression of disappointment on her face the moment she looked at commonplace myself.

"Nor was this all. The very next day I saw her walking beside my rival, seemingly dazed by his splendor. As soon as I could obtain leave I went to see her and received a very cool reception.

"I at once put in an application to be transferred to the lancers, whose uniform is quite as beautiful as the cuirassiers'. But of course no attention was paid to such a request, and I was doomed to continually appear before the girl I loved in the cheap uniform of an infantryman. I wished we would be marched at once to the war, that I might betake myself and my red breeches away where Clochette would see neither. But the regiments

"IN A MOMENT SHE WAS MARCHING BESIDE ME."

in our vicinity were not filled up for some time, and the people—principally the girls—were constantly gaping at us. And I noticed that those corps which wore the showiest uniforms gathered the biggest crowds. Every time I saw Clochette go by me with my rival, looking up at him as though he was a statue of Jupiter, I wished I could decorate myself with gold lace and spangles.

"Well, we got away in time and were marched to the frontier. We who came from about Fontainebleau were in the same army and fought the Prussians side by side. I saw Duval's regiment occasionally making a charge, and it was magnificent. I could not blame any girl for preferring one of these fellows in shining breastplate and helmet, mounted on a splendid horse wildly galloping against the enemy, to a miserable infantryman trudging along on foot in red trousers and with a cheap pompon in his hat no bigger than a boy's rubber ball. Once I saw Duval himself riding in the ranks, and he saw me, looking down upon me as the general of an army would look upon a drummer boy.

"However, I had one advantage that all soldiers do not possess. I was a born fighter. Most of us are good for something, and fighting was my redeeming quality. I have never been good for anything else. At Gravelotte a body of Prussians came down on us in such superior numbers as to overpower our regiment, which was the tip of the left wing. Within five minutes the colonel, lieutenant colonel and major were killed, besides many of the line officers. Our fellows were starting to run, leaving the flank exposed so that the Prussians could slip in right behind the line, which was a mile long. Either a rout or the capture of most of this line was imminent. The cuirassiers were driven back, and I caught sight of my rival galloping to the rear. It was a critical moment, like the first few drops of water trickling through a long hole in a dam which if not stopped, will let loose a frightful flood. It was I who plugged the hole. Taking up the colors, which were being trampled on the ground, I held them aloft and cried out:

"'Comrades, reform on your flag!'

"Immediately they began to reform as I directed at an angle with the next regiment on our right, so that instead of having the Prussians on our flank we faced them. The general of our division, seeing the situation, ordered a regiment from an unexposed point to support us, and they came in our rear at a double quick. The danger was averted. Other corps kept coming to that part of the field, and we were strong as adamant. After the fight my general sent for me and said:

"'You are advanced to the rank of major and will assume command of your regiment at once. Go and get off the uniform of a private and put on that of a field officer.'

"Do you know what I was thinking about when he said that? I was wishing my reward had brought me into the ranks of the lancers that I might don a showy uniform with which to win back Clochette. However, I could only feel pleased that I should at least equal my rival by being mounted, and, though my uniform would be much the same as before, it would be of finer texture and more highly decorated.

"As you know, we met with one disaster after another, and at last those of us who were not killed or captured were driven back across our country, the Prussians following us. I had been advanced to the rank of general of brigade. I was very young for such a position—about twenty-one; but, as I have said, I was a born fighter and nothing else. I couldn't understand why so many of my comrades remained in the ranks while I had been so speedily advanced. I didn't value my promotion, because with all the gewgaws worn by a general of brigade I did not consider him a bird of such fine plumage as a private of cuirassiers, nor would Clochette.

"As luck would have it, we approached Paris through the region from which we had marched to the war, and the worst of it was that the Twelfth cuirassiers were returning by the same route. I still loved Clochette. You know, the struggle was very brief and there had been no change in me as the man—only as the soldier. I knew as we marched through my native village the country people would line the way looking at us and Clochette would be among them. Though I would ride at the head of my brigade, with Clochette I would not count for as much as Duval in his splendor of a private of cuirassiers. Something must be done. I thought out a plan on which I acted, and you are the first man to learn of it.

"The evening before we were to pass through Fontainebleau I rode over to the headquarters of General Berrien of the Eighteenth corps and told him that I wished to march through the village with his command, in which I was not known. I told him my secret and my experience, at which he laughed heartily. Then I asked him to permit me to march past my neighbors at the head of one of the bands of his command as drum major. When I explained my reason he embraced me, remarked that 'all the world loves a lover,' said my plan was admirable and assured me that in the showy uniform of a drum major I would certainly win my sweetheart.

"'The leader of the band of the Fifty-third,' he said, 'wears the most showy uniform of any drum major, and you shall take his place.'

"He sent an orderly for this man, who reported at once, and I was pleased to see that, though he was tall, I was nearly his height. He was ordered to send his uniform to my headquarters and to turn over the leadership of his band the next day to me.

"Much had happened since we had marched away that our friends at home knew little or nothing about. No one knew of my advancement. When we marched through the town girls joined their fathers, their brothers and their lovers, marching hand in hand with them. I had placed myself at the head of the Fifty-third band and looked magnificent in my splendid uniform. While marching through the town, twirling my baton high above my head, I espied Clochette among the throng beside the road. She was looking at me admiringly. I smiled at her. She knew me and in another moment was marching beside me.

"I had won. And how? By yielding to a womanly fancy for display. A more intelligent girl would have preferred me as general but Clochette was an embodiment of feminine simplicity. As we marched along side by side, I throwing my staff high in the air, she was more proud of me and herself as my girl than she would have been reflecting the glory of a marshal of France."

The speaker having come to the end of his yarn looked at his wife, sitting at the other end of the table, and said:

"My dear, have I told the story correctly?"

"Perfectly so far as your own folly is concerned."

"Did you not march beside me when I was masquerading as a drum major, and that after giving my rival a preference?"

"I did. That was my folly. It may be permissible for you to give M. Chauveteau your feelings, but only I can express mine."

"Well, then, let us have them."

"I married you because you loved me so well as to make a fool of yourself on my account."

With a burst of laughter the men rose from the table.

An Observing Boy.

Little Boy (who has just seen his mother dismiss the servant for staying away from home the previous night five or six hours without leave)—Mamma, wasn't is very wrong in Mary to stay out so late? Mamma (indignantly)—Yes, Charlie, and very impudent, too, she was. But I won't keep such a person in my house. Little Boy—When are you going to dismiss papa?—London Telegraph.

Johnny's Sign.

The front door bell was out of repair. Mother instructed boyish John to put up some sort of notice to the effect. John is better at athletic games than in regard to punctuation. He finally evolved this sign, which a startled neighbor presently brought in to the mother:

"Please Knock the Door-Bell Out of Order."

A Soft Answer.

Actress (angrily)—Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation in "The Abandoned Wife" was a miserable failure? Critic—Ye-y-e-s. You see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you.

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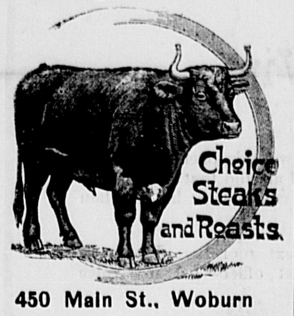

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JOANNA OTT'S DECEIT

A Christmas Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

On Christmas eve the wind whistled cheerily down the avenue sending the lightly fallen snow in glittering showers in the faces of passersby.

Every pedestrian carried one or more paper parcels, and many were laden with holly wreaths or pots of Christmas blooming plants.

Mrs. Vinton sat alone in her drawing room looking at the busy street scene. Her big chair was drawn close to the rich lace curtains, and she parted the draperies with a thin white hand on which sparkled many diamonds. Her beautiful old face was very sad.

There had been no Christmas in Mary Vinton's heart or home since Rosamond, her only daughter, had eloped with a penniless lieutenant in the French army. Mrs. Vinton had not forgiven, and Rosamond's speedy repentance and plea for forgiveness had brought nothing but the cold silence of a deeply injured mother. Mr. Vinton had been dead for many years, and his widow was very rich.

Every Christmas Mrs. Vinton chose gifts for her large circle of friends and they were duly sent, and when she had received gifts in return she had looked at them listlessly and bade Joanna Ott, her confidential maid and almost friend, so many years had Joanna served her, to put the gifts away until the new year should dawn. At that time the stinging tenderness of Christmas memories would be dulled and she could write graceful little notes of thanks.

Beyond the giving and receiving of gifts there were no signs of Christmas in the Vinton home.

On this Christmas eve, five years after the marriage of Rosamond, Mrs. Vinton had evinced some interest in

"WHAT IS YOUR NAME, DARLING?"

the holiday appearance of the street. Once in awhile a tremor passed over her sensitive face, but she would still it at once with compressed lips while a pink flush rose to the roots of her snow white hair, and her dark eyes filled with tears that she was too proud to wipe away.

It was 4 o'clock when Joanna Ott was summoned to the drawing room.

"Joanna," said Mrs. Vinton, with an undercurrent of interest in her voice, "I used to have some poor people on my list to be specially remembered at Christmas time. I am afraid I have forgotten them lately. Do you recollect their names?"

Joanna Ott knitted her brows thoughtfully. "I'm afraid none of them are left, Mrs. Vinton," she said at last.

"Not dead, Joanna?" cried Mrs. Vinton anxiously.

"Oh, no, ma'am; not that I know of. Only there was a Mrs. Ball and her three children; she married a fireman and is comfortably off. Then the little French seamstress fell heir to some money and went back to Paris. The Dooleys all moved away and I lost track of them."

"I'm glad if some of them have met with happiness," murmured Mary Vinton, with a brooding look in her eyes. She was silent for several moments, her eyes fixed on the street, now golden and red in the setting sun. Joanna watched her with eyes filled with mingled pity and despair.

"Do you know of any other poor people, Joanna?" asked Mrs. Vinton suddenly, turning toward the woman.

Joanna started violently. "Why, I don't know, ma'am. Perhaps I could think of some one."

"Some one who is really in need of Christmas cheer, Joanna. I believe I would feel better if I could really visit them myself and take something. You have jellies and grape juice and some delicacies in the house? I shall need fruit and chickens."

Mrs. Vinton was really growing interested, and Joanna's faithful heart leaped in response.

"Yes, ma'am; I do know of a poor woman," she said slowly, while a dull red burned itself into her thin cheeks. "She is a young woman with a little [illegible] and they are [illegible] poor and quite destitute of the commonest comforts. I am sure you could bring happiness there."

"Is there not a husband?" asked Mrs. Vinton as her mind rapidly reviewed the necessaries she could take to the woman Joanna had mentioned.

"He is dead," said Joanna huskily. "I am afraid he wasn't good for much, and he about broke his wife's heart. He drank something awful, ma'am, and he had a weak heart, and the drink killed him, and no loss, I say!" Her voice broke spitefully.

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. White," replied Joanna Ott. And she told where the woman lived—over in the teeming east side.

"Let us get some things together, Joanna, and go immediately after dinner," said her mistress, with animation. "We must have some warm clothing for the mother and the child and some toys for the little one too. I wonder if they have any fuel."

"Very likely not," said Joanna, winking tears away from her honest eyes.

"You can order a ton of coal and some wood to be sent to Mrs. White. Telephone now and tell them it must be delivered tonight. I will pay extra for that." Mrs. Vinton arose and went to the door. "Please tell Patrick to have the car at the door at 5 o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am," said Joanna, looking after her mistress' departing form with a queer expression in her eyes. When she was alone she covered her homely face with her hands and prayed softly.

From shop to shop Mrs. Vinton drove with her maid, and Joanna was surprised at the gifts selected by her usually practical mistress, but she did not utter a word of protest.

"The little one will like this, Joanna," said Mrs. Vinton as she picked up a beautiful doll that was richly dressed and bore an extravagant price tag.

"Yes, ma'am," said Joanna, and she glanced suspiciously at Mrs. Vinton but that lady appeared to be engrossed in the selection of a doll's trunk and some other expensive toys.

There was clothing, too, for the little one and its mother—handsome garments, soft and warm furs, chosen with rare taste. Joanna thought that Mrs. Vinton might have been buying gifts for her own daughter instead of the poor Mrs. White of the tenements.

It was not until after dinner that they set forth to deliver the gifts. Mrs Vinton's eyes were sparkling as Joanna had not seen them in years, and her cheeks were quite pink. She looked very beautiful and so much like lovely, foolish Rosamond, whom Joanna had adored from babyhood, that the good woman was agitated almost to betrayal of her thoughts.

"She seems to have forgotten poor Miss Rosamond," thought Joanna, rather resentfully, and yet there was a scared look in her face as the car sped up the avenue and turned into one of the side streets.

When they reached the address of Mrs. White, Joanna was surprised and disconcerted to find that Mrs. Vinton wished to accompany her to the home of the young widow. "Patrick can remain with the car. I can carry half of those parcels, Joanna," said Mrs. Vinton firmly, and so Joanna gave in and followed her mistress up the ill lighted stairs, looking badly frightened.

At last they knocked at the appointed door, and it was opened slowly by a little girl of three or four years. Against the candle lighted background of the room the child's hair was a fluff of gold.

"Muzzer's gone to det some coal," she announced, letting the visitors inside the humble room.

Mrs. Vinton and Joanna each stooped and kissed the child and then looked around at the bare floor, with its strip of worn carpet and few cheap chairs. There were an iron bedstead and a plain deal table, with a few dishes laid for a simple meal—a simple meal indeed—a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk! There was a rusty little stove in one corner, and in this a fire of sticks was crackling.

"Santa Claus sented us some coal. Muzzer's gone to the cellar after some," chatted the child, coming forward and placing a tiny hand on Mrs. Vinton's fur muff. "When I heard you knock I sought it was Santa Claus, and it was only her and you."

Mrs. Vinton bent down and kissed the child tenderly, and while Joanna Ott trembled she turned the charming little face toward the light and studied it closely. "What is your name, darling?" she asked in a voice Joanna had never heard before.

"Mary Vinton," said the child sweetly—"after grandmuzzer."

"Joanna Ott," said Mrs. Vinton, not taking her eyes from the child's face. "Will you please go and help Miss Rosamond bring up the coal? You know her hands are not accustomed to such"— But Joanna Ott had disappeared.

When she was alone with little Mary Le Blanc, Mrs. Vinton held the child closely against her breast. "It is too good a thing to happen to me, O Lord," she whispered brokenly. "I was so hard hearted and proud. And yet tonight, when Joanna told me of these people, I thought of Rosamond. I did not know about this little one, and I chose the things that I would have bought for Rosamond and her child if she had one, and, O Lord, they are both my own!"

When Rosamond Le Blanc followed Joanna into the poor room it was to be clasped in her mother's arms. Mary Vinton looked over Rosamond's fair, repentant head, and the golden curls of little Mary and her eyes met the faithful ones of Joanna Ott.

"Joanna, how can we ever thank you?" she asked solemnly.

"By all coming home and having a Christmas tree," said Joanna practically, nodding her head at the child.

Where His Money Went.

Tramp—Yes, lady, I had $50,000 left to me once. Woman—And I suppose it all went for liquor? Tramp—I s'pose so, mum. Dem judges an' lawyers is awful drinkers.—New York Globe.

Correct.

He—No man is as black as he is painted. She—And no woman is as white as she is powdered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

UNCLE JAKE DIDN'T AGREE.

The Old Man Upheld His Reputation For Being Contrary.

"Uncle Jake" was one of the characters of Banbury. He was as deaf as a post—when he wanted to be—and as contrary as a bundle of sticks. One of his neighbors came into his yard one day and said: "Uncle Jake, I'd like to borrow your wagon this morning. Mine is having a spring mended."

"You'll have to speak louder," rejoined Uncle Jake. "I don't hear very well, and I don't like to lend my wagon anyhow!"

The old man was an expert maker of ax helves—an occupation in which there is more art than the uninstructed would suppose—and these handles he left at the village store to be sold on commission. One snowy day, as Uncle Jake came stamping up the steps of the store, another old fellow who was known as Uncle Horace remarked to the men lounging about the stove:

"I'll treat the crowd if I don't make Uncle Jake agree to the first thing I say to him when he comes in."

"Don't be rash, Uncle Horace!" called out the storekeeper. "That never happened yet, and it isn't likely to."

But Uncle Horace merely grinned and picked up one of Uncle Jake's ax helves. The door opened, and in came Uncle Jake.

"Jake," said Uncle Horace, running his fingers up and down the smooth wood, "this is a mighty good ax handle."

"No, it ain't," replied Uncle Jake at once. "I can make good handles, but that one you've got is the kind people want. They don't know no better!"

And Uncle Horace treated the company to sardines, crackers and cheese. —Youth's Companion.

SMALL SAVINGS.

A Lecture on Economy That Mark Hanna Delivered to Dingley.

Mark Hanna did many things in a large way. Nevertheless he was not averse to giving his serious attention to little things on occasion. Senator Hanna one afternoon in Washington boarded a trolley car. Seeing Representative Dingley—he of the tariff law—just entering the front door, Hanna walked forward and took a seat beside him. The conductor approached and each man paid his separate carfare, Dingley with a five cent piece, Hanna with a ticket.

The conversation fell along the lines of business. Reports, they agreed, indicated that every class of business and industry was prospering. "Every one," said Hanna, "seems to be making good money."

Dingley protested. He knew of at least one man who wasn't—himself.

"It's very simple, Dingley, very," replied Hanna. "You pay your carfare with a nickel, the full hundred cents on the dollar. You may have noticed that I paid my fare with a ticket. I buy them six for 25 cents; therefore I save just 20 per cent for myself. That's the secret, Dingley. That's the thing you've got to learn—how to save the 20 per cent for yourself. That's your trouble, Dingley; you don't save when you have the opportunity. A lot more people could be rich if they would only learn how to put that easy made 20 per cent on the credit instead of the debit side of their accounts."—New York World.

Tree That Gives Light.

Among freaks of nature in trees there stands conspicuous one known as the Asiatic star tree. It is enormously tall, growing to a height of from sixty feet to eighty feet, while from the ground up to a distance of about forty feet the trunk is perfectly bare. From that point there spring a number of tangled limbs, which shoot out clusters of long, pointed leaves, and it is these, grouped together, that emit at night a clear, phosphorescent light. This gives the tree a spectral appearance and is very deceiving to travelers, who frequently mistake the glow for an illuminated window of a house. The light is not brilliant, but is of sufficient strength to allow of a newspaper being read by it. It does not flicker, but glows steadily from sunset to daybreak.

On the Slopes of Vesuvius.

Despite the danger to which they are exposed, from 80,000 to 100,000 people live upon the slopes of Vesuvius, besides the 500,000 inhabitants crowded into Naples. The reason is that the fertility of the soil is perennial, the peril only occasional. The volcanic ejecta are rich in alumina, silica, magnesia, lime, potash and iron, which by their decompositon go to make splendid land. Some of the best vines in Italy grow on the skirts of Vesuvius. If the volcano were away not one-tenth of the many cultivators could subsist in the same area.

Icing the Cake.

For the first time Ethel chanced to see her father preparing to shave. Running into the kitchen, she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, guess what papa is doing?"

"I don't know, dear. What is he doing?"

"He's making a cake out of his face," replied Ethel. "He's putting the icing on it now."—Chicago News.

Hopeful.

Her Legal Adviser—Madam, you have had three husbands, and every one of them either went crazy or turned out to be worthless. Yet you are thinking of marrying again! Fair Client—Yes, sir. I want a safe and sane fourth.—Chicago Tribune.

Often the life about which least can be said is the one that says the most.

The Delay.

"Is your wife nearly ready? We ought to be going."

"She won't be a moment. She's just putting herself into her diamonds."—Fliegende Blatter.

If rich be not elated, if poor be not dejected.—Socrates.

Wisdom is knowing what to do next; skill is knowing how to do it and virtue is doing it.—Jordan.

MAN'S ARTERIES.

And Some of the Causes That Tend to Make Them Harden.

"A man is as old as his arteries" is a common saying among physicians, which has come to be taken up by their patients. Dr. Herbert C. Clapp of Boston in the New York Medical Record comes forward with an article declaring that worry is a common cause of arteriosclerosis, the hardening of the arteries is not infrequently considered as one of the customary and proper accompaniments of a ripe old age—sometimes even of middle life—it is not universally so, and that even at fourscore years, as proved by autopsies, the arteries have been found to be perfectly sound. He cites the case of the champion old man, Thomas Parr of England, who died at the advanced age of 152 and whose arteries were found by Harvey—who discovered the circulation of the blood—on examination after death to be perfectly sound.

Dr. Clapp says that within certain limits the arteries do not harden because they are old, but are old because they are diseased. Among causes for arteriosclerosis he gives overeating, excessive muscular strain and excessive brain work. Worry produces functional disturbances and undue blood pressure. This brings with it arteriosclerosis. He holds that most worries are indulged in without an adequate reason, therefore, and cites the following quotation: "I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened."

POPPING CORN.

Why the Heat Literally Turns the Grains Inside Out.

A grain of popcorn is filled with tightly packed starch grains. The interior of the grain is divided into a large number of cells, each of which may be likened to a tiny box, the falls whereof are sufficiently strong to withstand considerable pressure from within. Upon the application of heat the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam that finally escapes by explosion.

To obtain a satisfactory popping there is required a very high degree of heat. This causes the greater part of the cells to explode simultaneously. The grain of corn then literally turns inside out and is transformed into a relatively large mass of snow white starch.

If corn be old and dry it will not pop satisfactorily. A few cells near the center of the grain may burst, but the general result will be unsatisfactory. At the base of the kernels, where they are attached to the cob, the cells appear to be driest, and it has been observed that these cells are seldom broken in the popping.

Practically all the popcorn raised for market in this country comes from New England. Great quantities of it are popped, buttered and packed for sale all over the United States.—Harper's Weekly.

MRS. BURNETT'S MYSTERY.

The Unsolved Enigma of the Letter on Her Writing Desk.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett told a true story which she called "The Mystery of My Life." And truly it is a mystifying occurrence.

It was some time ago, while she was living in England. One night she and a friend were spending a quiet evening by the fire, chatting and reading. Mrs. Burnett's friend, be it understood, sat throughout the event in an armchair by the fire and did not leave her place until all was over, so that, as in the case of conjurers, there could have been "no deception" on her part.

Mrs. Burnett went in the course of the evening to her desk and wrote a letter. She signed, folded, directed, sealed and stamped it and stood it up against a silver cigarette box on the center table. Then she arose to go and sit by the fire again.

Presently, wishing the letter posted, she started to take steps toward having it mailed. She looked for it on the center table, and the letter was not there. She looked all over the table in vain. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. She knew she had stood that letter up against the silver cigarette box, but it was not there. No one had entered the room; no one had left it. Her friend had sat motionless by the fire.

Mrs. Burnett said to herself: "I know—sometimes one's eyes are held. A thing may be staring one straight in the face and not be seen. It may seem to be masquerading as something else!" And she began systematically examining each object on the table separately, picking it up, naming it and setting it down again, to make sure that it was itself and not the letter.

"Is this the letter? No; this is a Dresden china bonbon dish. Is this it? No; this is a brass candlestick, this is a magnifying glass, this is an ivory paper cutter, this is a carved wooden box, this is a rose jar, this is an ash receiver, and this, finally, is a silver cigarette box, and there is nothing else on the table, and there is neither hide nor hair of a letter to be seen!"

Completely at a loss, Mrs. Burnett strolled about the room to examine other possible surfaces where the letter might have been placed had it not emphatically and unmistakably been put upon the center table against the cigarette box. She searched on the mantelpiece, on her desk, on the piano, on the bookcase—no letter. In discouragement she turned again to the center table for another hunt. There stood the letter demurely leaning against the silver cigarette box, exactly as she had placed it.

And that such things are possible and that they happen to such perfectly sane, clear eyed, level headed and reliable people is perfectly credible. Have we not all had similar experiences? And if they were not possible whence come the world old beliefs in elementals, in mischievous sprites, in elves and brownies who play pranks upon us poor, dull mortals? Explain it how we may, that is what happened to Mrs. Burnett.—New York Press.

FIGHTING A BISON

Exciting Battle With a Savage Bull In India.

A WILD SCRAMBLE FOR LIFE.

There Were Several Narrow Escapes For the Hunter That Was Hunted Before an Unexpected Climax Ended the Rather One Sided Engagement.

In her book, "Roughing It In Southern India," Mrs. M. A. Handley presents a graphic description of a thrilling adventure in which a member of her party played one of the star parts. It was a brilliant but unwilling engagement, and it was too serious while it lasted either for comfort or for the enjoyment of the grimly humorous phases of his enforced battle and wild scramble for his life. Mrs. Handley says:

"Although as a forest officer F. had frequently looked death in the face, he never felt so utterly helpless at the critical moment as he did in a certain adventure that he had with a bull bison. The animal took the aggressive as soon as he was discovered. F. had time only to jump behind a buttress tree.

"The bison began by chasing him round the tree till his head swam. The animal gave him not a moment's leisure in which to take aim. The buttress tree is not easy to climb, for the trunk throws out walls or buttresses all round, between which are deep recesses. To be caught in one of them would certainly mean being pinned to the tree and gored to death.

"Half an hour of this exercise did not tire the bison in the least, whereas from moment to moment F. grew dizzier. Knowing that he could not keep it up much longer and that a fall would be fatal, he started to run in another direction. Quick as he was, the bull was quicker. Suddenly F. felt a touch on his back. Then he felt himself caught up by the belt and tossed high into the air.

"Luckily the belt gave way, for otherwise he would have been brought down again, to be either tossed once more or gored. As it was, he was thrown to a distance, while his rifle, flying out of his hand, struck with a metallic ring on a rock. From where he lay, jarred almost into a stupor, F. saw the angry bull go up to the rifle and trample it into a ruin of splintered wood and twisted iron.

"The bison then turned his angry eyes about and advanced toward F., who thought himself powerless to stir. At the last moment, however, he managed to scramble up from under the creature's very nose.

"Near at hand were his men, one of whom carried his spare rifle. This man watched his opportunity, darted sidewise, dropped the gun into the grass and placed a stick upright beside it to mark the spot where it lay. Meanwhile all the others danced and shouted in order to distract the bull's attention.

"Running his best, F. must now needs stumble, but he picked himself up and turned round to see what was in store for him. Before he could slip to one side the bull plunged at him, knocking him down, and stood over him, with the foam from his mouth dropping into his face.

"The huge brown head bent lower and lower till the bloodshot eyes were turned downward.

"F. had no time to think. He had to do whatever the moment suggested. He grasped the horns, was raised up by them and balanced for an age long second in the air; then, partly thrown, partly springing to earth, he tore ahead without stopping to look behind him.

"As he ran toward the rifle placed ready for him the pounding of hoofs behind suddenly ceased, although the bellowing and snorting were redoubled. He turned to look, and at the same instant the men's cries turned from despair to joy. The bull had trapped himself.

"In his blind fury, heedless of his own steps, he had fallen nearly chest deep into a wedge shaped crevice in the rock, with all his feet in a bunch, and the more he struggled the tighter he stuck. It was the work of a moment for F. to seize the rifle and fire the shot that put the bison out of his misery."

Chinese Similes.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointedly sarcastic enough. A blustering, harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their families, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

Her Line.

"Now our cook has gone away I don't know what we shall do."

"I thought you told me your wife was such a good cook?"

"Not a bit of it. I told you my wife was an expert in broils, roasts and stews."—Baltimore American.

The Potent Factor.

"Can't I get a steak here and catch the 1 o'clock train?"

"It depends on your teeth, sir."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

How much the world needs kindness! How easily it is done!—Drummond.

Franklin's Fate Prefigured.

The fate of Franklin, the explorer, was unwittingly prefigured, and on the eve of his starting on his last voyage, at the hands of his own devoted wife. As he lay dozing on a sofa Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, on which he awoke in consternation, saying: "Why, there's a flag thrown over me! Don't you know that they lay the union jack over a corpse?"

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, NOV. 15, 1912

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

It is quite amusing and highly edifying to a large number of the voters of this municipality to read the political advertisements as displayed in some of the local dailies, giving the candidates reasons for claiming the patronage of the electors at the coming municipal election.

And it is well that they should do so that the voters may know who they are, for what they stand and for what they are eager to do for their constituents.

But why not give their whole record when proclaiming their virtues for some coveted office to which they aspire?

Have they been strictly true to their oath of office in the past, to such an extent as to warrant their further advancement to public office in a larger sphere than what they have already served?

Have they served *all* of their constituents equally well?

They tell us how they have advocated and voted for pensions for a few, increased the salaries of a few more, given holidays to another chosen few well-paid city officials, that they have improved the service of the B. & M. R. R. and the Bay State street railroad and of reduced fares etc. ad infinitum.

Now all this is very fine so far as it goes but where does the tax payer come in; the citizen who pays the bills for all these alleged worthy objects.

How much of these taxes necessary for the maintenance of the municipal government do these embryotic statesmen pay out of their own pockets?

Is it their own contributions to the public weel that they have thus voted away?

What have they done to reduce the rate of taxation in this city now getting to be quite burdensome to the owner of a small home that is only partially paid for?

Have they economized at all in the city's expenditures, if so, when and where?

Have not the tax payers some rights in the conduct of public affairs which these aspirants for office are bound to respect?

They tell us what they have done for a chosen few a small minority of the citizens, why not tell us if any good deeds or good votes have been given in the interests of the larger majority of the citizens, the tax payers of the city.

Where Mr. Candidate do you draw the line between the working classes and the non-working classes?

Do you imagine for one minute that the tax payers as a whole do not work as hard or even harder in many cases for their wherewithal than do some of those few for whom you have given your vote for——what?

Is not your plea for election to some higher office based more upon the fact of your service for the benefit of what you think to be a favored few who have votes to give, rather than for the benefit of the whole community for whom you were elected to serve?

CONTRAST.

A sharp contrast between the way the Board of Health in other communities conduct business and that of the Woburn Board of Health is noted in the following facts. The town of Winchester receives $1300 per year for the privilege of collecting swill while the Woburn Board pays out $250 to have the same thing done. The Woburn collector Thomas P. McGoff was again sentenced to the State Farm by the District Court last Monday.

☞ George W. Stetson, the well-known veteran newspaper man, died at his home in Medford last week Tuesday afternoon. For twenty-two years he was the city editor of the *Medford Mercury*. In 1903 he established the *Medford Leader* of which he continued the Editor and Publisher until 1908 when he suffered partial blindness. He was an upright, conscientious citizen and his voice and pen were always used in the interests of truth and loyalty. He possessed high ideals and has left an influence for good in the community in which he lived and labored so long.

☞ The *American Boy* for December is at hand. It is filled with the holiday spirit and the stories and illustrations are of the character particularly pleasing to boys. In fact it is one of the largest and brightest magazines for boys published. There is a large fund of information on varied subjects a tangle department and other attractive features.

☞ Among the many things for which we give our most hearty thanksgiving in this season of abundant prosperity is the halting for the present at least of the Annanias Club by its pernicious President.

— Before another issue of the JOURNAL appears to you Thanksgiving 1912 will have come and taken its departure in the past. There is much for the people to be thankful for in this year of grace and it is earnestly to be hoped that those most favored will cast a glance to windward and silently remember those less fortunate than themselves. The opportunities for so doing are without number and good so done is beyond the estimate of anyone.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Miss Anna Everberg is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

— The Nichols Corner Club will hold its next meeting with Mr. and Mrs. H. L Andrews, 12 Burlington street, next Monday evening.

— The engagement of Miss Lillian Ruth Presley of Malden and Mr. Benjamin H. Nichols, Jr., of 37 Warren Ave., this city, has been announced.

— The Annual Sale in aid of The Free Home for Consumptives, 428 Quincy St., Dorchester, will be held in Horticultural Hall, Saturday, December 14, 1912, from 10 A. M. to 10 P M.

— The regular business meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E Church was held Thursday at 3 30 P. M. in the church parlor. Supper was served at the usual hour.

— The regular meeting of the Bridgaunitas Club was held Tuesday evening with Miss Marian Kimball of North Woburn The winners at whist were Miss Esther Bean and Mr. Orel Bean.

— Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor of the M E. church is attending a meeting of the Trustees of the Temperance Industrial Collegiate Institution of Claremont, Va., held in New York City this week

— Mr. and Mrs Leonard Fowle and son of Los Angeles, California, arrived here Tuesday morning to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. Fowle's parents Mr. and Mrs. A A. Fowle, Frances street.

— The Mothers Association held their monthly meeting in the parlor of the First church last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Burke Leavitt of East Boston gave an address on "The Need of Vision for Mothers."

— The first five in the series of progressive thimble parties now being held by the Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist Church met with Mrs. Arthur E Gage, 8 Sherman Place, last Wednesday afternoon.

— The Sunny Corner Class of the M. E. Sunday School held its regular meeting with Mrs. Frank McMahon, 582 Main street, last Tuesday afternoon. Final arrangements were made for the sale soon to be held.

— The Woman's Home and Foreign Mission circles of the First Baptist church held their regular monthly meeting with Mrs. H. B Williams, 524 Main street. The program was in charge of Mrs. E F. Johnson.

— Attention is called to trains indicated in time-table of B. & M. Southern Div., as not running on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, between Boston and Wilmington, Arlington, West Medford, Bedford, Stoneham, Lexington, Woburn and Lowell.

— Mr. Warren Cutter, residing at 50 Elm street was found dead in bed last Saturday morning. He was 72 years old and had lived in North Woburn for some years. He is survived by one daughter, Miss Ida Cutter, with whom he lived. Interment was Mount Auburn Cemetery.

— Lexington has begun preparations for the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the incorporation of the town which takes place March 20, 1913. A committee has been chosen, of which Mr. Alonzo E Locke is the acting chairman, to have charge of the details. A grand pageant is talked of as one of the features.

— The Autumn Meeting of the Cambridge District Association W. F. M. S. was held Thursday at Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, East Cambridge. Addresses were given by Miss Ada L. Cushman, Mrs. C. R. Fuller, Miss Clementina Butler, Mrs. J. Clark Glidden, Mrs. John Legg, and Miss Mabel Hartford of Yenping, China.

— Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shriners held their regular meeting and banquet in Mechanics Hall, Boston last Friday evening. Those attending from Woburn were: Messrs. D. R Beggs, Capt. W. C. Parker, Charles Fitz, Walter Scott, W. G. Stretton, A F. Heald, Wm. Thompson, A. B. Heald, George Menchin, Lewis Menchin and Walter Hanson.

— The Sunny Corner Class of the Methodist Sunday School will hold a Christmas sale of aprons and fancy articles in the church parlors, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 30, beginning at 2 P. M. This sale has become an annual event and many ladies await it before making their Christmas purchases. This year there will be a large assortment of practical and pretty articles Afternoon tea will be served.

— A competitive examination will be held on December 11, 1912, to fill the position of veterinarian under the State Board of Health, at a salary of $1,500 per year, and similar positions as vacancies may occur. Men who desire to take this examination may secure application blanks by applying in person, or by letter, at the office of the Civil Service Commission, Room 152, State House, Boston, Mass.

— Colonel Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D A R, held its regular meeting with Mrs Arthur A. Fowle, Frances street last Tuesday afternoon. The Regent, Mrs. Carrie B. Fox presided. Mrs. Charles H Bond, Vice President General of the National Society, D A. R, was present and gave an interesting talk on National affairs. The house was beautifully decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. Mrs. Jennie Trecartin Fox sang a group of songs charmingly. Dainty refreshments were served, Mrs Susie W. Lane and Mrs. Emma Wright presiding at the tea table.

— Mr. Percy W. Linscott is seriously ill at his home 616 Main street.

— Mr. Burton L. Stokes has sold his house at 17 Mishawum Road to Mr. Anthony S. Robinson of 98 Main street, who buys for occupancy.

— A marble statue of the Guardian Angel presented to St. Charles Parochial School by Miss Mary A. Breslin of Andover, in memory of her father, Charles Breslin for many years an honored citizen of this city, was dedicated last Sunday afternoon with exercises appropriate to the occasion.

— Mr. Fred Prior was seriously hurt in an auto accident at Duluth, Minn., early in the week. He was on a business trip to that city and while riding with a friend the auto collided with a tree and Mr. Prior was thrown out. He was taken to a hospital and made as comfortable as possible. His injuries are not considered fatal.

— The Glen Ridge Club held a pretty and successful party for the young people of the neighborhood last evening at the home of Mrs Theodore Pierce, Lexington street. There were vocal solos by Mrs. John Ramsey and Mr. Solomon Hopper and readings by Miss Ada Dorr. Games were played and refreshments served. The party separated at a late hour declaring this the best time yet.

— The Public Winter Meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, for lectures and discussions, will be held at Union Hall, South Framingham, Mass., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 3, 4 and 5, 1912. Admission to all lectures is free to the public, who are invited to take part in the discussions which follow. A printed program may be obtained by addressing J. Lewis Ellsworth, 136 State House, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Emma E. Owen

Mrs. Emma E. Owen passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Blodgett, 14 Mishawum Road, Saturday afternoon at 5 30, after a long and tedious illness. Mrs. Owen was born in Kidderminster, England, 59 years ago. She came to America with her parents when nine years old and lived in Woburn the greater part of her life. She had been a member of the First Baptist church since March 3, 1865.

Mrs. Owen was a woman of beautiful Christian character whom to know was to love. Her love for the church was deep and she was always ready to respond to any call or do anything in her power to further its interests. Her presence in the sick room was eagerly welcomed and her gentle ministrations will be missed by a large circle.

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon, Rev. H B Williams officiating. There were many floral tributes. Maude H Littlefield played "How Firm a Foundation" and "Nearer My God to Thee" on the violin. The pall bearers were four of the deacons of the First Baptist church, George W. West, Arthur E. Gage, William H. Lewis and M. A Burnes, Burial was in Woodbrook. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Mabel O. Blodgett, Mrs. Owen is survived by a sister, Mrs Mary E. West of Plympton street.

Escapes An Awful Fate.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now. Quick and safe, its the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

An Invitation From Winchester.

On Tuesday. Nov. 26, at 8 P. M., an open meeting is to be held in the Town Hall of Winchester—a meeting in which it is thought the adjoining towns also may be interested, because it is to be held in behalf of a cause which has never been publicly presented we believe, in any of these towns. It is to be held under the auspices of women who would much prefer to remain quiet, and work in other ways, for home and state and country, but who feel forced by misunderstanding of their position and consequently by misrepresentation to come forward, believing that in so doing, they are working in the interest of woman, of our Commonwealth and of our Country.

The ANTI-SUFFRAGE Association of Winchester cordially invites all in Woburn who are interested (voters and non voters) to attend the meeting. Mrs. George of Brookline and Miss Bronson of Washington, D. C., will speak. Rev. John W. Suter will preside.

An unusual opportunity is given to hear two such able women speak in one evening.

Reeves—Looker.

The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Reeves, 211 Cambridge street, was the scene of a pretty home wedding last Wednesday evening when their son, Mr. George Reeves of Cambridge was united in marriage to Miss Marion E. Looker of Newton by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain of Newton. Mr Henry Reeves, brother of the groom was best man and the bride's attendant was Miss Jessie Townsend of Newton. The bride was given away by her uncle Mr. Charles Robinson. The house was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums. The bride was gowned in white chiffon and carried a shower bouquet of lillies of the valley; the bridesmaid wore pink chiffon and carried pink roses Dill of Melrose catered. Guests were present from New Haven, Conn., Newton, Boston, Cambridge, Waverly, Watertown and this city. The couple departed at a late hour on a wedding trip to New Hampshire.

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

At 10 30 Sunday morning the pastor will speak on "America for Christ." At 7 o'clock the Epworth League class of investigation will conduct the service using for their general subject "Aliens or Americans." The Epworth League devotional service at 6 o'clock as usual.

United States Parcels Post System.

In order to give the people of Woburn the earliest information relative to the system to be established Jan. 1, 1913, we have gleaned the following information from the Postmaster and present it to our readers for their information and guidance. You may send anything provided it can be done up in a package not exceeding eleven pounds in weight nor greater in size than seventy two inches in length and girth combined, nor of a form likely to injure a postal employee or damage other mail matter; the contents however, can not be of a character perishable within a period reasonably required for transportation and delivery; the minimum weight permissible is four ounces the maximum eleven pounds. Under the Parcels Post system, each Post Office is to be supplied with Zone Maps, Official Parcel Post Maps of the United States, showing the unit of area in which each office is located and eight postal zones indicating the distance on which the Parcels Posts rates are based. Distinctive Parcels Post stamps must be used. If any other stamps are used it will be treated as "Held for Postage" All parcels must bear the return card of the sender; otherwise they will not be accepted for mailing. It is expected that the rates will be about as follows: Within a radius of 50 miles

First lb. 5cts. Each add'l. 1ct. up to 11 lbs. 15cts.

Within 150 miles 5cts., each additional 3cts to 11 lbs. 35cts.

Within 300 miles first 7cts., each additional 5cts. 11 lbs. 57cts.

Within 600 miles first 8cts. each additional 6cts. 11 lbs, 68cts.

Within 1,000 miles first 9cts., each additional 7cts 11 lbs, 79cts.

Within 1,400 miles first 10cts., each additional 9cts. 11 lbs. $1.00.

Within 1,800 miles first 11cts., each additional 10cts. 11 lbs. $1.11.

More than 1,800 miles 12cts. 11 lbs. $1.32.

Friends of the Parcels Post believe it will be of real benefit to every man woman and child in the country, while the Express Co.s claim it will simply mean to them that they will turn over to the Post Office their most unprofitable business (the handling of small packages) but continue to do the business which brings the largest returns. It is a tremendous job the Post Master General has undertaken, the installation of the new system and get it into operation simultaneously in every post-office in the Country, Jan. 1st, 1913 In European countries it has proven of inestimable service why not here? In Germany the number of parcels handled in 1890 was 97,000,000. Twenty years later the number had increased to 300,000,000. Who can estimate the possibilities of service in this country?

The Demons Of The Swamp

are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C. "three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since.' Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50 cts. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Frederick Swan Robbins.

Died in Boston, Friday, Nov. 15th, after a lingering illness of upwards of two years Frederick Swan Robbins one of the most proficient clarinet players this country has ever produced.

He was the son of the late John and Susan A. Robbins, born Feb. 3, 1858 and leaves two brothers, John W., living in Franklin, N. H., Frank H., of this city and one sister, Mrs. Charlotte A. Knox of Brockton.

He attended the public schools in city and graduated from the High school in the class of 1876.

Early in boyhood he manifested a great passion for music as did his father before him who for many years played the fife to the tap of B. F. Wyer's drum on all parades of the Phalanx for about ten years after the Civil War; they were contemporaries with Dan Simpson and Si Smith drummer and fifer for many years for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Fred's specialty in music was the clarinet and for several years with his brother John he was a member of the Woburn Brass Band, and for 17 years played in Napier Lothian's famous Boston Theatre orchestra and also with Sousa.

It was when with the latter organization he had started on a trip across the country preparatory to a European tour, when half way across he was first stricken with the malady that finally caused his death, and was obliged to cancel his engagement and return home.

Of a reserved and diffident nature, having no inclination for the usual social functions of life apparently caring but little for anything but his chosen profession and the ties of family and home, he was but little known to the every day citizen As a musician, he ranked among the first in the profession, as a citizen he stood equally high for probity and freedom from all vices and was loyally true to his father and mother in their last days of sickness.

He was a member of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association and the Musicians' Relief Association of Boston. He was never married. His funeral occurred in Boston last Sunday and interment was in Woodbrook cemetery this city.

Citizens' No-License League.

The Citizen's No-License League met last Sunday afternoon in Concert Hall and organized for the coming campaign by electing the following officers: President, B. F. Kimball; Vice President, James L McGovern; Secretary, Ralph A. Burgess; Treasurer, Theodore G. Boutelle.

Executive Committee: Joseph W. Hammond, Thomas P. Callahan, Albert White, C. H. Vaughn, R. Tillinghast, Roger Eaton.

A strong determined effort will be made to keep Woburn No-License and the enthusiasm of yesterday's meeting insures success.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, its some satisfaction to know that many peolpe can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

What in many respects should prove the most notable event of the season at B. F. Keith's Theatre is announced for next week, in the appearance of Ada Reeve. Miss Reeve, who is known on the other side of the water as "London's Pet Commedienne," is this season making her first American tour under Mr Keith's management. She is recognized as the cleverest singing comedienne on the English music hall stage today, and it is safe to say that Boston has never seen anything just like her. Everywhere this talented artiste has appeared, she has proved a genuine sensation. New York and Philadelphia fairly went wild over her, and no doubt Boston, where audiences appreciate true artistry perhaps more than in any other city in America, will be the next city to fall a captive to Miss Reeve. Miss Reeve will appear in a repertoire of serio-comic character songs, all written especially for her, and all new to American audiences. The bill surrounding this brilliant European star is as yet rather incomplete, but the acts so far engaged signify that it will be one of the strongest of the season. "Chuck" Riesner and Henrietta Gore have a novel specialty entitled, "It's All in A Show," including bits of mimicry, comedy, song, dances and funmaking. Phina and her troupe of Pickanninies will introduce a singing and dancing act different from anything previously seen here, and Lydia and Albien are European cartortionists with a spectacular electrical production.

BOSTON THEATRE

Clifton Crawford, he of the merry ways and light feet, will begin the last week of his engagement at the Boston Theatre next Monday in "My Best Girl." There will be a special matinee Thanksgiving Day in addition to the regular matinees Wednesday and Saturday. We all remember Mr. Crawford not only for his performance in "Three Twins" but in vaudeville and other entertainments, and it is enough to know that in "My Best Girl" there is humor of the sort he is best at and music which he can sing attractively and tunes to which he can dance gracefully. But the play is not for Mr. Crawford alone, by any means, for the Henry B. Harris management, under which he appears, has gathered about him a company of artists who have proven themselves first class entertainers. There is a chorus which can sing and dance aside from the fact that it has the good looks now necessary in such adjuncts. There are some nineteen musical numbers.

THE TREMONT.

In this holiday week no more appropriate and enjoyable performance than that given by Mr. Henry Miller and his excellent company in "The Rainbow" at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, could be recommended for Thanksgiving Day.

The play is full of the beauty of youth, the tender sympathies of maturity and the brilliant wit of clever folk. Not in sixteen years has Mr. Miller appeared in a stage story that gave such opportunity to make his audience the stage of which he held the entire centre. "The Only Way," "The Great Divide" and "The Havoc" each in turn showed his tragic powers, but not since the days of "Heartease," his first starring venture, has he found a romance so full of powerful appeal to the heart as A. E. Thomas has put into the central role of "The Rainbow."

It is exquisitely written and beautifully depicted, and possesses that rare quality—distinction. Furthermore it never once strikes a false or theatrical note.

Mr. Miller will on Monday next enter upon the fourth week of his Boston engagement. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day.

City Council.

A regular meeting of the Aldermen was held last night with a full board present.

Samuel Dean, 727 Main St., James E. Fowle, 12 Auburn St, Patrick C. Joyce, 76 Fowle St., and Wm. H. McManus, Jr., 22 Clinton St., were drawn as jurors.

On the petition of the Edison Electric Ill. Co., to locate 27 poles on Cambridge street north of Russell street and 1 pole on Nashua street, west of Tremont, it was ordered that a hearing be given on the subject at the next regular meeting of the Board Dec. 5.

W. S. Lindsay was granted a license to sell ice cream, confectionary and soda water at his store 444 Main street.

The order appropriating $1100 for the moth department and $2,000 for the highway department failed to pass.

The petition of the N. E. Tel. Co. for authority to locate poles on Montvale Road between Bird and Elm Sts., went to a third reading.

Clarence H. Kean, policeman was put upon the pension list and the petition of John Coughlin under the new law of Chapter 503, Acts of 1912, to be put upon the pension list was referred to the finance committee.

Polling places for the municipal election Dec. 10 were designated at the customary places and it was ordered that the polls close at 4 o'clock P. M.

$250 was appropriated for fire alarm boxes and authority was granted the City Treasurer to issue bonds of the city on account of 1912 municipal loan for $46500 extending over a period of 20 years.

N E Tel. Co., was granted authority to attach wires on a pole on Marion street, and also on pole on Main street, at corner of Charles

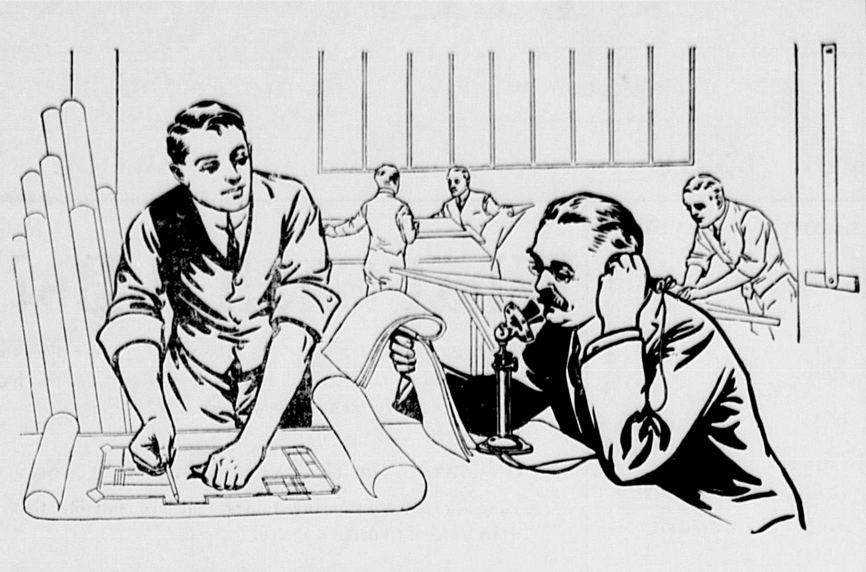
The usual communications from City Officers were read and filed.

Hopkins—Carter.

Mr. Edmund Alfred Hopkins and Miss Ada Dyke Carter of Woburn, were united in marriage at the home of Rev. William H Mousley, pastor of the High street Congregational church, Portland, Maine, on Wednesday, November 20.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



If Your Voice Gets In, You Win

A Palmer (Mass.) subscriber told this story:

"I got word of a possible big contract in Western New York, packed my grip, and started on the night train. All next day I waited around that city, trying to see the head of the firm. He was busy—busy. I couldn't get him. When night came I went home disgusted.

"As my eyes rested on the telephone in my office next morning, I said to myself: "Wonder if you couldn't get me into that office—get my voice where I can't go myself?"

"It could and did. Within a half hour from the time I put in the call, I was awarded the contract."

The announcement of a long-distance call usually will secure a hearing. Many busy men prefer to transact business by telephone. It enables them to concentrate, to escape the emphasis of personalities—to make quick decisions.

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New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Independent Party.

There was an enthusiastic though quiet and determined meeting of more than a hundred representative citizens gathered in Concert Hall Tuesday evening to consider the question of having a business administration in municipal affairs the ensuing year regardless of politics or of any political affiliations concerning candidates to office in the city government.

That there is need of a strong and firm guiding hand at the municipal building is a self evident truth that needs no argument or comment and that this can best be obtained outside of all political considerations was the concensus of opinion among the various speakers at the meeting all of whom carefully avoided the mention of anything pertaining to politics.

The meeting was called to order by Geo. A Cochrane and a temporary organization was affected by the choice of Harry A. Jones chairman and Edward K. Porter secretary

Among those that addressed the meeting in favor of a reform on business principles in the administration of city affairs were Ex-Mayor William F Davis, James Skinner, Esq, Herbert B. Dow, Rev. S. A Norton, Geo. A. Cochrane and Jonathan C. Ela. A committee consisting of James Skinner, Jacob A. Ham, Herbert B. Dow, Frank E Wetherell and Charles A Greenleaf was chosen to retire and formulate some plan of action to be followed and adopted along the general lines as expressed by the various speakers, and this committee suggested that a comittee of five be appointed to take the whole subject into consideration and present a list of names for the offices of Mayor, Aldermen and Board of Public Works from which to select candidates for these officers to be voted for at the coming municipal election and to report them to an adjourned meeting last night.

The meeting accepted the report and chose the following committee to formulate plans for the campaign and a list of candidates viz: Harry A. Jones, Jacob A. Ham, George A. Cochrane, James F. McGovern and Ex-Mayor Daniel W. Bond

At the adjourned meeting of the citizens independent league last night the committee to recommend a candidate for Mayor at the coming municielection reported the name of E E. Silver for that office, and upon motion of W. W. Hill he was made the candidate and was endorsed by the meeting as such. A committe was appointed to await upon Mr. Silver and request his attendance at the meeting.

What Texans Admire

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman of San Antonio. We find he writes, that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made. Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney troubles. 25c. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

THERE IS NO CASE OF
INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, BLOOD OR SKIN DISEASE
arising from a disordered stomach, bowels, liver or kidneys which
"SEVEN BARKS"
will not materially benefit, or permanently cure; this has been proven for the past 42 years. Ask your parents, or neighbors, about SEVEN BARKS, as thousands have testified to its merits. Don't delay to get a 50 cent bottle at your druggist, and start yourself on the road to complete recovery.
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Do what you consider right, whatever people may think of it, despite censure and praise.—Pythagoras

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.— Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In Portland, Maine, Nov. 20, by Rev. William H Mousley, Mr. Edund Alfred Hopkins and Ada Dyke Carter of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Nov. 16, Warren P. Cutter, aged 72 years, 2 months, 16 days.
In Woburn, Nov. 16, Emma E. Owen, aged 57 years, 6 months, 28 days.
In Woburn, Nov. 20, Delia V. Beatty, aged 27 years 5 months.

Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by W. Henry Ross of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Hyde Park Savings Bank, dated April 7th, 1905, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3152, Page 292, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described on MONDAY, the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1912, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described, substantially, as follows: A certain parcel of land, wtth the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being shown on a "plan of land in Woburn, Mass. belonging to Sara C. Mendum," dated Dec. 5, 1904, by William Butler Jones, C. E., recorded at the end of Book 3137 in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds. Said parcel is bounded and described as follows:— Westerly, by Arlington Road (formerly called Canal street) seventy-four 60-100 feet; northerly, by land now or late of Sara C. Mendum, as shown on said plan, one hundred thirty-five and 5-100 feet; easterly, by land now or late of Ellen Hayden, as shown on said plan, seventy-nine feet; and southerly by land now or late of Choate heirs, and heirs of Margaret Trull, as shown on said plan, one hundred twenty-seven 3-10 feet. Containing 10,072 square feet, more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to said W. Henry Ross, by Frederick E. Snow, trustee, by a deed recorded with said Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds.

Said premises are to be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and municipal assessments of any kind, if any therebe.

$100 of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale. Other terms made known at time and place of sale.

HYDE PARK SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee,
By Arthur H. Burt, its Treasurer.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 15, 1912.
Nov. 22, 29, Dec. 6, 1912.

To Let.

In West Medford. A convenient sunny house of nine rooms Bath, set tubs, gas; some hardwood floors. Five minutes from steam trains. Two lines of electric cars to Boston. One to Everett. Apply to agent N. E. WILBER West Medford; or to owner. Medford Tel. 1074-M.

HELP WANTED.

TWO MEN at present employed at inside work, clerks preferred, to prepare to fill traveling salesmens positions. School for salesmanship, 15 Beacon Street, Boston.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

EXPERIENCED house to house canvassers. Salary $2 daily for those who can qualify. New line. 10c. sales. Big demand. Sanicone Co. Beacon Hill Trust Building, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of George Chalmer Munroe formerly of Woburn, in said County, an absentee.

WHEREAS, Sarah M. Munroe receiver of the property of said absentee, has presented her petitton for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, certain real estate therein specified, of said absentee for investment.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the twenty-sixth day of November, A.D. 1912 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

8-15-22 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan T. Greenough, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Jennie L. Greenough, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in said County, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

15-22-29 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
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INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Telephone 446

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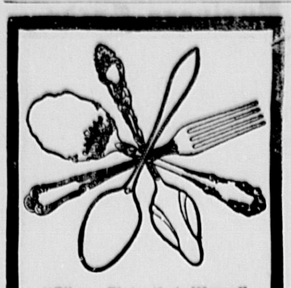
118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.



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New Seeded Raisins	8c. package
New Victoria Seeded Raisins, Fancy	10c. "
New Victoria Seedless Raisins, Fancy	14c. "
New Victoria Currants, Fancy	14c. "
New Citron	20c. lb.
New Orange and Lemon Peel	18c. lb.
New Table Raisins, Fancy	30c. lb.
Broken Candy, 2 lb. boxes	25c. box
New Dates	10c. package
New Figs, Fancy,	22c
New Nuts of all kinds	Cranberries 8c. quart
Poultry Dressing	10 & 18c. box
Poultry Seasonings, all kinds,	6c box

Granulated Sugar 5 1-2 cents pound
Pillsbury's Best Flour 6.50 bbl. 85c. bag

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,
FRED STANLEY 351 MAIN ST.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8 15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10 30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

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OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
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Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
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NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
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GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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per set of old false teeth which are of no value to you. Highest cash prices paid for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and precious stones.
MONEY SENT BY RETURN MAIL.
PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.
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KEEP ADDRESS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

Constipation
"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful
DR. KING'S
New Life Pills
Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N. Y.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

MAN OF MANY SUPPERS.

Court Ball Comedy of a Small German Capital.

An amusing story of an incident at a masked ball given at the capital of one of the smaller German principalities is told in Berlin. The rule was printed upon the invitation cards that every one must come either in fancy dress or in a black domino.

In one of the rooms of the court a buffet had been set out, and the attendants there soon came to remark the unusually active appetite of one guest, duly masked and cloaked, who consumed extraordinarily large quantities of the more expensive delicacies and wines. After several minutes of vigorous eating he would leave the buffet and disappear among the throng of dancers. Soon, however, he would be back again, his appetite apparently as strong as ever.

After the fourth visit at short intervals of this hungry guest the head waiter called the attention of the master of ceremonies, who waited at the buffet until the masked stranger once more returned. He was again served with a full supply of food and wine and as he turned away was politely asked to show his invitation card.

At this some confusion was noticed in his bearing, and the master of ceremonies requested him to remove his mask and cloak. To the astonishment of the servants and the amusement of the guests there was revealed the shamefaced figure of one of the soldiers of the guard on duty in the hall below. The guards had found a spare domino lying in the hall and they had been putting it on one after the other during the evening, so as to be able to go boldly into the ballrooms and eat their fill at the buffet unchallenged.

So amused at the story was the grand duke that he refused to allow the greedy soldiers to be punished.—Berlin Cor. London Mail.

GORGEOUS NIGHTROBES.

Velvet and Silken Ones Used to Be Worn In the Daytime.

In the middle ages night robes, as a general thing, were unknown luxuries.

Under the Tudors royalty and nobility had them made of silk or velvet, and, as the old books say, "hence no washing was necessary."

A nightrobe of black satin bound with black taffeta and edged with velvet of the same color was daintily fashioned for Anne Boleyn.

More luxurious still was one owned by Queen Bess. It was of black velvet, fur lined, and greatly offset by flowing borders of silk lace. And in 1568 her majesty gave orders that George Brodigman should deliver "threescore and six best sable skynnes, to furnish us a nightgown." Four years later her highness orders the delivery of "twelve yards of purple velvet, friezed on the back syde, with white and russet silke," for a nightgown for herself and also orders the delivery of fourteen yards of murry damask for the "makynge of a nightgowne" for some one else.

Nightgowns for ladies of a later period were called "nyght vails." In Queen Anne's time it was the fashion to wear them over the customary dress in the streets in the daytime, when out on a pleasure walk. And, as was fitting, ladies who indulged in nightcaps had them also made of silk or velvet, with "much pretty garnishing of lace and glittering cords," and the fair ones made presentation of costly caps to each other as tokens of respect or affection.

Capital Punishment.

"Mamma, did you love to flirt when you were young?"

"I am afraid I did, dear."

"And were you ever punished for it, mamma?"

"Cruelty, dear. I married your father."—Paris Rire.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular Year Book ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c. for his 1913 Almanac, or only one dollar for his splendid Magazine and Almanac one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to Word and Works Publishing Company 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BOILING GEYSERS.

What Causes the Spouting of These Natural Steam Engines.

Geysers are found in only three places in the world, according to a publication entitled "Geysers" issued by the department of the interior. These three regions are Iceland, where geysers were first discovered; New Zealand and the Yellowstone National park, in which these natural steam engines are more numerous and of greater beauty than in the two other areas mentioned. In the Yellowstone the geysers are found in detached geyser basins, or fire holes, as they were called by the first explorers, and the groups possess individual peculiarities which give character and interest to each locality. The most noted of these basins is, however, that known as the Upper Geyser basin of the Firehole river, one of the headwaters of the great Missouri. The whole floor of the valley is fairly riddled with springs of boiling water, whose exquisite beauty is indescribable. Light clouds of fleecy vapor curl upward from waters of the purest azure or the clearest emerald and, encircling rims of white marblelike silica, form fit setting for such great gems. A large part of the valley floor is covered with the white deposit of silica known as siliceous sinter, deposited by the overflowing hot waters. The weird whiteness of these areas, the gaunt white trunks of pine trees filled by the hot waters, the myriad pools of steaming crystal and the white clouds floating off from the chimneylike geyser cones form a scene never to be forgotten by those fortunate enough to behold it.

The intermittent spouting of geysers was long a riddle to scientific men. The theory, which bears the name of the illustrious chemist Bunsen, is now generally accepted. This theory is based on the well known fact that the boiling point of water rises with the pressure and is therefore higher at the bottom of a tube of water than at the surface. In a long and narrow or an irregular tube ebullition in the lower part is only possible at a much higher temperature than at the top owing to the weight of water column above it. If by the continued heating the lower layer of water attains the temperature at which it can boil steam is formed, whose expansive force lifts the superincumbent column of water, causing a slight overflow at the top, which shortens the column, so that steam is formed at a higher point and a further lifting and relief of pressure ensues, followed by an eruption.

They Shoot, but Never Steal.

Montenegrins pride themselves on the possession of two great virtues—patriotism and honesty. Their love of country has been demonstrated in their history, and their honesty is witnessed to by their laws. One remarkable law of the Black Mountain Kingdom directs that any man finding a purse or jewelry upon the road shall place the same upon the nearest stone, so that the loser will have only to retrace his steps to recover his property. That law is never violated. A Montenegrin thinks nothing of shooting a man with whom he disagrees, but would shrink in horror from the idea of stealing the veriest trifle. Montenegrin law is more severe upon the thief than the homicide.

More Bovine Than Prodigal.

Corporal Nugent had returned to Kansas City, Kan., after a long absence, and the farmer who delivers eggs twice a week at the Nugent home recognized in the corporal a strange individual, but an undoubted member of the family, judging from facial appearance. It happened a few days ago that the corporal was alone in the house when the farmer delivered the eggs. The farmer was desirous of saying something pleasant of course.

"I suppose," he said, "that you are the prodigal son."

"No," said the corporal gravely. "I am the fatted calf."—Kansas City Star.

It is easy to learn something about everything, but difficult to learn everything about anything.—Emmons.

Helps a Judge In a Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote, "at last I used Bucken's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

JUSTICE GOFF

He Presided at Trials of Becker and Four Gunmen

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TOWNS DEVASTATED, COAST ROADS GONE

Western End of Jamaica Suffers From Severe Hurricane

Kingston, Jam., Nov. 21.—The western end of the island of Jamaica has been devastated by a hurricane lasting for five days. A great tidal wave swept over both the north and south coasts, practically wiping out the towns of Savanna la Mar and Lucea.

According to a report brought in by steamer, forty-two persons were killed at Montego Bay.

All the coast roads have been wrecked along the southwestern coast and incalculable damage has been done. Communication between Kingston and the centre of destruction is not likely to be resumed for a week.

The latest reports indicate that the tidal wave swept over Savanna la Mar and adjacent villages for a quarter of a mile inland.

NO CABINET SELECTIONS

Wilson Intimates Newspaper Gossip Is Not to Be Relied Upon

Hamilton, Bermuda, Nov. 21.—"All statements about selections for the cabinet may be disregarded until I make the announcement myself," declared President-elect Wilson when he was told of the reports published in the United States.

Governor Wilson said he had not offered or intimated an offer of a position in his cabinet to anyone. It is learned that William J. Bryan has not been invited to Bermuda, and it is said he is not expected here during Wilson's stay.

KEEPS GOVERNOR'S JOB

Hawley Drops Purpose to Resign For United States Senatorship

Boise, Idaho, Nov. 18.—Governor Hawley has decided not to resign his office to accept the United States senatorship at the hands of Lieutenant Governor Sweetser and has appointed Judge Perkey of Boise to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Heyburn.

Governor Hawley in a statement said the acceptance of the senatorship from Sweetser practically would be appointing himself and that he would not take the office under that condition.

KILLED MAN FOR DEER

Indiana Man Is Held In $2000 Bail In a Maine Court

Skowhegan, Me., Nov. 21.—On a charge of shooting a human being for a deer, William Wilding of Indianapolis, arrested in connection with the killing of Warren Holden of Jackman in the woods near the Canadian line, was bound over to the December term of the supreme court after a hearing at Jackman. He furnished $2000 bail.

According to the testimony, Wilding saw something brown moving in the bushes and fired the fatal shot.

Freed on Abduction Charge

Chicago, Nov. 20.—A charge of abduction against Jack Johnson, negro pugilist, was dismissed because of the prosecution's inability to prove that Lucille Cameron, whose association with Johnson led to his arrest, had been abducted by him.

Boy Poisons Baby Sister

New York, Nov. 19.—Playing doctor, 6-year-old William Bordeaux gave his 2-year-old sister a spoonful of poison. She died in a few minutes.

Railway Station Library.

In the refreshment room of a Sussex (England) railway station the traveler may see a small rack of books. If he is sufficiently curious to look he will discover from a written label that the books are the property of the vicar of the town, who places them at the disposal of any passenger who likes to take a volume away, the only condition being that he shall return the volume to its place on his return or post it to the vicar.

His Part.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife? Witness—Yes, sir. Magistrate—Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing. Witness—He seemed to be doin' the listenin'.

Pretty Bad.

Wife—Tom, I wish you wouldn't play poker. I don't even like the name of the game. Hub—Why not? Wife—It suggests "playing with fire."—Boston Transcript.

GOING AFTER "PILL DOCTORS"

Simultaneous Raids by Uncle Sam In Seventy-Two Cities

... MEDICAL PRACTICE

Determined Effort to Break Them Up After Many Months' Work by Secret Service —Nearly Two Hundred Persons, Many of Them Prominent, Caught In Federal Net

Washington, Nov. 21.—Acting under direction of Postmaster General Hitchcock, postoffice inspectors and United States marshals in seventy-two leading cities of the country began practically simultaneous raids for the arrest of 173 persons charged with using the mails to promote criminal medical practices or the sale of drugs and instruments used for illegal purposes.

This concerted official action covers the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf. Many of the persons to be arrested are prominent, commercially and socially, in their communities. Some are leading physicians, others are rich and influential business men; yet others are men who live by their wits, and are comparatively little known without their own small coterie of associates.

All of the arrests are to be made for alleged violation of section 211 of the penal code of the United States, which bars from the mails any vile or obscene matter, whether sealed or unsealed; any advertisements, letters or circulars proposing or suggesting criminal practices; or any packet containing any substance, drug or thing intended to be used for immoral or unlawful purposes.

Chief Inspector Sharp of the postoffice department and many of his force of 390 inspectors have been working upon the cases for many months. The development of the plans which culminated yesterday is the most extensive raid in the history of any department of the government. Approximately ninety of the persons arrested already have been indicted by United States grand juries in various parts of the country and the cases of the others will be presented to grand juries now sitting, as rapidly as may be feasible.

Strict enforcement of municipal and state laws in the east is said by the postal authorities to account for the comparatively few arrests in the large cities in that part of the country.

Postoffice inspectors say that a hotbed of this sort of criminality is in the Pacific coast states. There they had little difficulty in obtaining a mass of evidence against accused persons. In San Francisco, it is claimed, a fictitious name was used by several well-known physicians, who employed a women to do the necessary advertising and clerical work. Scores of complaints have been received from respectable women, complaining of the receipt of this class of matter.

Approximately 20 percent of those arrested are so-called "pill doctors"—men who advertise their practice by correspondence or otherwise—and send to their patients either by mail or by express various compounds in the form of pills or powders. Careful analysis of these compounds by the government authorities is said to have disclosed that some of them are wholly innocuous, while others are dangerous poisons. Under another section of the penal code the sending of poisons through the mails is expressly forbidden.

Particular care was taken by the inspectors in collecting the evidence against business concerns—drug houses and remedy companies. The men actually responsible for the illicit correspondence were ordered arrested, and in this class of cases, it is said, many indictments already have been returned.

It is the expressed determination of the postal authorities to put an end to the promotion by mail of criminal practices and of the traffic in drugs and instruments upon which a ban is placed by the law. Postmaster General Hitchcock said every case against an alleged violator of the law would be pressed vigorously and every effort made to send the culprits, if convicted, to the penitentiary.

A Curious Coincidence.

The story of a queer coincidence was told by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. While traveling upon the continent he visited a certain mountain inn, which was in winter, he learned, occupied only by two men. These men, prisoned in a waste of snow and ice, had for all that period no communication with the world below. Here was a situation for a novelist! And the novelist accordingly began to let his imagination play about the possibilites of tragedy surrounding the two men on their mountain height. But the story was never written, for, happening to come upon a volume of Guy de Maupassant, which was new to him, he found therein, under the title of "L'Auberge," the very story he had meant to write.

The Herons of Andalusia.

Of all the birds he had studied, said W. Farren in a lecture, none showed conjugal affection in quite the same way as the brown backed herons of Andalusia, in Spain. Whenever the husband relieved his wife at the nest he invariably laid his neck over hers in a momentary embrace and then took up his position while the other bird flew away. The herons never omitted this affectionate salutation.—London Standard.

Cause and Effect.

"What a conceited little bump Bingleton is!" said Hawkes. "I wonder if he ever gets a glimpse of himself in the glass."

"I guess that's the trouble," said Jinks. "He probably uses a magnifying glass."—Harper's.

Not at Home.

Caller—Is your father at home? Little Daughter—What is your name, please? Caller—Just tell him it is his old friend Bill. Little Daughter—Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.

AS MURDERERS OF ROSENTHAL

Four Gunmen Are Found Guilty In the First Degree

JURY QUICK IN ITS VERDICT

Prisoners Plainly Terrified at Announcement Which Means That Death Chair Awaits Them—Opinion That Judge's Charge Was Virtual Direction to Jury to Convict

New York, Nov. 20.—Guilty of murder in the first degree was the verdict returned by the jury in the cases of the four gunmen charged with the actual killing of Herman Rosenthal. The quartet, who will now go to join former Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, "the brains of the conspiracy," in the death house at Sing Sing, are Frank Muller, alias "Whitey Lewis;" Frank Cirofici, alias "Dago Frank;" Louis Rosenburg, alias "Lefty Louie," and Harry Horowitz, alias "Gyp the Blood."

The verdict was forecasted by the action of the jury in refusing to go out to luncheon before being locked up to deliberate.

Few persons left the courtroom. It was considered certain the jury would soon be back, and this assurance was made certain when in fifty-two minutes the jury filed back into its place.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at a verdict?" demanded Clerk Penny.

"We find all four defendants guilty as charged in the indictment," solemnly answered the foreman from his place alongside seat No. 1.

The faces of the four accused men presented a picture of fear and awe as they listened to the words that sealed their fate. They had believed they would be acquitted and all four appeared ready to drop in their tracks as they listened to the fateful utterance.

And as they stood there at the bar of justice, deputy sheriffs ranged themselves on either side of the quartet. Sheriff Harburger had detailed eight picked men in anticipation of just what had happened, but none of the four made any move. They were plainly too terrified with the realization of what was ahead of them to do anything but stare in a pleading, terrified way at the judge and the twelve men who had just condemned them to death.

Attorney Wahle started to make a motion, but desisted, only asking that the jury be polled, which was done, each man concurring in the verdict of guilty. Then Justice Goff announced that he would hear no motions at this time, but would listen to any the defense desired to make today, when he would pronounce sentence.

The wrist irons were immediately slipped on the four men, and they were hustled across the room and across the bridge of sighs to their cells in the Tombs.

Attorney Wahle stated he would appeal the case. He said he would move to set aside the verdict today when the men are sentenced. There is no doubt that his motions will be denied, but he declared he would carry the case to the court of appeals.

For more than three hours Justice Goff discussed the evidence in the case, and at the end of his charge it was the belief of all who had heard it he left practically nothing of the elaborate defense constructed in behalf of the quartet for the jury to consider.

It was the general opinion of those who listened to the charge that it was a virtual direction to the jury to convict. The court pointed out that the entire defense rested on the stories of the four defendants themselves and he commented emphatically on the "peculiar coincidence that each man's story agreed with that of the man who preceded him on the stand."

The court then discussed the law of evidence at great length and made it plain he believed the jurors should decide the case without regard to any bearing the verdict might have either on themselves or on the four accused.

Will Sentence Gunmen Nov. 26

New York, Nov. 21.—Justice Goff fixed Nov. 26 as the date on which he will sentence the four gunmen, convicted of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, to death in the electric chair. The four were brought into court and the motions to set aside the verdict and grant a new trial formally made by their counsel were immediately denied.

Guilty of Smoke Nuisance

New York, Nov. 19.—The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company, through counsel, pleaded guilty in the court of special sessions to violation of the smoke nuisance ordinance within the city of New York. Sentence was deferred until Jan. 24.

Thieves Get Away With $50,000

London, Nov. 21.—Fifty thousand dollars have been stolen from a consignment of $1,000,000 shipped to Alexandria Nov. 12. When the boxes were opened on arrival two were found to be filled with lead.

YOUNG MARIANO GUILTY

Jury Recommends Leniency For Slayer of Willie Mather

Providence, Nov. 21.—Antonio Mariano, the 14-year-old boy charged with the murder of Willie Mather, was found guilty by a jury after eight hours' deliberation. The jury asked for leniency.

The murder was committed in North Providence Feb. 29. The body of Mather was not found until a month later.

Good Day For Treats

Sandwich, Ills., Nov. 21.—Perle Treat came home from his farm and found that in his absence the stork had treated him and Mrs. Treat to three little Treats. "I guess it's my treat," said Treat.

Not the Same.

Wifey—Big checks for dresses will not be in demand this season. Hubby—Thank heaven! (But the big checks were demanded just the same.)—Exchange.

BY MEANS OF CHLOROFORM

Worcester Grocer's Clerk Kills His Wife, Baby and Self

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 21.—John Wood, a grocer's clerk, killed his wife and 4-months-old baby with chloroform, and then ended his life in the same manner. A note, found by a 13-year-old daughter, Gladys, told of the crime and led to the discovery of the bodies.

Gladys and another child, 10 years of age, slept together in a room adjoining their parents' chamber. After reading the note they attempted to enter the other room and found the door locked. Neighbors forced their way in.

Wood was 38 years old and had been employed by one concern for more than twenty years. Family troubles are thought to have led to the crime.

"WILD MAN" CAPTURED

For Many Months He Frightened Women on Lonely Farms

Bennington, Vt., Nov. 20.—The wild man of Shatterack mountain, who has been terrorizing the inhabitants of a lonely section of the town of Rupert for several months, was brought here by Deputy Sheriff Lincoln and placed in the county jail.

The wild man, who turns out to be Thomas Ourman, aged 42, was first seen on the mountain early in July.

He molested no one, but the women living on the lonely farms became so alarmed over his presence that several efforts were made to effect his capture. When brought to the county jail here his matted beard reached half-way to his waist, and his hair down over his ears.

JUDGMENT AGAINST DANBURY HATTERS

Men Who Sued Union Will Get More Than $250,000

Hartford, Nov. 18.—Judgment in the famous Danbury Hatters' case was entered in the United States district court for D. E. Loewe and Martin Fuchs to recover from Martin Lawler and 189 other members of the Danbury Hatters' union the sum of $240,000 damages, $5000 for attorneys' fees and $7,130.90 costs.

The action charged a conspiracy to boycott Loewe's non-union hats in 1902.

BY TWO TO ONE VOTE

Federation of Labor Goes on Record as Against Industrial Unionism

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 21.—After a debate that lasted all day, members of the radical wing of the American Federation of Labor were defeated by a vote of nearly 2 to 1 in their attempt to have the Federation adopt the principle of industrial unionism in place of its policy of trade autonomy.

The voting strength of the convention, based on membership in represented bodies, went 10,983 against the minority report and 5929 for it. After the minority report had beet defeated, the majority report in favor of the continuance of trade autonomy was adopted by acclamation.

HICKEY IS INDICTED

Grand Jury Charges Him With Murder of the Josephs Boy

Buffalo, Nov. 21.—The Erie county grand jury returned an indictment against J. F. Hickey, now under arrest at Toms River, N. J., charging him with murder in the first degree in having caused the death of Joseph Josephs at Lackawanna.

The indictment was made in a special report to Justice Wheeler in criminal term of supreme court, and contains two counts. The first accuses Hickey "of wilfully and deliberately effecting the death of the Josephs boy by strangling and choking him." The second count includes the degree of "malice aforethought."

TO SUCCEED M'CLUNG

President Will Appoint Thompson as United States Treasurer

Washington, Nov. 20.—Carmi A. Thompson, secretary to President Taft, will be appointed treasurer of the United States within the next few days, to succeed Lee McClung, who resigned from the position last week.

It was understood that Thompson would be named to the place and take the oath of office yesterday, but Charles D. Hilles, who will return to the position of secretary to President Taft, will take a few days' vacation before resuming the task which he held before he became Republican national chairman.

Life Saved by Corset Steel

Pittsburg, Nov. 20.—Doctors attending Mrs. Mollie Seigler, aged 28, who was shot and badly wounded by her suitor, Charles Garner, declare that she owes her life to a corset steel which deflected the bullet.

Home Rule Wins a Point

London, Nov. 21.—The house of commons, by a vote of 318 to 207, adopted the new financial resolution of the home rule bill. This replaces the resolution defeated on Nov. 11.

RAYMOND TRIAL OPENS

Woman Accused of Killing Mattie Hackett Seven Years Ago

Augusta, Me., Nov. 20.—Circumstantial evidence will be largely depended upon in the effort of the state to convict Mrs. Elsie H. Raymond of the murder, seven years ago, of Mattie Hackett of Readfield, according to the opening argument of County Attorney Williamson at the trial.

The body of Mattie Hackett was found near her home on the evening of Aug. 17, 1905. Death had been caused by strangulation, by a cord tied tightly around the neck. Mrs. Raymond was arrested on the murder charge last June. She was released in bonds of $10,000.

Allens Are Granted Respite

Richmond, Nov. 20.—Governor Mann has granted Floyd and Claude Allen a respite until Dec. 13. They were sentenced to death in the electric chair Nov. 22 for their part in the Hillsville courthouse murders.

BATHTUB TRUST SMASHED

Lower Court Order For Dissolution Upheld by Supreme Court

Washington, Nov. 19.—In a highly important decision under the anti-trust and patent laws, the supreme court of the United States sustained the contentions of the department of justice in what is commonly known as the "bathtub trust" case.

The effect of the decision is to smash the trust, affirm the decision of the district court for the district of Maryland, which ordered dissolution of the trust, and broaden it so as to include the Colwell Lead company.

The "bathtub trust" suit was brought by the government to end an unlawful combination in restraint of trade in sanitary enameled ironware, bathtubs, washtubs and the like. It was started in 1910 at Baltimore. There were sixteen corporations involved and thirty-four individual defendants.

SCHRANK DECLARED INSANE

Assailant of Roosevelt Will Go to Asylum For Criminal Insane

Milwaukee, Nov. 20. — John Schrank, who pleaded guilty to an attempt to slay Theodore Roosevelt here on the night of Oct. 14, will be sent to an asylum for the criminally insane, where he will probably spend the remainder of his days.

The verdict of insanity in Schrank's case was unanimous on the part of the five alienists who conducted an exhaustive examination of the prisoner. A stenographic report of the physicians was returned to Judge Backus of the municipal court today.

RAILROADS CONTROL RETAIL COAL YARDS

Pennsylvania Investigation Yields Startling Results

Philadelphia, Nov. 20.—Evidence that the anthracite coal railroads not only own the mines and carry their products, but own the retail coal yards as well, was brought out at the hearing before the state railroad commission meeting here for the purpose of ascertaining if the rates between the Pennsylvania anthracite mines and the city of Philadelphia are discriminatory and prohibitive.

Confronted by the attorneys for five railroads named in the petition as charging exorbitant rates, the retailers were in a delicate position and endeavored to squirm out of any incriminating answers regarding the ownership of their yards until they actually were cornered.

For many years George W. Edmonds, vice president of the coal exchange and congressman-elect, has been looked upon as one of the largest independents in eastern Pennsylvania. Yet on the witness stand he testified that the four yards conducted by him are the property of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. Following Edmonds, a dozen other large retailers were placed on the stand and testified to the same condition.

EGGS SOAR IN COTHAM

Strictly Fresh Bringing Seventy-Five Cents a Dozen at Retail

New York, Nov. 21.—Fresh eggs at 70 cents a dozen at wholesale are looked for here in the near future. Eggs of today's laying from Long Island and nearby Jersey points are already bringing 75 cents a dozen at retail.

On the produce exchange the wholesale price of eggs is 55 to 60, and it is the general impression the 70-cent mark will be reached by next week.

Hoppe Hangs to Title

New York, Nov. 21.—Willie Hoppe retained his title as champion at 18.2 balk line billiards by defeating Ora Morningstar in the final game of the championship tournament here last night by the score of 500 to 276.

Death of Brother Adjutor

Chicago, Nov. 20.—Brother Adjutor, director of schools of the Christian Brothers, died here. He was born sixty-five years ago in Ireland.

IN BOSTON MARKETS

Butter—Choice northern creamery, 33½@34c; western creamery, 32½@33c.

Cheese—York state, fancy, 18½@18¾c; fair to good, 17½@18c.

Eggs—Choice hennery, 50@52c; eastern extras, 46@48c; western extras, 38@40c; firsts, 32@34c; storage, 23@24c.

Apples—Gravensteins, $2.50@3 bbl; Baldwins, $1.75@2.50; greenings, $1.75@2.50; northern spy, $2@2.50; pippins, $1.50@2.25; Hubbardstons, $1.50@2.25; Mackintosh Reds, $2.75@4.50; Harveys, $1.75@2.25.

Potatoes—Aroostook Green mountain, $1.35@1.45 bg; sweets, Eastern Shore, $1.75@2 bbl.

Poultry—Northern fowl, large, 18@19c; medium, 15@16c; roasters, 20@22c; western, large, 16@17c; medium, 14@15c; western chickens, 15@17c; western broilers, 19@20c; native broilers, dressed, 22@24c; native chickens, live, 14@15c; turkeys, northern, choice, 28@30c; fair to good, 20@25c; western, best, 22@24c; fair to good, 16@20c.

Regulating Price of Books.

The price of books was once a matter for legislation in England. An act of 1534, which seems never to have been repealed, provides that any complaint regarding the price of books should be considered by "the lord chamberlain, the lord treasurer and the justices or any two of these," and that those dignitaries should have "power and authority to reform and redress the enhancing of the prices of printed books and to limit the prices of the books and the offenders should lose and forfeit for every book by them sold whereof the price be enhanced the sum of 3s. 6d."—London Mail.

She Didn't Do It.

The family jar waxed fiercer.

"You talk about my being to blame for our marrying!" shrilly exclaimed Mrs. Vick-Senn. "John Henry, did I hunt you out and then make love to you?"

"No!" he snorted. "But you could have given me the glassy eye and sent me about my business, and you didn't do it, madam—you didn't do it!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Wild Man

He Was Tamed at Christmas Time

By F. A. MITCHEL

Enoch Cory was a wild sort of a man simply because he had never been tamed, though heredity had something to do with it. His parents were pioneers in the far west, who, as fast as the country filled up, moved on farther into the wilderness. Finally they were killed by Indians and their house reduced to ashes. Enoch, then a little boy, was carried off by the redskins, with whom he lived till he was old enough to know that he was of a different race, when he joined a wagon train, then turned buffalo hunter, and, after floating about till he became a man, following instincts derived from his father, settled in a region far from any abode. There he built his cabin and supplied his wants by hunting.

The country was filling up as it had been in the days of his parents, but Enoch, instead of moving on as they had done, pursued a different course. Whenever settlers squatted within a distance of ten or a dozen miles from

A WOMAN APPEARED AT THE DOOR OF HIS CABIN.

him he showed by his manner that the newcomers were unwelcome, and the matter always ended by their moving on instead of Enoch.

One day in December it occurred to Cory that his larder, so far as meat was concerned, was getting low and he had better shoot something. He preferred that his meat should hang for awhile after being killed that it might lose its toughness. Christmas was coming on, but this was not a consideration in his case, because he knew nothing about the day or what it was intended to celebrate, for during that period when one takes a direct interest in Christmas he had been living with Indians. Nevertheless it happened that on the coming 25th of December he would need meat.

Taking his rifle and his other paraphernalia, he started forth in search of deer. He found none, but got a fine wild turkey. Slinging it over his shoulder, he started back to his cabin, taking a different route from the one by which he had come. Passing from a thicket, he came upon a natural opening, and in the space was a domicile, part adobe or dried clay, part log and part board. The chimney, built of stone and mud, was not much higher than his head. There were a couple of windows in the shanty, in each of which a single glass had been put without a sash. In lieu of a door three planks had been nailed together.

Enoch scowled. He had not long before made it hot for a family who had settled in the neighborhood, and they had left for other parts. He had seen a father and a mother dragging half a dozen children from quarters that they had made comparatively comfortable, the woman hurling maledictions at their disturber as she plodded on, and he had not liked it. He was not a bad man at heart—he was simply a wild man. And now the necessity—as he regarded it—for turning out another family troubled him.

He went to the door of the hut, pulled it open and looked in. There were coals on the hearth, which glowed brightly and threw out a comfortable warmth. Though everything was rough and uncouth, there was cleanliness. Enoch could not but contrast it with his own dirty cabin. But what especially attracted his attention was twigs of evergreen bound together in ropes and hung in festoons from the ceiling or, rather, the roof. He had never seen Christmas decorations and did not know what they were for. In one corner an evergreen tree four or five feet high had been propped up on a bit of board. What in the world did the occupants want with so much evergreen? Did they think that the tree would preserve its freshness set up on a board and without roots?

Suddenly Enoch started. What was that? It was like a sound from a human being. Going to a bunk before which a calico apron had been hung, he moved the apron aside, and there lay two little children asleep in each other's arms. The sight awakened the first spark of gentleness in Enoch's breast. No man is good who can look upon a sleeping child and not be moved to tenderness, and no man is irretrievably bad who at such a sight feels softened.

Enoch stood for awhile looking down at the children, their rosy cheeks contrasting with their fair, tumbled locks, and saw something, felt something, that he had never experienced before. The idea of turning these innocents out of their nest in the dead of winter seemed horrible to him.

He turned away at last and went on to his cabin. What had come in there since he had gone out? It was the spirit of loneliness, though he did not know it. It had been born with the sight of two sleeping children, had come home with him and had slipped in before him. He threw the turkey down and, sinking into a chair he had made out of a barrel, gave himself up to a reverie upon what he had encountered.

The next day Enoch met with an additional surprise. Going to the newly constructed cabin at the same hour as before he found the children again slumbering and no one with them. He inferred that whoever had them in charge put them to sleep at this hour and went out on some duty. But the surprise Enoch met with was that the evergreen tree in the corner had blossomed with all sorts of gewgaws. At least this was his first impression. The occupants of the cabin must have had in their effects or had obtained some of those baubles that are used for the decoration of Christmas trees. Enoch's curiosity was excited. What did it mean? He exercised his faculties for an explanation, but none came.

A little hand lay open, and something impelled Enoch to place his huge finger in the palm. The tiny fingers closed upon it, bringing to the wild man a sensation he had never felt before. Somehow he couldn't repress a smile, and yet he didn't know what he was smiling at. It was rather in his heart than on his lips. He left his finger in the waxen clasp till, fancying he heard a twig crack without, he suddenly withdrew it lest he should be caught displaying a weakness.

He was mistaken as to some one coming, but he did not care to meet the occupant just then, for he had not yet entirely let go of his habit of driving every one away from him and did not wish to meet the settler while in an uncertain condition. Returning to his cabin he again gave himself up to thought about the strangers, but his finger was still wrapped in the tiny hand of the child, and he could not get rid of it.

Suddenly a face—a woman's face—appeared at the door of his cabin. It was an ordinary countenance; but, to Enoch in his new departure it appeared very comely. At any rate, it was young and there was a fearlessness about it that impressed the wild man.

"Stranger," she said, "Christmas is coming, and though I've been out every day trying to shoot a deer, I haven't been able to do so. I haven't got even a bear. I don't know what I'm going to do for a Christmas dinner. The children don't need meat, and I can get on without it, but I've never in my life been without a good dinner on Christmas. In fact, I've never been without a turkey, and I don't like to begin now."

Enoch looked and listened while a struggle between the habit of his life and a new birth within him were struggling for mastery. Then he turned and pointed to the turkey hanging from a peg on the wall.

"Would that do y'?" he asked.

"Well, I should think it would. But if I should take it what would you do?"

"I don't need a dinner on Christmas. I wouldn't miss not having one, for I don't know anything about Christmas."

"Don't know about Christmas! Well, I declare! I tell you what you do. I'll cook your turkey for you, and you come and eat your Christmas dinner with us."

"Are you the person who has settled near here with the two children?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to do it?"

"I married a man with a restless spirit. He kept me moving away from other people as long as he lived, and when he died left me with nothing. I squatted as best I could down there and am waiting for something to turn up."

It required some time for Enoch to digest this brief statement, and when he had done so he took down the turkey and handed it to the woman. It represented what was intended by Lord Cornwallis when he handed his sword to Washington at Yorktown.

"Will you eat it with us tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes; I will."

Christmas at noon Cory went to the widow's cabin and found her neatly dressed, the children in clean pinafores and their hair carefully combed and curled. He knew nothing of Christmas gifts, but he had whittled out a couple of toys for the children which they received with sparkling eyes. The turkey was swinging on an extemporized spit before the fire, and other viands were being prepared.

That was a day of regeneration to Enoch Cory. Instead of requiring the family to move on, he set himself to work to build a new cabin for them, and when he had finished it and they had moved in he mustered up courage to ask the widow if he might not move in, too, as her husband. She consented, and that was the end of the moving that had been the curse of two families, an end accomplished on Christmas day.

Ancient and Modern Bathing.

Soap is really quite a new factor in the world's life. Most of our ancestors were filthy and dissembled the fact by the use of stifling perfumes. Washing one's hands, which was only done by the very best people, meant dipping the fingers in rosewater and drying them on a napkin. Even the Romans of the decadence, who were probably cleaner as a community than any before or since, bathed in water and rubbed themselves with oil. It sounds nasty to us, but then so does, for example, Chinese music, which millions of human beings think delightful.

Homes Under the Ground.

In the salt district in Cheshire, England, the brine has been pumped so continuously out of the earth that the land has settled very considerably. The houses naturally sink with the earth, and in some of the streets in Northwich only the roofs are visible. The houses are inhabited, although the rooms are underground. In a great many cases additional stories have been added, so that by living in the upper rooms the residents may have some light and air. The roadways sink, too, but are kept up to the proper level by the government.

Andrew Lang and John Knox.

Apropos of Andrew Lang's "John Knox and the Reformation" the following appeared after its publication in criticism of his views:

I think when thae twa meet,
Whaever's there to see't;
Knox will come on wi' sic a bang
Our freend'll no' be Andrew Lang.

—Westminster Gazette.

The Same Thing.

Pa Twaddles—Well, what's the matter now? Tommy Twaddles—Ma says I mustn't never say a word while she's in the room. Ma Twaddles—Why, no, I didn't, dear. I said you mustn't interrupt while I'm talking. Tommy—What's the difference?—Cleveland Leader.

The Kinder Fate.

She—It was dreadful. He rocked the boat and she was drowned. He—Lucky girl! She might have escaped and married the idiot.—Boston Transcript.

PLINY'S COUNTRY HOMES.

The Famous Roman Loved the Luxurious Life of His Day.

Pliny gives us a minute and loving picture of his country homes—of Como, where he was born and which he loved with the tenderness of Cowper:

Scenes that soothed
And charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing and of power to charm me still;

of his elaborate and splendid villas in Tuscany and at Laurentum, which he describes with a detail of singular interest to the antiquarian, halls, baths, libraries, porticoes, sitting rooms for the day and for the night, for company, for privacy; chambers looking out upon the wide prospect, sea or stars, chambers hidden and secluded, "where no noise of busy people comes, no murmur of the waves, no tumult of the storm, nor glare of lightning—nay, if you wish, not even the light of day, when the shutters are closed;" trim gardens, with flowers and fruit and shade, and over the whole dwelling gladsome vines, creeping from roof to roof up to the highest peak of all. They knew what luxury was, those wealthy Romans, and Pliny was by no means one of the wealthiest.

We hear not only of Pliny's abodes, but of his friends and he was a man to have many of them. The most august was the Emperor Trajan himself, and a collection of letters survives exchanged between the two when Pliny was governor of the provinces of Bithynia and Pontica. The most interesting of these deal with the treatment of the Christians and how the attitude of a humane and kindly Roman gentleman toward those who, he felt, must be punished, not because they held outlandish beliefs, but because the refused to recognize the supreme control of the civil authority.—Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in Yale Review.

ORIGIN OF A FRENCH DISH.

The Order Michelet Received and the Way He Filled It.

The names bestowed upon certain dishes have often an origin entirely distinct from technical consideration. This is true of the well known epigrammes d'agneau a la Michelet or a la Toulouse, as it was more frequently called. Michelet was the cook of a young French marquise of the century who was noted for her lack of education.

On a certain occasion she gave a dinner to the officers of the regiment Choiseul-Cavalerie. During the function her guests spoke of a banquet that they had attended on the previous evening, at which the host had entertained them with many new and brilliant epigrams. The marquise supposed that "epigrams" referred to culinary surprises. Consequently she summoned Michelet, her cook, and ordered him to prepare some epigrams for dinner on the following day.

Michelet was greatly troubled as to how he was to obey the order. He recollected, however, that he had in the larder some very superior lamb. He braised the breast, removed the bones, cut the meat into pieces and bread crumbed and fried them. He then cooked the cutlets, arranged them on a dish alternately with the braised breast and served them with a suitable garnish under the name of epigrammes d'agneau a la Michelet, by which name, or a la Toulouse, the concoction has since been known.

The Tongues of the Balkans.

Too many languages are spoken in the Balkans. A traveler in that region writes of the babel: "Turkish, Bulgarian, Serbo-Croatian, Roumanian, Armenian, Greek, Albanian, Kulzo-Walachian, Chingeni, the language of the gypsies; Spaniole, the language of the Jews of Spanish or Portuguese descent, and the language spoken by the German, Austrian, Roumanian and Russian Jews. Add to this Arabic, Persian and Syrian, largely spoken in Constantinople; Italian, on the northeast coast of the Adria; Russian, in the northeastern parts of Roumania; various Austro-Hungarian idioms spoken in Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Caucasian languages of the Circassians and Georgians." Not one of these languages is of common use.

A Vicious Fish.

In South America there is a small fish that not only attacks its fellows of the sea and river, but is greatly dreaded by the natives, who during certain seasons have to ford the streams in which the carbitos are found. Bathers are often attacked by them, the sharp, chisel shaped teeth taking a bit from the flesh wherever they attack. They are perfect scavengers, eating the animals that float down the river—dead or alive.

The Beginning.

"How many stars can you see?" she asked.

"Two more than you," he said.

"How do you make that out?" she asked.

"I can see your eyes," he said.

And that was the beginning of it all.

RED TAPE AND A BATH.

Curious Experience of a Visitor In a Little French Town.

St. Lo, a little town in the Manche department in France, has no public bath house such as those found in most French towns and cities, for the private bath in France is yet, as it were, in its infancy. The youngsters of the town bathe in the Vire, but the 12,000 other inhabitants think themselves above such a thing as a bath. Visitors can get a bath, it is true, but they must order four liters of water, all that they are permitted, and it is taken to them.

Not long ago a visitor in the town wished to take a bath. He went to the hospital to ask permission to take a bath there, as in Brittany this is the custom in towns where there is no public accommodation. The visitor's request was received rather coldly, and he was told that he would have to make his request in writing to the directors of the hospital. This he did and patiently awaited a response. None came, and the visitor left town.

Two days later the response came and followed him from town to town throughout France, not catching up with him until he had returned to Paris.

The response was as follows:

"M. —— is exceptionally authorized to take a bath at the hospital on condition that he is able to justify by a medical ordinance that this medicament is necessary to his state of health."—Exchange.

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defense.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

Multy Millions Fractured It and Lost His Diplomatic Post.

A witty New York society man said at a dinner, apropos of court etiquette:

"Court etiquette is, after all, very like ordinary etiquette—the laws of common sense govern it.

"Did you ever hear how Multy Millions lost his under secretaryship at our legation in London? Multy deserved his fate. His common sense was lamentably lacking.

"It happened years and years ago. King Edward had just come into his own, and Multy Millions was dining for the first time at Buckingham palace.

"The dinner was a state one. The splendid gold plate from Windsor glittered on table and sideboard. To Multy, when the entremets came on, the deaf Queen Alexandra said:

"'How long have you been living abroad, Mr. Millions?'

"'Four years, ma'am,' Multy replied in a loud voice, for he knew enough, of course, to speak high and to say 'ma'am.'

"'What? I did not hear,' said Queen Alexandra.

"'Four years, ma'am,' Multy shouted.

"But she repeated, 'What?'

"Then Multy leaned forward, and, with a polite and amiable smile, he waved four fingers to and fro before Queen Alexandra's face.

"He resigned the next morning."—Exchange.

THE BARREL.

Strong From Without and Sometimes Doubly Strong From Within.

Nobody knows who invented the barrel. It has been used since time immemorial.

Barrels are used for all manner of articles, solid and liquid. There are barrels for holding sugar, salt, apples, potatoes, and so on; for all sorts of oils, from the heaviest lubricants to the most volatile products of petroleum; for beers, wines and all sorts of beverages. It is contended that the barrel is the strongest structure of its size that can be made from an equal amount of wood. Its contents are frequently the strongest that can be made from liquids.

The barrel has tremendous power of resistance to pressure from within and from without. A barrel set on end will, it is claimed, support half the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts or pins. It is entirely self fastened.

The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in its middle, so that the wooden hoops, self locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chines. Although not calked, barrels are water tight. A small barrel is a keg, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hogshead.—Harper's Weekly.

Hotel Tips In Advance.

The Japanese custom of administering the hotel tips immediately upon arriving is clearly explained by Stafford Ransome. In former days the Japanese innkeeper made a small charge for the food he supplied, cost price or thereabout, and the guest, upon arriving, made a present of money to the house and another to the servants, indicating thereby both his own social rank and the class of accommodation he expected. However munificent these presents, it was polite for him to write "common stuff" or "rubbish" on the paper in which he wrapped them up. Fearful confusion resulted when Europeans with our ideas of tipping first came. Presented with a bill for the ridiculously small sum of 2 shillings, they thought a shilling tip handsome, when as much as 6 shillings was probably anticipated.—London Chronicle.

Bread Upon the Waters.

When Victor Hugo was in exile in Brussels he asked Rochefort to stand godfather to his son Charles. Rochefort accepted and in looking for a suitable present saw in a curiosity shop window a silver table ornament which attracted him and which he bought, though the price was 35,000 francs. When after 1870 Rochefort was sent to New Caledonia and his property confiscated Victor Hugo sold the ornament for the benefit of Rochefort's family. It turned out that it was the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and it brought in 200,000 francs.

AN EFFECTIVE TRIO.

The Stout Man, the Parson With a White Tie and the Corkscrew.

The smoking car was so dull that when the stout man produced a bottle his seat mates—three of them—smiled in joyous relief.

"Who's gotta corkscrew?" he demanded.

Nobody responded. The stout man looked around. Across the aisle was a thin person in a shabby black suit and a white tie. He was reading, in a shortsighted way, a gilt top volume with a limp cover.

The stout man leaned forward.

"Bettcha a tenner th' parson has a corkscrew," he hoarsely whispered.

"Done," said the man with the gray side whiskers.

The stout man leaned across the aisle.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but have you such a thing as a corkscrew about you?"

The man with the white tie hesitated. For a moment he seemed pained. Then he flushed a little, and reaching down into his pocket drew out the article they wanted.

Ten minutes later the stout man said he was going back to look for a friend. At the next station the white tie man gathered up his goods and chattels and left the car. Then came the conductor.

"Did Fatty Frost and 'the parson' show you any of their team work?" he laughingly asked.

"Team work!" echoed the side whiskered man.

"They're the cleverest swindling pair in the country," said the conductor, and passed on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Giving Impressively.

There are diversities of giving as well as of gifts. To give a little with a grand air sometimes seems to make more of an impression than to give much modestly. The world has not changed in this respect. Samuel Pepys wrote in his "Diary" in 1660: "There was a great number of merchants and others of good quality (at a dinner) on purpose to make an offering (to two newly married servants), which when dinner was done we did, and I did give 10 shillings and no more, though I believe most of the rest did give more and did believe that I did so too."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 24, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark ix, 1-13. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Luke ix, 35 (R. V.)—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson, like the last, is recorded by Matthew and Luke as well as by Mark. It was the one occasion on which the glory which was always in Him was allowed to shine through in this particular way. In the tabernacle and in the temple the glory of God was always in the holy of holies above the mercy seat, between the cherubim, but the veil concealed it—the veil which was rent in twain from the top to the bottom in the midst when He died and which, we are told in Heb. x, 20, represented His flesh or body. John says that "the word was made flesh and tabernacled among us, and we beheld His glory."

As he makes no record of the transfiguration, possibly he refers to it in this saying, as well as to His whole life on earth. Peter undoubtedly refers to the transfiguration when he says, "We made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and were eyewitnesses of His majesty," for he mentions the holy mount and the words from the Father (John i, 14; II Pet. i, 16-18).

In connection with the coming of Christ in glory which He mentioned in last week's lesson He said that some of those who stood there would not taste of death till they had seen the kingdom of God come with power or the Son of Man coming in His kingdom. Then after six intervening days, or, as Luke says, about eight days, He took Peter and James and John into a high mountain, apart by themselves, and as He prayed He was transfigured before them. It seems to me that the wonder was not that the glory now shone through the veil of His flesh, but that it was always there, yet concealed. But it was, as to His whole life, the time of His appearing as one to us, sin excepted (Heb. ii, 14).

His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white and glistening, shining, white as the light, white as snow. When Moses came down from the mount the skin of his face shone so that he had to wear a veil while he talked with the people (Ex. xxxiv, 29-35). That must have been reflected light. He did not wear the veil when he went in to talk with the Lord and possibly only after he had done talking with the people. Stephen's face seems to have reflected something of the same light (Acts vi, 15). How wonderful the statements concerning us in Matt. xiii, 43; I John iii, 2. Consider for a little these two men from heaven who are talking with Jesus and whom the three favored disciples saw and seemed to know, for Peter mentions them by name.

It was over 1,400 years since Moses died and was buried on Mount Nebo (Deut. xxxiv) and perhaps 900 years since Elijah was taken from the side of Elisha on the east of Jordan by a whirlwind and horses and chariot of fire (II Kings ii), yet here they are, alive and well and recognized, as no doubt we shall know all in the glory without introductions. They talked with Jesus about His decease, which He should accomplish at Jerusalem (Luke ix, 31).

By virtue of that atoning death they and all the redeemed from Abel onward had enjoyed centuries of bliss, as it were, on a promissory note now about to be paid. None are in glory nor ever can be except by virtue of that precious blood in due time shed on Golgotha. It is the blood that maketh atonement, and without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins (Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 22). The disciples were heavy with sleep (Luke ix, 32), and so it was also in Gethsemane. Are we not all in a measure asleep to the great things of God? How often we talk as foolishly as Peter, who suggested the three tabernacles, not knowing what to say.

That is a good word for us, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. ii, 14). As Peter spoke a cloud overshadowed them, and a voice came out of the cloud, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." And they saw no man any more save Jesus only with themselves (verses 7, 8; Matt. xxvii, 5-8). To Him give all the prophets witness, and so it must be Jesus only. The Lord alone shall be exalted. See now the kingdom in miniature—the Lord Jesus glorified and with Him the risen saints represented by Moses and the translated saints represented by Elijah. The three disciples may represent all Israel made righteous and the multitude at the foot of the hill the people to be blessed when the kingdom comes.

Blessed are all who see the glory of His kingdom, endeavor now to walk worthy of it and live to hasten it. As they came down from the mount He charged them to tell no one of the wonders they had seen till the Son of Man should be risen from the dead, but just what that saying meant not one of them could tell (verse 10), for they did not believe that He was to die. They remembered some of the last words of Malachi concerning Elijah and spoke of them, and Jesus indorsed them and said that they would surely be fulfilled, but that there had been already a fulfillment in John the Baptist.

Advice to Bores.

A successful after dinner speaker said:

"I owe my success to the fact that I'm always brief and to the point. I once asked Senator Depew how long an after dinner speaker ought to speak.

"'About two minutes—unless by that time he has struck rich ore,' the senator replied. 'And if he hasn't struck it he should at once stop boring.'"—Los Angeles Times.

Labor Wasted.

"You went to a lot of trouble to train your dog."

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "And it was a mistake. The only thing a man who teaches a dog tricks gets for his pains is to have a lot of people say the dog is smarter than he is."—Washington Star.

Modern.

First Chicago Child—My father is connected with some of the best families in town. Second Chicago Child—Pooh! That's nothing. My father is separated from three of them.—Life.

A DOLL'S CHRISTMAS

It Lasted but One Day

By MARY BLAKE

Human children remember nothing about their babyhood, and why should I? My first recollection is being taken out of a big box with a lot of other articles—toys—and being laid on a counter in a store for a few minutes, then being carried to the show window, where I was propped up to be looked at.

It was a wintry scene without, snow resting on the leafless branches of the trees and packed on the sidewalks. Hundreds, thousands of persons were tramping by, many of them carrying bundles, and every now and then one or more persons would stop before the window to look at all the attractive things in it. Many of these loiterers were boys and girls. The boys were lost in admiration of the footballs, rackets and other such articles, but whenever a girl came by I could see her eyes sparkle at looking upon me.

Across the street on a corner stood a queer looking old man beside a pot supported on three sticks, ringing a bell. He had a fur cap on his head and a long white beard on his chin. His coat was lined with fur. A card hung about his neck had on it, "Salvation Army." Now and again some passer would drop a coin into the pot, the old man would thank the giver, then go on ringing his bell till another person gave something.

Once in awhile some person would stop to look at me, and a few of these went into the store. Then a hand grasped me by the waist and, taking me inside, exhibited me to my admirer. But the price asked for me was always too high, and I was put back into the window. At last a lady with a refined face stopped for a look at me, went into the store, I was again removed and this time was purchased.

I was so delighted with the lady that I was quite beside myself to be pur-

TOOK ME UP IN HER ARMS AND GAVE ME A HUG.

chased by her. I felt sure that so nice a person would have nice children.

I was not put back into the window, but rolled in tissue paper and put in a box just big enough to hold me alone. Excelsior was stuffed all about me, the lid was put on the box, and that's the last I knew for some time. I suppose that, shut in there in the dark, I must have gone to sleep.

I was aroused by the opening of the box containing me and felt myself lifted out of it. When the tissue paper about me was unwrapped who should I see looking at me and evidently much pleased with me but the lady who had bought me. And beside her stood a gentleman with a very pleasant expression on his face. He wore a velvet jacket and on his feet a pair of slippers.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "She's a beauty. How Effie's eyes will sparkle when she sees her!"

I was placed carefully on a lounge, and the lady opened another box, out of which she took a doll dressed as a boy. "This is for Jack," she said to the gentleman.

"Isn't Jack getting to be too old for a doll?" he asked.

"No. Jack isn't five yet. He'll be five next Christmas, and perhaps by that time he'll need something different."

It was evening, and the lights were burning brightly, illuminating lots of toys and other things lying about, and the lady and gentleman unpacked many more. We were all carried into a room where there was a beautiful tree covered with glass beads and balls and baubles of various kinds and little wax candles, though none of the candles was lighted. I was set against the box, covered with green cloth from which the tree appeared to grow, and the lady placed in my lap a card, on which was written, "For Effie."

Some of the smaller gifts were hung on the branches of the tree, while the larger ones were placed with me at the base. The gentleman put the boy doll beside me, saying, "They make quite a pretty couple, don't they?" To which the lady added: "Christmas eve is an appropriate time for them to meet. They'll probably be well acquainted by morning." They went on arranging the pretty things they had provided till they were all in their proper places, then turned off the lights and went out, shutting the door behind them, leaving us in the dark.

I felt the hand of my companion doll boy against mine, and it gave me comfort, for there is nothing I dread so much as the dark. But there was no warmth in it, such as there is in human hands, so that I only felt comforted at knowing there was some one near me.

When morning came I could hear little voices somewhere in the house shouting in great glee. I didn't know what it meant till afterward, when I learned that the children were taking down their stockings and diving into them to see what Santa Claus had left for them. After awhile the shouting ceased and I heard nothing more until late in the afternoon when the lady and gentleman and several other grown persons came in. They closed the blinds to the window—thought if they did it to shut out the light. It was useless, for the darkness had fallen. Then the children were called in and I saw them for the first time. Effie was about seven years old, and a strong healthy child, while Jack was rather delicate. Effie had dark hair and eyes, while Jack was fair, with light curls.

Jack's father handed the little fellow a burning match and said, "You may light the first candle, my boy." Jack's eyes were as big as butter plates as he held the flame to the wick of one of the lower candles. After that the others began to light the rest of the candles, and in a few minutes all were glowing even up to those just beneath the cardboard angel on the tiptop of the tree.

But what was Effie doing all this while? The moment she entered the room she saw me at the base of the tree, and, getting down on her knees before me, read the card in my lap, then took me up in her arms and gave me a hug that I shall never forget. Like a little mother she carried me about the room, holding me up for each person to admire. All said that I was the prettiest doll they had ever seen, and I confess I began to be puffed up with pride.

Jack, after he had lighted the first candle, began to look about for his presents and soon saw his doll boy. But he didn't make as much fuss over him as his sister did over me. I suppose this is because boys never become mothers—only fathers—as girls do after they have grown up.

Well, the tree was kept lighted for an hour, during which everybody admired it, and I confess I never felt so pleased with anything. The glow from so many tiny candles was so soft that it seemed as if it must come from heaven. There was a present on or under the tree for each grown person, every one having been carefully provided for.

When the candles began to be burned down to their supports they were blown out, and all left the room, Jack carrying his boy doll and Effie carrying me. The children went to the nursery, where there was a bright fire of logs burning on the hearth, and there they played with their Christmas gifts till it was time to go to bed. I couldn't keep my eyes off Jack, he was such a pretty boy, but he didn't seem to take much interest in me. Though he was delicate, he seemed to have a martial spirit within him, for he played with some leaden soldiers Santa Claus had brought him all the while, standing them up in ranks with their captain at their head, furnishing himself the music for them to march by on his drum and his trumpet.

By and by the lady came into the room and undressed the children herself—there was no nurse, and I fancied the mother would not give up the care of her children to any one—put on their nighties and heard them say their prayers. Then before going to their bedroom Effie gave me a hug and set me on a chair by the fire. "Dolly will be cold," she said, "'cause the fire is nearly burnt out." So she put on some more wood. As they went out I wished I had a voice to say, "Good night, Jack; I wish you would give me a kiss before you go to bed." But Jack forgot me in his soldiers, whom he wished to take to bed with him. But his mother persuaded him to leave them in the ranks till morning.

As soon as I was alone the fire took a fresh start and burned brightly. I was sitting very near it and soon became too warm. I couldn't move back because I was only a doll to be moved by others and not by myself. The fire kept burning warmer and warmer till at last I felt something drop on my shoulder and knew that it was wax from my cheek.

My little mother had been too kind to me, too solicitous for my comfort, just as human mothers often bring up their children too tenderly, and when adversity comes they have no strength to bear it. Desiring to keep me warm, she had made me so hot that I was melting away. What would she feel if, lying in her crib, she could know that I was giving way before the hot fire?

Presently my hand, that stood straight out before me, began to melt, and then my feet, my legs, my arms, and at last I felt my head running down all over my body. The wax dropped on the floor, and at last I was nothing more than a headless, limbless trunk.

In the morning the maid came into the room and, seeing what had happened, uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then she got a dustpan and a brush broom and took up the wax from the floor.

Japanese Royal Composers.

The imperial family of Japan, like the Hohenzollerns, has produced some musical composers. At the reception given by the mikado in 1894 to celebrate his silver wedding a dance was played which, according to the program, was "composed 1,300 years ago by the Emperor Yomer. It represents the joyous flight of a bird of paradise in the golden age." Another dance was "composed 987 years ago by Prince Atsumi."

Much Better.

Small Edgar while out walking with his mother hesitated at a muddy crossing.

"Well, why don't you go ahead?" she asked.

"I was just thinking," replied Edgar, "that it would be better to go afoot."—Chicago News.

The Way.

"I should think they could easily run a funny department in the Congressional Record."

"How would they do it?"

"Why, look at all the jokers they have in the bills."—Baltimore American.

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From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
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56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
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So they came
They saw
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Bought
And were happy

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STRATEGY

It Was Practiced by a Girl In Behalf of Her Lover

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Great heavens, you are to fight the best swordsman and the best shot in the German army!"

The words were spoken by Madeline Crosby to Fred Barrington, both members of the American colony in Berlin.

"That being the case, I may as well bid you an eternal farewell," said the latter.

"You must apologize."

"Better die than live under the imputation of showing the white feather."

"Tell me how the trouble came about."

"I was dining at a cafe. A man in the uniform of a German officer sat at the next table. I was trying to give an order to the waiter and, I presume, got the wrong word for something I intended to express, for the officer smiled. I asked him what he was smiling at, whereupon he laughed. I must have blundered worse than before. I was angry, and, picking up part of a loaf of bread lying on the table, I threw it at him, striking him in the face and breaking his eyeglasses."

"Were there many in the cafe besides yourselves?"

"It was full. There were a number of army officers present."

"Then there is no hope for you. An insult to a German officer in the presence of his comrades can only be wiped out by an encounter. I know Captain von Ballenstein, having often met him at social functions. And I know his reputation as a shot and a swordsman. How could you have been so rash?"

"I would do it again under the same circumstances."

"Luckily you have but one life to lose. When does the meeting come off?"

"Not till the day after tomorrow. You see I need all the time I can get for practice, so I made an excuse to have the affair put off as long as possible. By the bye, how did you hear of the affair?"

"I INSIST ON PAYMENT."

"At the reception last night at the palace. Several persons spoke of it."

"At home the police would be watching to prevent such a meeting."

"Here we are watched to see that neither party shows the white feather."

"Well, goodby. When we meet again I suppose it will be in heaven. I must go to my fencing master for practice."

"Practice! Little good practice will do you against Captain von Ballenstein. If he would only wing you it would be another matter. But he never permits his antagonist to get away in that fashion. When he fought his first duel he disarmed his antagonist. So great was his reputation that all the young bloods in the army were ambitious of the honor of having been out with him and he was constantly provoked. Then he commenced to wing them. This not stopping the annoyance, he began to kill them. It is now understood that any one who insults Captain von Ballenstein will be killed."

"May I not call once more before I"—

"No. I am too provoked with you."

She extended her hand. Barrington bent his head and pressed his lips upon it. Then for the first time a sad look appeared on his face, usually a stranger to care, and, turning, he left her.

Miss Crosby threw herself on to a sofa and covered her face with her hands. She loved this hot blooded South Carolinian, though as yet there had been no lovemaking between them. Indeed, this danger of losing him had revealed to her her true feelings toward him. She sat in deep thought, absorbed with the problem as to how she might prevent this sacrifice of one she loved without tarnishing his honor. She could gain access to the emperor, but at that time he had never interfered to prevent a duel, though since he has done so in cases where there was not sufficient cause. No; there was no ordinary way to carry her point. If she acted at all it must be by stratagem.

Presently she started up. A plan had suggested itself to her. Calling her butler, she said to him:

"Heinrich, I wish you to find me a loan broker or whatever those persons are called who have money to lend at high rates of interest and tell him to come to see me at once."

"Yes, fraulein." And the man withdrew, wondering what his rich mistress could want of a loan broker. He returned with one Moses Wiel, who asked the lady what he could do for her.

"Do you know Captain Herman von Ballenstein?"

"I know him well, fraulein."

"Quite likely. I have understood he is heavily in debt."

"Captain von Ballenstein does not at present owe me anything."

"But there are plenty of his due bills on the market, are there not?"

"They are perfectly good. His grandfather is very feeble and cannot live the year out. At his death the captain will come into a fine estate."

"How many of Von Ballenstein's due bills can you buy—I mean to what aggregate amount?"

"None at a discount."

"At a premium?"

"Whatever amount is desired."

"Very well. Go and buy as many as possible and report to me this evening what you have succeeded in doing."

Sitting down before a desk she wrote him a check for such funds as he would need for the purpose, though he protested that any funds in advance from her were not necessary. He left her, assuring her that he would have no difficulty in filling her order and the troubled look that had rested on her face partly disappeared.

The same evening the broker reported that he had purchased various due bills signed by Captain von Ballenstein to the amount of 90,000 marks, and, returning her a balance of 10,000 marks less his commission, left her.

The next evening, notwithstanding that she had refused Barrington permission to see her again before his meeting with Captain von Ballenstein, he called, as she expected he would for a final goodby.

"You are beginning to realize your position, I perceive," she said, noticing a sadness resting on his features.

"There is an especial cause for regret," he replied.

"And that is?"

"I have been suddenly made aware at the approach of almost certain death that there is one I would not leave."

Miss Crosby cast down her eyes and waited. Barrington continued:

"Were it not for this prospect of being snuffed out I could not muster courage to tell an heiress that, were I permitted to live, my life would be worthless to me without her. Since I must die I feel privileged to do so. Madeline, I love you."

An hour later Barrington left Miss Crosby's residence, the sadness with which he had entered in one respect relieved, in another intensified. He knew she loved him and that there was little doubt that he would be killed in his coming encounter. His only hope was that his enemy would leave a little life in him and that he might recover.

The ground on which the affair was to take place was in a secluded spot near Berlin. Von Ballenstein arrived first and found a man waiting for him, who stepped up to him and presenting a bit of paper said:

"Herr Captain, I hold your note for 15,000 marks. Before you put your life in jeopardy I insist on payment."

The captain looked annoyed as he replied that he could not so suddenly raise the amount, and that his reputation for skill in such matters precluded the likelihood that he would be even injured. But his creditor stood firm and, turning to a man whom he had brought with him, said:

"Herr Sheriff, you will make the arrest."

One of Von Ballenstein's seconds stepped up and, learning of the proposed arrest for debt, asked the amount of the bill. When it was given him he wrote an order on his bank for it. At the same time Barrington arrived, and the captain's party were about to measure off the ground when the creditor produced another due bill, this time for 20,000 marks. This amount was taken care of by another of Von Ballenstein's friends, but the obligations kept coming. They were all secured till 97,000 marks had been disposed of, when the funds of the party gave out. Three thousand marks remained to be paid.

Barrington had been a silent spectator of these proceedings up to this point, when he was informed that the duel must be deferred till his adversary had returned to the city and arranged for the payment of the remaining 3,000 marks.

"It would be a pity that Captain von Ballenstein should be deprived of the pleasure of killing me for the want of so small an amount. I have that much in a letter of credit which I will make over to this bloodsucker and we will proceed."

This was too much for Captain von Ballenstein. "I not only withdraw my challenge," he said to Barrington, "but permit me to apologize for having laughed at your attempt to express yourself in the German language."

Then the party returned to Berlin and to breakfast.

Madeline Crosby, now Mrs. Barrington, kept the secret of her strategic interference that saved her lover. It was supposed in Berlin that Von Ballenstein's creditors really prevented the fight. Barrington's offer to go security for his opponent's debt that the captain might be permitted to kill him was favorably commented on and the latter was excused by his fellow officers of the army for not making mincemeat of one with such thoroughbred instincts.

Original.

"Was there anything original in his speech at the banquet?"

"Well, he admitted that he knew he was to be called on."—Detroit Free Press.

Well Instructed.

Miss Fifth Avenue—Maudie claims to be an uninstructed delegate. Miss Beacon Street—Impossible! She's from Boston.—Life.

THE GILA MONSTER.

Repulsive In Looks, It Is Really a Harmless Creature.

Probably there is no other living creature more feared by the ignorant than the Gila monster, about which all manner of weird tales have been told. It has even been held that the mere breath of this animal is sufficient to cause death to the one upon whom it fell. Scientific inquiry, however, fails to disclose a single instance wherein the breath or even the bite of this creature has resulted fatally. The fact that dissection and microscopic examination do not reveal any trace of glands for the secretion of venom is sufficient evidence to indicate that this curious member of the lizard family has been slandered.

Some years ago a civil engineer in the southwest undertook to settle once for all the question whether "the monster" was deadly or not. A fine specimen was captured and confined in a wire inclosure. A chicken was obtained, and its feathers were removed in order that the lizard might have every opportunity to strike at the breast. The chicken was then held quite close to the Gila monster, which soon snapped viciously and secured a firm hold on the fowl's breast, retaining this grip for more than ten minutes. When the victim was released it was found that the chicken's breastbone had been broken. Nevertheless the fowl quickly recovered, the bone knitting and the wound healing with no symptoms of poisoning.

It is very probable that the reputation for evil borne by the Gila monster is due simply and solely to its most repulsive appearance.—Harper's Weekly.

THE UBIQUITOUS SEA LION.

He Strayed a Long Way From Home Before He Was Killed.

The following story is taken from the American Magazine:

"Sunday is a dull day, and the city editors had a habit of detailing men to go to the zoological gardens and get animal stories for Monday morning. The reporters got together one Sunday morning and persuaded the head animal keeper to let them publish a fake story. It was rather commonplace, concerning the alleged escape of a nonexistent sea lion from the pool to open water.

"'Fake,' said the managing editor as he read the story. 'Let's make it a good one.'

"Thereupon he sent telegrams to every country correspondent on that water or its tributaries, merely inquiring if anything had been seen of the escaped sea lion. The response was appalling. The correspondents needed only the hint. That day the sea lion was seen by at least twenty correspondents, and Berghand printed all the reports one after another. Thus spurred, the correspondents went to it in earnest. The following day the sea lion was reported at every point within 200 miles. The story spread like ripples on water. In five days the lion was sighted over half the world, and an enthusiast at Southampton cabled that he was heading toward the north sea. Then a cruel correspondent up on Lake Superior killed him and wired that he was sending the skin as proof. I always suspected that the managing editor did it himself."

A Fine Sense of Feeling.

One of two darkies who run a bootblack "parlor" in partnership was bragging of his well developed sense of touch, particularly in the matter of money. He boasted that he could tell the denomination of any United States coin merely by feeling it. His partner wearied of these boasts and came back with this:

"Your sense o' feelin' ain't nothin' to my friend Marcus. Him and me used to work on the Pullman down through Kansas. Marcus had been on this route for about ten years. One night when we was both a-sleepin', 'long around midnight, I wakes up and I shakes Marcus and I says, 'Marcus, where are we?' And Marcus jest rolls over and sticks his hand out the window and he says, 'We're goin' through Oswego.'"—Everybody's.

Writing on a Pillow.

Every one who has had occasion to write while riding in a railway train will be interested in the fact that the disagreeable effects of the jarring of the carriage are greatly mitigated by writing on a pillow. The pillow may be either held on the lap or placed on a table. The pad of paper and the arm which guides the pen or pencil should both rest on the pillow.

In this manner it will be found possible to write legibly and with comfort in a train flying at full speed.—London Answers.

FEARS THE FRIGATE BIRD.

The Booby Even Catches Fish to Feed His Merciless Master.

The booby bird never leaves the broad seas, where his harsh cry is heard from the Hebrides to the Faroes and from the cliffs of Scotland to the coast of Norway. He revels in the storms and screams above the roar of the sea. The booby has green feet, yellow eyes and a defiant head covered with a yellow cap. Each of its wings is three feet long and its beak is so stiff and so strong that it fears no enemy but the frigate bird.

The frigate bird is the terror of the birds of the sea, though he ignores all but the booby. Owing to the breadth of his wings, the frigate cannot fish; he is forced to remain in the air. But as he cannot get fish in the air and as he requires fish for his nourishment he presses the booby into his service. When hungry he swoops down upon the booby and gives it a vigorous thrust in the throat. Then the booby's mouth opens and the fish caught in it drops out. The frigate has only to give one peck at the booby's throat to get his dinner.

It happens occasionally that the booby attacked by the frigate has nothing in its mouth. When the frigate pecks in vain he belabors his slave with his beak and drives him, bruised and terrified, into the sea to catch fish.—Harper's Weekly.

TURNED THE TABLES.

An Amusing Incident of Old Time Political Campaigning.

An illustration of early campaigning in Illinois shows the good feeling and the disposition to let the best man win that often prevailed.

James G. Robinson and Richard Oglesby, afterward governor, were opponents for the office of state senator. The settlements in those days were scattering, and as the rivals were good friends they agreed to go together and hold joint discussions. The understanding was that if either desired to talk anywhere else apart from the joint debates he had a perfect right to do so.

At one place Robinson announced that he would make a speech in the courthouse. A large crowd greeted him. Oglesby was sitting in front of the hotel across the way and became uneasy lest Robinson should get some votes away from him.

It happened that Oglesby could play the violin well. A man came along with one under his arm, and Oglesby asked if he might borrow it for the evening. The man consented, and Oglesby commenced playing in order to draw the crowd away from Robinson's meeting. He succeeded. One by one the men came out of the courthouse, and when Oglesby swung into a lively dance measure the crowd responded with an impromptu "hoe down."

Robinson, seeing his audience dwindling, stopped speaking and came out himself. Taking in the situation at a glance, he pulled off his shoes and became the most enthusiastic participant, dancing first with one and then with another of his late hearers. The crowd was delighted, and Robinson had the satisfaction of completely turning the tables on his adroit opponent.—Shelby M. Cullom in "Fifty Years of Public Service."

PIE IS GOOD FOOD.

Even if the Paste Is Soggy, Chewing Will Kill Its Terrors.

"In its proper place," says the New York Medical Journal, "pie is not only a palatable but a nutritious staple, an excellent vehicle of carbohydrates and fruit. It is not essentially indigestible and demands only proper mastication and insalivation to insure lack of discomfort."

In other words, if we chew pie as persistently as we chew the rag about the indigestibility of pie we shall find it as sweetly digestible as it is blandly delectable.

"Pie crust," this authority goes on to say, "is only flour and lard, the latter being replaced usually by chicken fat by those who object to any form of pork. Delicacy of manipulation is required in the making of the crust, and such delicacy depends paradoxically upon great digital strength, for only the strong have a genuine lightness of touch."

Thus is explained the armor plate crust so often the product of the deft but weak "manipulation" of slender, pretty and youthful brides as compared with the flaky, sea foamy kind turned loose by older and stiffer fingered mothers. But wait a moment. We can eat and even live in comfort upon our sweet girl graduates' pies after all, for the paper continues, "A soggy paste, however, made by frail fingers, is only aesthetically objectionable, for resolute chewing will deprive it of its terrors."

Now, however, comes the crux of the pie matter. We customarily "top off" with pie and cheese after we've had a hearty dinner and enough, but if we eat lightly and then have pie or make pie and cheese answer for a whole meal there is not the slightest ill effect from it.

AN INGENIOUS CLOCK.

Curious Automaton That Was Made In London a Century Ago.

One of the most wonderful timekeepers known to horologists was made in London, England, a hundred years ago and was sent by the president of the East India company as a gift to the emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman.

This figure was of pure ivory and gold, and the right hand rested upon a tiny clock, fastened to the side of the chariot. Portions of the wheels which kept track of the flight of time were hidden in the body of a tiny bird, which had seemingly just alighted upon the woman's finger.

There was a canopy above, so arranged as to conceal a silver bell. The bell was fitted with a little hammer, also of silver, which, although it did not appear to have any connection with the clock, struck the hours regularly and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond on the woman's bodice.

In the chariot, at the woman's feet, there was a golden figure of a dog, and above were two birds, apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold and was elaborately adorned with precious stones.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Never Can Happen Again.

The Montenegrin law which ordains that any found valuable shall be placed where the loser can find it reminds one of an anecdote told of Grimaldi's grandfather in Dickens' life of the famous clown. On one of his visits to Leadenhall market with nearly £400 in gold and silver upon him "he found that his shoe had become unbuckled and, taking from his pocket the bag, he placed it upon a neighboring post and then proceeded to adjust his buckle." Having afterward to pay for a purchase, he missed his bag of gold and hurried back to the post where he had buckled his shoe. "Although more than three quarters of an hour had elapsed, * * * there it remained, safe and untouched, on the top of a post in the open street!" That was in eighteenth century London. Could it happen now?—London Chronicle.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition.—Goldsmith.

JOY OF CREATING.

Put Your Heart In Your Work, No Matter What It May Be.

While every man who makes a living is not a genius, yet the real joy of creating can belong to each of us in just as real and true a way. If we put into farming or banking or our school work the sense of making something we get the great treasure out of it. When we fill any task with ourselves we make something.

A girl says, "I made the room tidy," which simply means she put something of herself into the disorderly room and so beautified it. After she had made it tidy it reflected something of herself; it looked some idea of order such as she had in her own mind. A boy says, "I made a good recitation in school yesterday," and he is right, for, although the lesson was already there, it had to wait for him to come along and make it a recitation.

So it is everywhere. Making anything means, no matter how simple the task, that we bring out something that did not exist before and that that something is to some degree like the maker of it. We get out what we put in. If any one wants to be miserable the surest way is just to do things without putting his whole heart and self into them. Think of the mere outside of the tasks and they are not worth doing. But once put yourself into them and all that is changed.—St. Nicholas.

A LEGAL LEGEND.

The Tale of a Telling Comparison In an Oriental Court.

When Abd-el-Hakk was poor, as he was one day traveling across a weary plain, he came to the house of the Widow Zaidah, who was also poor, but when he made known his hunger she set before him two hard boiled eggs, all the food there was in her house.

Later, when Abd-el-Hakk lived in Marakesh and was very rich, Meludi, the lawyer, disliking him, persuaded the Widow Zaidah to sue him for the eggs, but not for the eggs alone, for they would have become two chickens, which in time would have so multiplied that the whole fortune of Abd-el-Hakk would not now pay for them. When the case came to trial the rich man was not in court.

"Why is the defendant not here?" demanded the judge.

"My lord," said counsel for the defense, "he is gone to sow boiled beans."

"Boiled beans?"

"Boiled beans, my lord."

"Is he mad?"

"He is very wise, my lord. Surely if hard boiled eggs can be hatched boiled beans will grow."

The suit was promptly dismissed, with costs to the plaintiff.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Wonderful Escape.

Fieschi tried to assassinate King Louis Philippe of France in July, 1835. The king was riding along the lines of the national guard in the Boulevard du Temple. There came a crash and a rush of bullets. Louis Philippe's arm was grazed, his horse was shot in the neck, Marshal Mortier fell dead and about thirteen other people were killed and thirty wounded. Fieschi had taken the upper floors of a house several weeks before and there rigged up an oaken frame four feet by three feet six inches, supported on four posts of oak and itself supporting twenty-five gun barrels fixed in grooves at various angles so as to command an area of twenty-five feet in length and ten feet in height. When he fired the train of powder that let off his battery the king would have been killed if four barrels had not burst and two missed fire.

Sorrows of Authorship.

"Paradise Lost" brought Milton only a paltry £5—about $25 of our money.

Hawthorne for twenty years continued to be, to use his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." "There is not much market for my wares," he said at another time.

Thoreau is an interesting example. A thousand copies of his "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" were printed, but very few of these were sold, and a considerable number were given away by the author. The remainder were returned to him and were stored in his attic. He grimly observed, "I have now a library of 900 volumes, the greater portion of which I myself have written."—New York Press.

COLORS IN FLAMES.

And Why Candle or Lamp Light Appears White to the Eye.

There is a relation between the color of flame and the energy of the combustion causing it. The more vigorous and complete the combustion the higher the refrangibility of the light. A flame burning in a tardy and restricted way emits rays that are red. When burning in a more complete and effective manner the emitted rays change to violet.

The flame of a candle or a lamp consists of a series of eccentric luminous shells surrounding a central dark core. These shells of flame emit light of different colors, the innermost one—that in direct contact with the dark core—being red and having a temperature of exactly 977 degrees F. Upon this and in their proper order of refrangibility are shells of light which are orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

The reason that such a flame does not appear to us as a nest of cones of different colored light is this: When we look upon such a flame all of the rays issuing from the different layers or strata of concentric luminous shells are received by the retina of the eye at one and the same time. This can only impress with the sensation of neutral or white light.

Cause and Effect.

"He spoke very highly of you a month ago."

"Yes; I had just loaned him $10."

"But today he cannot think of enough harsh things to say about you."

"True. I stopped him on the street yesterday and asked him to pay it back."—Detroit Free Press.

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, NOV. 29, 1912

THE MAYOR.

It was stated before the meeting of the Citizens Municipal League in Concert Hall last week that "the office of Mayor did not amount to much and was of little consequence; that it was more important that we secure a business board of aldermen."

The Mayor is the chief executive officer of the city and as such is directly responsible to the citizens for the proper conduct of its affairs. If the Mayor's chair is occupied but only partially filled by a real executive it is a fault for which the electors are responsible and not the city charter itself.

The opportunities for a real executive, a business execute, for a man to lead, execute and control the various departments, shape its financial problems, stop the leaks by a firm, discriminating and judicious oversight of all expenditures and contracts necessary for a proper maintenance of the government, these opportunities already exist and only wait the arrival of the proper man to execute them.

The Mayor has sufficient power as such to be the leader in all true progress in city affairs, he should lead and never be led, he can if he will control even the board of aldermen, for no board of aldermen would ever dare to oppose a Mayor that was acting for the good and best interests of the whole city regardless of a partisan few.

He is the man to shape its destinies, to plot out the work for a year in advance. He should be the watch dog of the treasury, a captain of industry to show the aldermen their proper course to pursue and after that to execute their will or not as his best judgment dictates. He should be firm, discreet and just to all.

Such things have been done in a very few instances in the past, too few much to our sorrow, and it can be done again in the future if you citizens will but drop petty jealousies and party politics and cast your votes regardless of such for a clean, level headed executive business man for Mayor.

As a city Woburn is now almost twenty-three years of age and it is quite time for her to begin to act with judgment and discretion and to possess a little more dignity and brains in the control of the legislative department of the city.

INDEPENDENT CITIZENS MEETING.

A large meeting of citizens irrespective of party affiliations interested in the movement for a better, more efficient, and economical administration of city affairs than has obtained the past few years, assembled in Concert Hall Monday evening and effected a permanent organization for decisive work upon those lines.

The meeting was presided over by Alderman Harry A. Jones and a committee consisting of Messrs. James Skinner, Geo. A. Cochrane and J. Winn Brown reported the following officers for a permanent organization which was adopted.

President, Harry A. Jones.
V. P. Ex-Mayor W. F. Davis.
Secretary, Edward K. Porter.
Treasurer, Geo. A. Cochrane.

Executive Committee, the above officers together with Ex-Mayor D. W. Bond, Fred W. Shattuck and James Skinner.

Ex-Mayor Davis then addressed the meeting giving a graphic account of the proceedings last week before the Bureau of Statistics at the State House of various officials from this city and he said that the published account of the proceedings then was wide of the truth and gave a wrong impression of what was done and said at that conference.

He told of a letter that the chairman of the Bureau of Statistics had sent to the city government but which the Mayor had had kept in his pocket and had not at that time communicated it to the aldermen; that the chairman stated that in the recent investigation of the city accounts by the Bureau that there was something beside the personal honesty of public officials in the conduct of municipal affairs and that Woburn must wake up to the fact that many of her officials were totally incompetent for their positions; that the Mayor had been playing fast and loose with the taxpayers and that in 1911 about $50,000 out of a total of loans for $57,000 had been wrongly applied to current expenses which should have been in the tax levy for that year instead of being put into a 10 year loan; that if it had been put into the tax levy that year the rate of taxation would have been $28.00 per thousand.

Other speakers at the meeting were Rev. H. C. Parker, Alderman Jas. F. McGovern, Rev. S. A. Norton, Frank B. Richardson, James Skinner and E. E. Silver.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

☞ The municipal administration of this city for 1911 increased the city debt $50,000 and for the present year of 1912 have added $45,000 more to that debt for current expenses, which should have been raised during these years by taxation or what ought to have been done was to have reduced the expenses to legitimate requirements. Is not that enough reason for a change from extravagance to a common sense business administration. The powers that be have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Such an administration effects the pockets of every citizen that contributes a dollar or more to the support of the municipality. Think this over Mr. Voter.

☞ As an answer to some of the recent criticisms made on Woburn schools the following is quite a clincher. Twenty-two seniors and eight juniors have been elected this year to the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa Society. Of these twenty-two, fourteen are from Massachusetts and sixteen from the rest of the world. Of the fourteen one is from Woburn, Mr. Byron W. Grimes. Allen A. Prior is also a member of the chapter.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Mrs. Abigial Tay, widow of the late Brooks Tay of North Woburn, died at Arlington last Sunday.

— Miss M. E. Langley announces that owing to the Thanksgiving holiday no dancing class will be held this evening.

— Post 33, G. A. R. and W. R. C. 84 will entertain the Middlesex Association of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. Dec. 18.

— Fourteen members of the Woburn Grange attended the meeting and inspection of Wakefield Grange last Monday evening.

— Mr. James Alexander, an employee of the Merrimac Chemical Co., was found dead in bed yesterday at his boarding house in North Woburn.

— The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. M. A. Burnes, 40 Mt. Pleasant street, last Monday afternoon. A box was packed and forwarded for the Flower Mission Work.

— The Golden Rule Class of the First Baptist Sunday School held their regular monthly meeting last Tuesday evening at the home of their teacher, Mrs. Joseph Cole, Charles street.

— The High School Battalion drilled in full uniform Wednesday for the first time and made a fine appearance in their new suits. In the evening the commissioned officers held a dance in the armory.

— Hose 1 was called Tuesday on a still alarm to a house occupied by Thomas Flaherty on Mann's court where a chimney had taken fire. The blaze was extinguished before causing any damage.

— Mr. Alexander Grant, the well-known tailor, made his first appearance on the street Tuesday afternoon after having been confined to the house for ten days with a severe attack of lumbago and sciatica.

— Herbert Clark, the well known cornetist, rendered a solo "Showers of Gold" at Mechanics Hall, Boston, in the concert given there by Sousa's Band last Sunday evening. Mr. Clark received a well merited encore.

— The Union Thanksgiving Service was held Thursday morning at 10 30 in the Unitarian church. Rev. Fred M. Estes, pastor of the M. E. church preached the sermon, his subject being: "An Eternal Thanksgiving Day."

— Work has been begun on the new armory which is to be built by the State for the town of Stoneham and it is expected that it will be completed by next July. A appropriation of $55,000 is available for the building.

— A $5,000 limousine car stolen from the garage of James C. Neeley of Swampscott, last September, was recently found stored in a barn at No. 50 Elm street, North Woburn, buried under a mass of chicken wire and tons of hay.

— Saturday's football game between teams from the Baptist Sunday School proved rather disasterous to two players. Harold Mackin sustained a broken ankle and Marcus Sorenson a sprained ankle. Dr. V. C. Stewart treated both boys.

— Hose 6 in answer to a still alarm Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 extinguished a blaze on the roof of a Bay State street car. Wednesday afternoon a still alarm summoned the same company to a chimney fire in the house occupied by Mrs McCarron, 49 Church street.

— Mr. Samuel Cook, the oldest deacon, both in point of time and age, of the First Baptist church, quietly observed the 81st anniversary of his birth at his home on Bow street last Friday Many friends called during the afternoon and evening to offer congratulations and good wishes.

— Miss Mildred Chalmers, formerly of Woburn and niece of Miss Annie E. Wade, died suddenly at Bear River, Nova Scotia, recently, according to a Digby, Nova Scotia, newspaper. She was a young woman of exemplary character and her family attended the Woburn Baptist church while living here.

— Mrs. Mary A. Briggs quietly observed her 92d birthday anniversary at her home 649 Main street Sunday Mrs. Briggs is active for one of her years, doing her own housework, and keeping up her friendly interest in the neighbood and city. She enjoys the rare distinction of being a real daughter of the Revolution.

— A sad accident yesterday resulted in the death of Joseph Garvey, 15 years old at the home of his parents, 25 Main street, by his being shot in the head with a rifle in the hands of his chum Lawrence Boudreau. Parents cannot be too careful about leaving loaded firearms within the reach of irresponsible children.

— Mr. Jamsey Bennett, a former resident of this city and member of the Methodist church, who since leaving here has been living at 33 A Jacques street, Somerville, was struck and killed by an automobile on Broadway shortly after 6 o'clock Wednesday evening As soon as the accident happened the driver switched off his rear light, increased his speed and drove away, and at last accounts had not been apprehended.

— The Nichols Corner Club met with Mr. and Mrs H L Andrews, 12 Burlington street, last Monday evening. Whist was played Mr. H L. Andrews making the highest score Much merriment was caused in the game the guessing of advertising represented. Miss Helen Parker won the lady's prize and Mr. Bert Nichols the gentlemen's Hidden nuts were ferreted out and a general good time enjoyed. Refreshments were served.

— Clarence E. Littlefield, son of Ex Chief Clarence Littlefield, came all the way from Nome, Alaska, about 6,000 miles, to eat his Thanksgiving dinner with his parents for the first time in eleven years. Mr. Littlefield has recently been promoted to be assistant manager of the Alaska Steamship Company, with headquarters in Nome, and will return to his post of duty at the opening of navigation in the spring Until that time he will be stationed in Seattle, Wash., to which place he will return the last of December.

Power of the School Board.

At the recent conference between city officials of Woburn and the Legislative Committee investigating municipal finances, School Committeeman Fred J. Brown, who attended the conference, was asked by one of the committee if a school committee had any right to exceed for salaries of teachers an appropriation made by the city council. Mr. Brown replied, that the committee in asking for its appropriation at the beginning of the year, took into consideration the amount of increases of teachers and janitors salaries, which were raised practically as the result of action by the city council, and that the deficit now existing amounts to less than the increase in janitors and teachers salaries, and therefore Mr Brown was of the opinion that the city council should have appropriated the amount asked for.

Upon request that Mr. Brown would show by authority what he believed to be the legal right of the school board to exceed an appropriation of the city council. Mr. Brown requested Mr. Mendum to examine the authorities, and the following is an abstract of the brief which Chairman Mendum has prepared, and which has been filed with the Legislative Committee.

As to the power of a school board to bind a city for such teachers salaries as the school board fixes, the case of Batchelder v. City of Salem 4th Cush. 599 is squarely in point. In this case the school committee two months after the municipal year began raised the salaries of teachers of the grammar schools, so that the salaries of teachers would have exceeded the amount actually appropriated for that purpose by $1875 00. The City of Salem maintained that it alone had the power of determining the amount of money which should be raised for teachers, that the committee, in making their contracts with the teachers, must keep within the amount appropriated to this object by the city; that the committee had no power to bind the city beyond the amount which the city might think proper to raise; and, in fact, that the power of the committee might be limited, restricted, or taken away by the city, but the court, asking the question, "How can the city deprive the committee of a power expressly given by the Legislature?" held that the school committee had the power not only to select and contract with the teachers, but to fix the compensation to be paid them, and to bind the city to pay the same, notwithstanding the fact, as happened in this case, that the city's appropriation was exceeded by the act of the committee in raising salaries

By the charter of the City of Woburn, s. 31, "the School Committee are the original judges of the expediency and necessity of having additional or impoved accommodations for any public school within the limits of the city, and whenever, in their opinion, a schoolhouse is required, they shall send a communication to the city council, stating the locality and the nature of the further provisions for schools which are needed." This section further provides for the approval by the school committee of plans and furnishings before any contract for the erection of a school building shall be made, and also leaves the care, alteration and repair of all school buildings under the control of the school committee.

It is submitted that under the general laws as above indicated providing for the imposition of penalties upon municipalities for failure to provide and maintain a sufficient number of school houses, properly furnished and conveniently located for the accommodation of all children therein, who are entitled to attend the public schools, and under the provisions of the charter of the City of Woburn as above set forth, it is the duty of the City Council of Woburn to appropriate such sums of money for the maintenance of the public schools as the committee, under the general law and the charter authority, judge expedient and necessary

Escapes An Awful Fate.

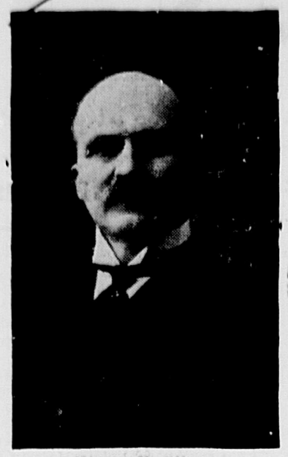
A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox, of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now. Quick and safe, its the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

At 10 30 Sunday morning the pastor will speak on "A Mighty Hunter" At 7 o'clock the Epworth League Class of Investigation will conduct the service using for their general subject, "Aliens or Americans." The Epworth League devotional service at 6 o'clock as usual.

Candidate For Mayor.



Elmer E. Silver.

Mr. Elmer E Silver of 23 Arlington Road is the Mayoralty candidate both of the Republican and Independent parties and certainly a better one could not have been selected. Mr. Silver is a widely-known business man of the highest integrity and ability. A man whose varied business training would be invaluable in straightening out and putting on a firm foundation the city's affairs.

He was born in Bloomfield, Vt., and attended Derby Academy, Maine Classical Institute, Colby College and Brown University. For sometime he was engaged in the book-publishing business and with his brother founded the firm of Silver, Burdette & Co, resigning in 1904 to enter the life insurance business. Last month he was chosen President of the Boston Life Underwriters Association. Mr. Silver is a member of the Chamber of Commerce; Trustee of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, of Derby Academy, of Shaw University and of the New England Baptist Hospital; President of the Woburn Charitable Association and of the New England Alumni Association of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He is a member of the University and Exchange clubs. He is married and has two children, a daughter, Ruth, and a son, Elmer.

Woman's Club Notes.

The next meeting of the Club will be December 13 at 8 P. M. in Lyceum Hall and will be the annual emergency fund entertainment, tickets for which are in the hands of the directors.

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors held with Mrs. Pratt, Bennett street, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 20, it was voted to donate $100 from the Emergency Fund to the Home for Aged Women, to be expended for articles needed in the Home.

Mrs. Martha W. Bond represented the Club at the annual reception and guest day of the Maplewood New Century Club last Monday. Mrs. George W. Perkins 1st vice president of the Mass. State Federation was the special guest of the afternoon.

An excellent program has been prepared for the annual entertainment in aid of the Emergency Fund of the Club. A comedy in three acts entitled "The Register" will be given, with Misses Helen Sylvester and Charlotte Lowell, Messrs. Harri Leathe and Roger P. Eaton in the caste. Mrs. Jennie Trecartin Fox will sing and there will be violin solos by Miss Maude H. Littlefield and Miss Mary Baldwin. Dancing will follow the entertainment. Refreshments will be served. An evening of enjoyment is promised to all who attend.

The Art Department of the Mass. State Federation will hold an all day conference in Boston on Thursday, Dec. 5, 1912, in the lecture room of the Museum of Fine Arts. The morning session will be opened by the State President Mrs. Mulligan at 10 A. M. Greetings will be given by Dr. Arthur Fairbanks, Director of the Museum. Other speakers will be Mr. Huger Elliott, Mrs. Cyrus E. Dallin and Mr. Phillip J. Gentner, who will speak on "American Impressionism in Painting," illustrated by lantern slides. Admission to the museum will be free on presentation of visiting card with name of club added.

The Home Economics Committee of the Club is planning to hold classes during the coming winter for the study of household problems. A course of four lectures will be given in Trinity Parish House on Monday afternoons at three o'clock. On January 13, Mrs Stanley Bone of Quincy will speak on "Short Cuts for the Maidless Housewife." An interesting discussion will follow. On Feb. 10, Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln of well known fame, will conduct the class. Her subject will be "Simplicity in Living." At the close an opportunity will be given the audience to ask questions. March 3, Miss Nellie E. Ewart will give a demonstration lesson. "A Luncheon for Hot Weather Serving." On March 17, Mr. Alton E. Briggs, of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, will talk upon "New England's Food Supply," and the audience can be assured an hour of interesting and profitable talk upon this timely subject. As the number of tickets is limited, application should be made at once to Miss Florence B. Deland, Chairman, or to any member of the committee. This course is open to all members of the club and their friends.

WINCHESTER.

The art committee of The Fortnightly Club announces the next meeting of the English Cathedral class will be held in the High School Library, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 3 P. M. Subject: "Ely Cathedral."

A night school for the teaching of English to Italian adults will be commenced in the High school the first Tuesday evening in December at 7 30 o'clock, and will be held twice a week for four months.

Miss Amy Woods of Washington street has accepted a position as Secretary of the Associated Charities of Newburgh on the Hudson and will assume her duties on December 1st.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

In many respects the most novel and brilliant production ever staged by Jesse L Lasky comes to B F. Keith's Theatre this week in "The Little Parisienne," a miniature musical comedy by William LeBaron, Cecil de Mille and Robert Hood Bowers. This little comedietta is a vovelty in more ways than one. It serves to introduce to Americans Valerie Serice, a clever little French singer and dancer, who has scored a tremendous hit in the title role. The musical score, by Mr. Bowers, author of "The Red Rose," and "The Vanderbilt Cup," is by far the most tuneful of any he has ever done, and abounds in lilting melodies and whistly airs Among the big song hits are "Your'e Just the Sort of Girl;" "Bunty Pulls the Strings;" "Esquimo Rag;" "Goodbye Scotland;" and "Won't You Love Me?" The various characters in the play are French and Scotch, a mixture that makes for some very funny comedy situations. This big novelty will be but one feature of a great bill. Harry Scott and Agnes Keane will appear in that beautiful love idyll, "Drifting;" and a big comedy feature will be Matthews and Alshayne in "A Chinatown Fantasy." Still another big act will be John E. Henshaw and Grace Avery in a medley of songs and dances, while Hufford and Chain are two clever delineators of the Southern darky type The DeLesse Troupe are some wonderful European acrobats; Ray E Ball is a charming young violinist; and others yet to be announced will round out one of the best shows of the season.

THE TREMONT.

Mr. Henry Miller entered upon his engagement at the Tremont Theatre on October 4th in his latest and greatest success, "The Rainbow," and it became evident at the outset that the original time allotted to him would not be sufficient to satisfy the keen interest manifested in this play by the public Accordingly arrangements were made for extending Mr. Miller's stay and the wisdom of this is manifest, for the Tremont is attracting large audiences at each performance. The appeal made in "The Rainbow" charms everyone by its tender sentiment and grips the attention by its clear dramatic force. The arrival of the beautiful young girl into the life of the father just at a time when his nature needs the companionship of one different from the associates he has consorted with becomes the greatest gift his hungry heart could crave. He is fortunate in having the services of such a dainty little miss as Ruth Chatterson. It would be difficult to conceive a better portrayal of the daughter than she presents. The usual Wednesday ane Saturday matinees.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

It is the concensus of opinion among the Boston critics that Charles Cherry in the C. Haddon Chambers' comedy which goes into its third and last week at the Hollis Street next Monday night is one of the few plays which Boston has seen this season that is really worth while. There was not a dissenting voice among them and it is one of the three plays that has met with the approval of the Drama League, for on their bulletin they recommend it to their members. It is not possible in type to tell the story that is told in the four acts of the play with anything like the interest that it is told in the acting. The theme is not a new one but Mr. Chambers has presented it from a view point so new, that in the playing it becomes a page from life. One critic said:—"The best description of "Passers-By" is that it is a segment from the circle of life." In addition to telling a story of absorbing interest Mr Chambers has introduced into the action of the play a number of types, British ones, which have been drawn with the same fidelity to nature that Charles Dickens used to limn them in his novels "Passers-By" is rich in its appeal to human sentiment and it is cheerful and uplifting without a moment of depression. In the role of Peter Waverton, the hero of the comedy, Charles Cherry is very happy He gives a splendid performance of a part that would be very easy to overplay. It will probably be a very long time before there is presented a comedy that is more worthy of the support of the theatre-goers or one that is more novel or interesting. "Passers-By" is one of the big successes of the year. The usual matinees will be given on Wednesday and on Saturday.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Mrs. Martha Williams Winn.

Mrs. Martha W. (Garrison) Winn, widow of the late John Winn of Burlington, passed away at her home on Wyman street early Sunday morning. The deceased was born in Newburg, N. Y., August 26, 1832, the daughter of John and Sarah Garrison. When twenty years old she came to Burlington as a teacher and two years later married Mr. John Winn and came as a bride to the house which has since been her home.

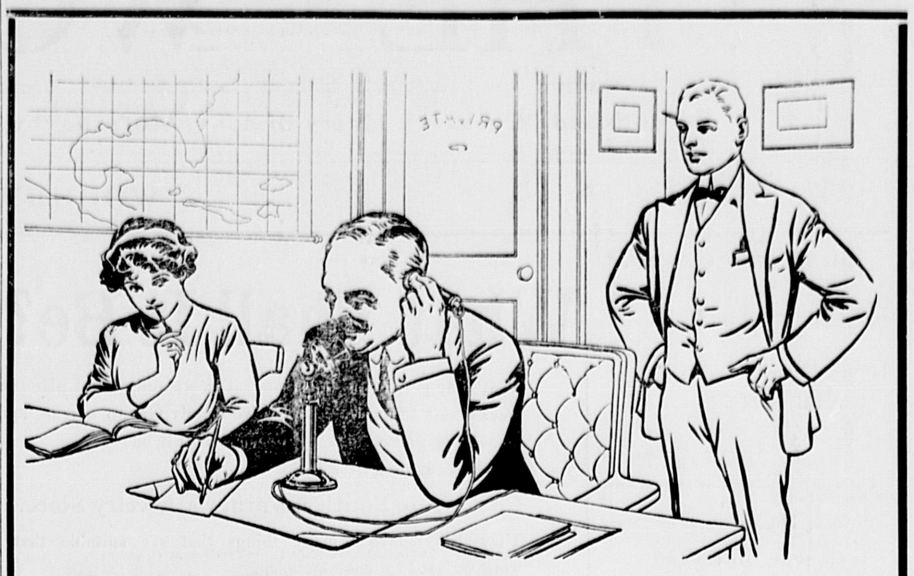
Last February she slipped and fell on the ice, breaking her hip, and had never fully recovered from the effects of that fall.

She is survived by three sons, George Edward, Joseph F and John G., and three daughters, Mrs. Helen Willard of Somerville, Marcia and Abbie, who lived with her, and a step daughter, Mrs Frank Pushee. Mr Winn died in 1907.

Funeral servics were held from her late home Tuesday afterday at 2 30. Rev. Henry C. Parker officiating The many beautiful floral tributes testified to the love and esteem in which she was held by a large circle of friends

What Texans Admire

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman of San Antonio. We find he writes, that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made. Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney troubles. 25c. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*



Sales $74,400.00
TOLLS $13.50

"I had a cargo of grain to sell and started to call on customers in western Maine and New Hampshire. Being unable to make suitable railroad connections, I decided to telephone some of my customers. This experiment proved so satisfactory that I continued selling by telephone.

"In two days I had made 38 toll calls from Portland. Result: Sale of 126 cars of grain worth $74,400.00. The toll charges amounted to $13.50."

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Caucuses.

The attendance at the Republican Caucuses Saturday evening was small, there being only about 250 votes cast, about one fourth the party strength. The nominees are:

For Mayor—Elmer E Silver.

For Board of Public Works—Walter R. Merchant.

For Aldermen-at-large—Charles H. Cadwell, W. Fred Davis, Jr, J. William Fox, Jacob A. Ham, Harry A Jones, Ellis H. Marshall, Parker T. Poole, Peter Stockholm.

For Ward Aldermen—Ward 1, James F. McGovern; Ward 2, Martin Peterson; Ward 3, Albert B. Grimes; Ward 4, Benjamin T. Rix; Ward 5, Fred W. Shattuck; Ward 6, Moses W. True; Ward 7, Frank A. Graham.

For School Committee for Three Years—Andrew R. Linscott, John G. Maguire, Mrs Helen Cook Stevenson; for one year, Everett P. Fox.

The Democratic nominees: For Mayor, William H. Henchey; Board Public Works, William H. Jones; Ward Aldermen: Ward 1, Edward P McLaughlin; Ward 2, Michael H Winn; Ward 3, Joseph B. Devlin; Ward 4, John J. Maguire; Ward 5, James H Lynch; Ward 6, no choice; Ward 7, Frank H. Naven. Alderman at Large. Augustine J. Boyle, Dennis T. Blake, James Boyle, John F. Bradley, Lawrence J. Byron, Stephen H McInerney, Dennis P. Hogan and John N. Turner.

School Board, (3 years) John G. Maguire, Charles G. Hill, Mary D. Haggerty. (1 year) John C. Meehan.

The Demons Of The Swamp

are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C. "three bottles drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since.' Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50 cts. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Those edges soonest turn that are most keen. A sober moderation stands sure. No violent extremes endure.—Aleyn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Emma Owen, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mabel O. Blodgett, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-6-13 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

HELP WANTED.

TWO MEN at present employed at inside work, clerks preferred, to prepare to fill traveling salesmens positions. School for salesmanship, 15 Beacon Street, Boston.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

EXPERIENCED house to house canvassers Salary $2 daily for those who can qualify. New line. 10c. sales. Big demand. Sanicone Co. Beacon Hill Trust Building, Boston.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 20, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Matthew Connolly of Everett, Mass. and Margaret Connolly of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 20, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John Francis Caine of Wellesley, Mass. and Sadie Agnes Lyons of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 24, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Jeremiah E. Creeden of Wakefield, Mass. and Agnes C. Reilly of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 28, John E. Tylander, aged 2 years, 11 months, 6 days.

Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by W. Henry Ross of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Hyde Park Savings Bank, dated April 7th, 1905, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3152, Page 292, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described on MONDAY, the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1912, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described, substantially, as follows: A certain parcel of land, wtth the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being shown on a "plan of land in Woburn, Mass. belonging to Sara C. Mendum," dated Dec. 5, 1904, by William Butler Jones, C. E., recorded at the end of Book 3137 in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds. Said parcel is bounded and described as follows: — Westerly, by Arlington Road (formerly called Canal street) seventy-four 60-100 feet; northerly, by land now or late of Sara C. Mendum, as shown on said plan, one hundred thirty-five and 5-100 feet; easterly, by land now or late of Ellen Hayden, as shown on said plan, seventy-nine feet; and southerly by land now or late of Choate heirs, and heirs of Margaret Trull, as shown on said plan, one hundred twenty-seven 3-10 feet. Containing 10,072 square feet, more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to said W. Henry Ross, by Frederick E. Snow, trustee, by a deed recorded with said Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds.

Said premises are to be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and municipal assessments of any kind, if any therebe.

$100 of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale. Other terms made known at time and place of sale.

HYDE PARK SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagee,
By Arthur H. Burt, its Treasurer.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 15, 1912.
Nov. 22, 29, Dec. 6, 1912.

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In West Medford. A convenient sunny house of nine rooms Bath, set tubs, gas; some hardwood floors. Five minutes from steam trains. Two lines of electric cars to Boston. One to Everett. Apply to agent N. E. WILBER West Medford; or to owner, Medford Tel. 1074-M.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To Mary J. Bray of Springfield, in the County of Hampden, and Daniel W. Kimball of Winchester in said County of Middlesex, executors of the will of Harriet W. Shepherd, late of said Winchester, deceased, the estate of Warren Butler, late of Chelsea in the County of Suffolk, deceased, William W. Lunt of Hingham in the County of Plymouth, administrator of the estate of Emma E. Zisson, late of said Chelsea, deceased, Anna F. Tay of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, George Tay whose residence is unknown, Bertha P. Randlett and Richard M. Phillips of Pittsfield in the State of Maine, and to the City of Woburn in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, A. Herbert Holland of said Woburn, administrator with the will annexed of the estate not already administered of Phebe R. Moore, late of said Woburn, deceased, has presented to said Court his petition, praying for instructions as to what disposition he shall make of the balance of the estate of Phebe R. Moore, remaining in his hands after the payment of charges of administration and other proper charges against said estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of December, A. D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you who may be found in said Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or if any of you shall not be so found, either by delivering a copy thereof to you wherever found or by leaving a copy thereof at your usual place of abode, or by mailing a copy thereof to you at your last known post-office address, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and also, unless it shall be made to appear to the Court by affidavit that you all have had actual notice of the proceeding, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty fifth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-6-13 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan T. Greenough, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Jennie L. Greenough, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in said County, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

15-22-29 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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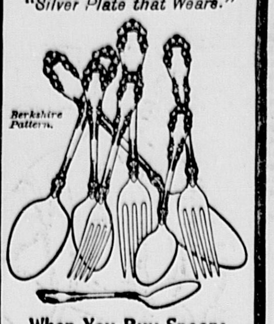

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BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5 45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8 15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M, then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10 30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

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NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS

PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

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GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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per set of old false teeth which are of no value to you. Highest cash prices paid for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and precious stones.

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KEEP ADDRESS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

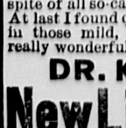
Constipation

"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful

DR. KING'S New Life Pills

Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N. Y.

25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.



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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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AUTHORS' BLUNDERS.

Some Amusing Slips Made by Famous French Writers.

M. Tibert Cim published in La Revue de Paris an amusing series of errors perpetrated, not by schoolboys, but by the great panjandrums of French literature. It appears that hardly one of the great men in the ranks of nodding Homers escapes.

First comes Thiers himself with "Throughout the day torrents of rain poured down, and twenty thousand Austrians bit the dust!"

The weighty and erudite lawyer, M. Troplong, proclaims in one of his somber tomes that "In the midst of many crumbling institutions that of property stands erect on its feet, seated upon justice!"

The pen of the famous critic, Francisque Sarcey, had its frequent lapses. "On his helmet waves a missing plume!" and "In the tones of Mlle. Agalde one recognizes her mother's familiar hand!" for example.

M. Toussenel, journalist, naturalist and historian, has a sentence, no doubt, of profound ethnographical interest which might perhaps have been phrased otherwise: "The English and Russian nations, the two greatest powers in the world, are precisely those in which the man makes the greatest efforts to resemble the woman—the Englishman by shaving himself daily, the Russian by puffing out his chest!"

WHITE RAINBOWS.

Formed by a Strong Light, a Fine Rain and a Low Sun.

Though rainbows are generally associated with colors, there is such a phenomenon, very rare, it is true, as a white rainbow. The circumstances necessary for its formation are a fine rain and a strong sun. The phenomenon is due to the optic principle known as interference. If the drops of water be very small, the interference of the rays causes such a complete overlapping of the colors that the bow appears white.

That is to say, the various prismatic colors, instead of being thrown out separately, as in the ordinary prism, are thrown one on the top of the other, and the light is thrown by the sun, as it were, on a sheet of rain. The fine close rain produces the same effect as a woven texture. This result is still more noticeable where a fog takes the place of the rain.

The phenomenon is not often noticed, because the conditions absolutely necessary to the formation of a white rainbow are a strong light, a close rain and a sun lying near the horizon. These three conditions are not often present at the same time.—Westminster Gazette.

As You Please.

In the ancient times there lived a wonderfully wise man, of whom it was said that he could answer correctly any question put to him. There was one, however, who thought himself clever enough to outwit the sage. This man took a poor, captive bird and clasped it so closely in his hand that only the head and tail were visible.

"Tell me," said he to the renowned guesser of riddles, "is the bird which I hold in my hand alive or dead?"

If the answer were "Dead," thought this artful plotter, he would just open his hand and let the bird fly. If the answer were "Alive" he would with one little squeeze crush the poor bird to death.

But the wise man proved himself equal to the occasion and replied, "It is as you please."

Each one holds within his or her grasp the fair bird of life. Which is it to be—a blessing or a bane? It is "as you please."

Poor Suggestion.

Distressed Mother—John! John! Baby has swallowed my latchkey. Absentminded Father — Never mind, dear—use mine!—London Opinion.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular **Year Book** ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c. for his 1913 Almanac, or only **one dollar** for his **splendid Magazine and Almanac** one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to **Word and Works Publishing Company** 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, its some satisfaction to know that many peolpe can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

MANLIKE MANATEES.

These Queer Creatures Are Linked With the Mermaid Myth.

In semitropical waters of America there disports a member of that family of aquatic mammals to which has been ascribed the mermaid myth. Related to the dugong and the now extinct rhytina, we still have the manatee. This name is preferred by some to manati, under the impression that the latter is the plural of the Latin "manatus" (furnished with hands), though the name is probably of Mandingo origin.

The manatee is a herbivorous mammal inhabiting the shallows about the coasts of Florida, Mexico, central America and the West Indies. It is not known to attempt the open sea and does not possess the ability to come ashore. This animal is somewhat whalelike in shape, with a horizontal tail fin. It is from eight to twelve feet in length, the body being scantily covered with hair. The only limbs are the fore flippers, low on the side of the body. This flipper has no fingers. It does possess, though, three flat nails and has a free motion in all directions from the shoulder. The elbow and wrist approximate the human anatomy in movement. With this crude resemblance to an arm the manatee has been said to carry its young. While the statement is not authentic, it is quite believable, its possibility being vouched for by all observers of the arm in motion.

The head of the manatee is divided from the body by a slight indication of neck. The upper lip is extraordinarily flexible—so much so that each side can protrude independently of the other, and, thus separated into two lobes, the upper lip can perform the complete operation of grasping food and conveying it into the mouth. In each jaw are twenty pairs of two ridged teeth. With this formidable equipment the manatee is not, however, ferocious, but browses tranquilly on the water plants of its habitat. In some views the head is surprisingly manlike, though far from beautiful, and no specimen has ever sat on the rocks and combed its golden hair.—Harper's.

ELECTION STRATEGY.

Incident of an Old Time English Parliamentary Contest.

In the days before the institution of the secret ballot, when the candidate with the longest purse usually won an election, a former Lord Dundonald, who refused to give bribes, contested Honiton, but was beaten by an opponent who paid his electors at the rate of £5 a vote.

Then the unsuccessful candidate conceived this brilliant plan, says the writer of a history of the Dundonald family. He announced to his friends that he was quite determined to win the seat next time without bribery. Then he sent the town crier round the town to announce that all who had voted for him in this first election might repair to his agent, from whom they would receive £10.

As comparatively few people had voted for him, this was not a very expensive process. And at the next election Lord Dundonald was elected by an enormous majority. After the triumph several people came to him and delicately suggested that some reward was due to such loyalty.

"Not a farthing," was the reply.

"But, my lord, you gave £10 a head to the minority at the last election, and the majority have been counting on something handsome on this occasion."

"Perhaps so," said the clever candidate. "My former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking my opponent's bribe of £5. For me to pay them now would be to violate my own principles."—Pearson's Weekly.

Helps a Judge In a Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucken's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

A BIG GOLD BRICK

The Trap That Jernegan Baited With Salt Sea Water.

SCHEME OF A CLEVER ROGUE.

The Smooth Swindler and His Accomplice Showed How Easily They Could Extract Gold From the Ocean—Fleeced Their Dupes and Then Decamped.

Various inventors have been working for years on the theory that there is plenty of gold in sea water if only some process of extraction could be developed.

Some years ago the Rev. Prescott J. Jernegan was the salt water wizard of the hour. From the day his bubble burst and he left for Europe nobody seems to know what has become of him. Jernegan, who posed as a clergyman, and C. E. Fisher, once a floorwalker in a New York department store and before that a diver, got together in the fall of 1896 and for a whole year carefully considered the problem of extracting gold from salt water. It is true, their whole field of thought compassed the use of salt water as an accessory only, the real material from which the gold was to be extracted being the American people.

Very artistically Jernegan, to whom was left the matter of publicity, permitted some vague rumors to leak out. "A leading clergyman had a marvelous money making device. The world was soon to be stunned by a fact that would make the possessor of the original secret so rich that all the multimillionaires would be paupers in comparison." When they had stirred up public curiosity Jernegan and Fisher went to New England and there set up some mysterious machinery.

On Narragansett bay was an old half dismantled wharf, and at the sea end of this the two erected a cheap frame shanty about 8 by 10 in size, with a square hole cut through the floor and looking directly down into about fifteen feet of water. An electric wire from a small battery was run along the piling of the wharf and attached to a mysterious box, with heavy iron clamps and holes all through to permit of free passage of the water back and forth.

Finally the great secret was divulged. These two men had discovered a way of taking all the gold they wanted from the salt water at a cost so trifling that it was ridiculous to mention it. Two wealthy persons, one a Providence jeweler and the other a New York florist, were approached by Jernegan with what seemed to be such a trustful and childlike proposal that they both embraced it eagerly. It was that, all his apparatus being ready for experiment, they would come to the shanty on the wharf prepared to go through a night's vigil and witness the result, accompanied by any scientific friends they cared to bring along.

The idea, as outlined by Jernegan, was to send a current into a pan of mercury held within the box, the receptacle then being sent to the bottom of the sea and drawn up after several hours, when it would be found that the mercury had absorbed gold from the ocean.

When the night of the experiment came the box was prepared in the shanty, two chemists, friends of the capitalists, bringing their own mercury with them. The box was lowered to the bottom, and then the party of five began their wait. Soon after daylight Jernegan announced that it was time to draw the box up again. This was done, and the whole party eagerly set to work to find out whether any gold had been received. When the chemists announced that gold to the value of $14 was found mixed with the quicksilver all were stunned by the discovery and realized at once the vast possibilities in more extensive operations, the original experiment having been practically made with a toy apparatus.

The story spread like wildfire, and the modest Jernegan was prevailed upon to organize a company. Stock was sold, and after getting possession of thousands of dollars the promoter sailed away to Europe. The success of the great experiment was explained afterward. Fisher, the diver, had gone out from the shore in his diving suit, opened the box and, taking out the mercury that had been brought by the chemists, substituted a vial of his own that had been strongly impregnated with gold.

Both before and since the Jernegan fraud many attempts have been made to extract gold from salt water, some of them fraudulent, some genuine and based on scientific grounds that have from time to time appealed even to deep students. But all so far have failed dismally. Though traces of gold are to be found in salt water, commercial application is practically impossible.—New York Press.

A Constant Sufferer.

"Is your mother a suffragette, Robert?"

"Yep, she's always suffering. If it ain't with her shoes or her corset it's because somebody that owes her an invitation had a party and didn't ask her to it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Root of All Evil.

As a general thing when a man and his wife fall out over money it is a sign that he has it and she wants it, or she has it and he wants it, or neither has it and both want it.—Galveston News.

Fortune gives many too much, but no one enough.—Laberius.

Her Conscience Clear.

"Well," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "it looks as if my son had found his place at last. He has become a proctor in admiralty."

After she had studied the matter for a moment Mrs. Gottalotte put an arm around her friend and consolingly said:

"Try to bear it the best you can. You'll always have the satisfaction of knowing you done the best you could for him anyhow." — Chicago Record-Herald.

A Limited Habit.

"I see that some of our scientists claim that death is largely a matter of habit, depending upon thought and all that," he said.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "Did you ever know any one who was in the habit of dying?"—Exchange.

Love's Illusions.

Cynicus—I wonder why he never married. Sillicus—I believe he was once disappointed in love. Cynicus—Impossible. No man is ever disappointed in love till he marries.—Philadelphia Record.

STARTLED THE VISITOR.

A Joke an English Lord Played on an American Woman.

Lord Rossmore once startled an American lady, a Mrs. Ronalds, whom he encountered at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Candy, in the aristocratic Park lane of London. He relates the incident in "Things I Can Tell:"

She knew my sister, who called her Fanny, and as I thought Fanny was a very pretty name I said to her:

"I think I'll call you Fanny too."

Mrs. Ronalds hadn't the least idea who I was, and she said, half laughingly:

"Well, I declare; I never saw such a person!"

Just then I caught sight of the reflection in a mirror of my other sister, Mrs. Stirling, who was about to enter the room.

"I'll do more than call you Fanny," I continued; "I'll kiss the next woman who comes in."

Mrs. Ronalds looked perfectly horrified.

"You won't!" she gasped.

"Won't I? Just see!"

With this I wheeled round, and, catching Nora in my arms, I gave her a kiss.

I believe Mrs. Ronalds must have thought that her hostess was entertaining a madman unawares, but when the relationship of Mrs. Stirling and myself was explained she enjoyed the joke as much as any one.

A NICE COOL BED.

The Surprise a Trio of Laplanders Sprung Upon Nansen.

Sir Henry Lucy tells in the Cornhill Magazine a good story that he had from Nansen, the explorer. It amusingly illustrates the hardy health of the Laplanders.

Part of Nansen's equipment for his trip across Greenland consisted of two sleeping bags made of undressed skins. On the first night of the journey Nansen and his two Norwegian companions got into one of the bags, pulled the mouth tight across their necks, and so slept in the snow with only their heads out.

Before retiring to rest Nansen saw the three Laplanders he had engaged for the expedition cozily tucked into the other sleeping bag. When he awoke in the morning, almost numb with cold, he observed that the bag in which he had tied up the Laplanders was empty and that they were nowhere in sight. He was afraid they had deserted him and, scrambling out of the bag, went in search of them. He found the three men fast asleep behind a hillock of snow that they had scraped together as a protection against the wind.

"Ah, master," they said when asked to explain this extraordinary conduct, "we couldn't sleep in that thing. It was too hot, so we got out and have had a comfortable night here."

Floating Farms of China.

Like the wood merchants of northern Russia, who carry their wood on great rafts to Nijni Novgorod, Kazan and Astrakhan, the farmers of the upper and central regions along the Yangtsekiang construct rafts covering as much as two acres of surface, and on the rafts they establish farms, where produce grows. On these great floating farms are habitations for the men and stables for the animals, pigpens, feed barns and storehouses well stocked with provisions. The voyage to market is often 1,000 miles, and to employ their time on the slow journey the dwellers on the rafts make baskets and many objects of household use. Arrived at their destination, they sell their produce, take apart and sell the rafts and return to their homes by the ways used by ordinary travelers.—Harper's.

Attacks on Tea.

Cobbett is not alone among authors in his distaste for tea. Arthur Young soundly rates the agricultural laborers of his time for their indulgence in this luxury. "An object, seemingly, of little account," he writes, "but in reality of infinite importance, is the custom, coming in, of men making tea an article of their food, almost as much as women; laborers losing their time to come and go to the tea table—nay, farmers' servants even demanding tea for their breakfast with the maids! Which has actually been the case in East Kent. If the men come to lose as much of their time at tea as the women and injure their health by so bad a beverage, the poor in general will find themselves far more distressed than ever."—London Chronicle.

WASHING OUT A WOUND.

Tincture of Iodine Is About the Safest Antiseptic to Use.

Carbolic acid, one of the most valuable antiseptics known to surgeons, is at the same time one of the most dangerous. It is used daily, almost hourly, by operators in the hospitals. The layman who understands its perils may wash wounds out with it safely, but the best surgeons say that inexperienced persons had better let it alone.

No wound should ever be bound up with bandages soaked in even the mildest solution of carbolic acid, for the skin absorbs it readily, and poisoning is apt to follow prolonged use. An eminent New York surgeon had a case a few weeks ago of a child whose finger had turned black after being dressed too long with a 2 per cent solution of carbolic acid, and when he called this paper's attention to the case he was expecting to be obliged to cut off the finger.

The most commonly used antiseptic is bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), but this is one of the deadliest poisons known and as it has no color or odor is easily mistaken for water. To avoid this it is customary to color solutions of it. Colored tablets are made especially for making solutions of any given strength. Dr. Albert S. Morrow in "The Immediate Care of the Injured" says it should be used as a wet dressing on wounds in a solution of 1.2000 or 1.5000, the latter made by dissolving one 7½ grain tablet in 2½ quarts of water. As a wash for a wound it may be used in a 1,1000 solution (one 7½ grain tablet to a pint of water).

Iodine is another antiseptic that is highly recommended. It is used commonly on dirty wounds, where there is danger of infection and a doctor's services are not immediately available. In such cases the tincture of iodine is used pure and is applied by dipping a wad of cotton or antiseptic gauze in it and swabbing out the wound, being careful to penetrate this thoroughly.—New York World.

Conscience warns us as a friend before punishing us as a judge.—Stanislas.

GORGEOUS CHORISTERS.

Boy Singers of the Private Chapel In St. James' Palace.

There are ten boys in London who every Sunday and on state occasions wear suits of clothes that in each instance cost something like $200. The lads thus expensively and brilliantly attired are the choristers belonging to the king's private chapel in St. James' palace. When arrayed in their state suits they are truly a gorgeous sight.

Scarlet cloth is the foundation of this costume. Bands of royal purple between rows of heavy gold lace are the adornments. Old lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists. These ruffles are so valuable and so difficult to replace that they are worn only on the most special occasions. At other times white lawn bands take their place. The boys must take great care of their suits, which must endure three years. The "undress" suits are replaced every eight months.

This choir is one of the historical institutions of Great Britain, and many of its old time customs, including the dress of the boys, are retained to this day. The choir has numbered among its singers such distinguished musicians as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, Sir John Goss and Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

It is the right of the head boy to demand a guinea as "spur money" from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It is said that when Arthur Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come spurred to the chapel, in order that he might have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorister.—Harper's Weekly.

UNITY OF LIFE.

Cells of Animals and Plants Alike and Governed by Same Laws.

Protoplasm, the literal translation of which means "the first man made," was the name given by a German scientist in 1846 to the shiny, granular, semifluid contents of vegetable cells.

It looks like the white of an egg, and it can be analyzed into four chemical elements—carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen. It is now recognized as the fundamental basis for all life. The smallest particle of it goes through what is known as the cycle of life—free motion, feeling, feeding and reproduction. When in some unconscious way it grows a membrane for a covering or a little nucleus, a kernel somewhere within it, science calls it a cell.

These cells are the same in plants and animals. Professor Jacques Loeb showed the importance of this fact. Although plants, he explained have no nervous systems, they have "instinctive movements." In analysis of instincts he bound together in the cell common to them the plant and the worm at the root of the plant—as some day, perhaps, the tree of life and the serpent may be bound—and he called their reflex actions "tropisms."

Then he pointed out that tropisms are mechanical acts—that moth and fly and ivy leaf move in spite of themselves in chemical subjection to light, heat and odors, which the scientist calls "emanations."—From "Man as a Mechanism" in Metropolitan.

Disraeli's Fine Digestion.

Disraeli appears to have been endowed with a most accommodating digestion. When he visited Spain in 1830 he wrote his mother glowing accounts of "the most agreeable dish in the world—an olio. I will explain it to you, for my father would delight in it. There are two large dishes, one at each end of the table. The top one contains bouilli beef, boiled pork sausage and black pudding. The other is a medley of vegetables and fruits, generally French beans, caravanseras and whole peas. Help each person to a portion of the meats and then to the medley. Mix them up in your plate together and drown them in tomato sauce. I have eaten this every day. It is truly delightful."—London Standard.

A VERY CLOSE CALL.

The Old Darky Came Within One of Shooting the Buck.

"Come mighty nigh killin' a fine buck dis mawnin'," said an old negro. "Comin' 'long through de woods, an er ole buck he jump up, an', bookerty, bookerty, he run off a little ways an' stop still. Come in one er shootin' him, sah."

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Didn't hab my gun wid me, sah."

"Then how did you come in one of shooting him?"

"Kaze, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun wid me."

"Why didn't you take your gun?"

"Didn't hab none, sah."

"You are an old idiot!"

"Look heah, doan' 'buse er man dat way when ye ain't got no cause. I ain't got no gun kaze a feller dat I wuz gwine ter buy one from axed me jes' a dollar mo'n I could pay. So I come in one o' gittin' de gun. If I had er got it I would er tuck it 'long wid me, an' if I'd er had it I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan' come 'roun' 'busin' er man when de facks is all ergin yer. I hab knowed folks to fetch trouble on derselves dat way. Er person oughter be keerful in dis heah worl' o' science and speckerlation. Good mawnin', sah. Since yer's acted dis way I wouldenter gin yer none o' de meat ef I had er killed it. Fo' you talked dat way I woulder made yer present o' some o' de buck. See whut you got by it, sah!"—Uncle Remus' Home Magazine.

Almost a Threat.

Police Inspector—Haven't I often instructed you that you are not to allow the public to pick the flowers in this park? Park Keeper—Yes; that is my wife, who used to be your cook. Perhaps you will try to make her stop.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A Curious Word.

There is a word in the English language the first two letters of which signify the male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and the whole a great woman. The word is "heroine."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Very Necessary.

Hewett—I expect to leave footprints on the sands of time. Jewett—It takes sand to do it.—Woman's Home Companion.

All must respect those who respect themselves—Beaconsfield.

Poor Mamma.

The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back? Mrs. Bloom—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so? The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at loggerheads with your husband for over a week.

TENNIS IS ANCIENT.

The Game Had Its Origin In the Old Days of Knighthood.

By many people tennis is thought to be an essentially modern game, but in reality it is probably one of the most ancient ball games and was a sport long before cricket was dreamed of. Though undoubtedly not existing during the Arthurian period, tennis, or, as it was called, "tenez," is mentioned in the Arthurian legends, written in 1500, and the knights of the round table were pictured as engaged in the sport when the weather was too hot for tourneys or jousts.

From a simple beginning and through many centuries, the intricacy of the game's rules have been developed, writes a contributor to the London Times. Its present name seems to be a corruption for the term "tenez," which the server used in the same way "ready" is called out now. In the beginning the name was jeu de paume, taken from the fact that the ball was struck with the hands instead of with a racket. Later the hand was incased in a glove, and still later the glove was covered with strings running criss cross, from which condition there was but a short step to the short handled racket.

In feudal times the courts were merely open grass plots, oftentimes the lawn of a castle, and not till late in the seventeenth century was the court inclosed, when walls were built as backstops. Now most of the modern English and French courts are entirely inclosed with four walls and a roof.

WENT DOWN WITH HIS SHIP.

Tragic End of the Designer of the Ill Fated Titanic.

The story of a brilliant career terminating in abrupt tragedy has been written by S. F. Bullock in his "Life of Thomas Andrews," the designer of the Titanic. After studying at the Royal Academical institution at Belfast Andrews entered the Harland & Wolff shipyards as apprentice. In 1904, at the age of thirty-one, he was made chief designer. Later he became a managing director.

Andrews sailed on the Titanic, certain, as he wrote to his wife, that the ship would "do the old firm credit." A survivor has told how, after the collision, Andrews busied himself with helping women into the boats and directing the rescue work in other ways. This is the story of his last moments:

One met him bareheaded and carrying a lifebelt on his way to the bridge, perhaps to bid the captain goodby. Later an assistant steward saw him standing alone in the smoking room, his arms folded over his breast and the belt lying on a table near him. The steward asked him, "Aren't you going to have a try for it, Mr. Andrews?"

He never answered or moved. "Just stood like one stunned."

Others saw him a few minutes before the end on the boat deck, our final and grandest sight of him, throwing deck chairs overboard to the unfortunates struggling in the water below.

He Obeyed Orders.

Sir Henry Roscoe tells this of the scientist Faraday and his assistant, Sergeant Anderson: "Anderson was the sole assistant to Faraday and of course was utterly uneducated in scientific matters, but he could obey orders, which is not always a characteristic of an educated man. One day Anderson was told by Faraday to keep stirring a pot containing some chemicals over a fire until he returned, Faraday being in the habit of going upstairs to tea in his rooms and coming down directly afterward to work in the laboratory during the evening. For some reason he was prevented from coming down again and forgot that he had told Anderson to watch the pot. On coming down the next morning he found Anderson still stirring the pot, having been at it the whole night and thus carrying out the order which was given him."

His Advice Worked.

"And don't forget to climb, boy," said the later day Polonius as he parted from his college bound son; "climb and keep a-climbin'."

"I won't forget, dad," said the boy. "Goodby."

He didn't forget.

Three days later he climbed over the prostrate forms of twenty-seven disabled sophomores and, climbing the greased pole to the hated upper class emblem, yanked it from its fastenings, thereby winning a place in the esteem of his fellow students that a score of scholarships couldn't equal.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dead as a Doornail.

"As dead as a doornail" at first seems utterly senseless, but becomes lively and picturesque when we remember that knockers were once universally used. Beneath the knocker, in order to prevent disfiguring the door, a large nail or bolt was driven. An impatient caller, waiting for the door to be opened, would frequently use the knocker with great force, and the irresponsiveness of the nail gave rise to this expression.

Inconsistency.

"What is inconsistency?" asked the curious one.

"Well," responded the wise one, "it is that spirit which moves a woman whose sleeves stop at the elbow to scold her husband because he hasn't any cuffs on."—Exchange.

Impossible.

Lawyer—You say that you want a divorce from your husband. Why is it that you can't get along with him? Client—He wants me to be reasonable.—New York Press.

Death by Boiling.

In old England, before the law was passed which prohibited "cruel and unusual forms of punishment," murderers were often condemned to death by boiling. In such cases the victims were chained in large kettles of cold water, which were gradually heated until it caused the flesh to drop from the bones. The last English victim of the "boiling death" was one Rouse, a cook, who, it was alleged, had killed seventeen persons.

A Bad Egg.

"Owens is trying to strike every one he meets for a loan. He's a bad egg, that fellow."

"Why do you call him that?"

"When he's broke he makes the fact deucedly conspicuous."—Boston Transcript.

No Deception.

Toff—You told me that horse was free from faults. Why, it's blind. Dealer—Blind? Well, that's not a fault. That's a cruel misfortune.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE UNERRING SUN

It Is Uncle Sam's Most Reliable Lighthouse Keeper.

NEVER FALTERS IN ITS WORK.

By the Aid of the Wonderful Sun Valve It Lights the Acetylene Beacons as It Sets at Night and Extinguishes Them as It Rises In the Morning.

The sun is the most trustworthy of lighthouse keepers. The sun or the heat from it lights many hundreds of beacons along our coasts and waterways evening after evening and extinguishes them punctually every morning. They are guides on land and sea that are never touched by human hands from one month's end to another. The way in which the United States government, through its lighthouse board, has utilized the services of the sun and made that great lamp of heaven a faithful and unerring servant is most interesting.

The discovery of acetylene gas was the first step toward retiring the lonely keepers of the little lights in faroff places. Modern magic was not slow in recognizing the fact that by the application of certain well known scientific principles the lighting of the great chains of beacons that girdle the coasts of the two seas and the gulf and cover the great lakes and every navigable stream in our huge country could be much simplified.

The United States did not become interested in the acetylene light and its automatically generating gas buoy until about the year 1906 and did not adopt it until 1908. Then the engineers of the lighthouse board devised some wonderful improvements, among them the utilization of the sun.

The self lighting and self extinguishing acetylene beacon is a very simple thing, but it depends almost entirely on the "sun valve," which is one of the most wonderful but least complex of the achievements of modern science.

In the first place, the source of light for these lone beacons is dissolved acetylene, which is stored under pressure in steel cylinders. One of these cylinders can be charged with enough gas to last a small beacon three years. Usually, however, in the case of floating buoys, a six months' supply is all that is necessary, as such buoys are overhauled and painted twice a year. Knowing the size of the flame and its hourly consumption of gas, it is very easy to compute how long a cylinderful will last and how often it will need to be visited. That is all the care the light will need. The sun valve does the rest.

The scientific principle upon which the sun valve depends is that light waves become transformed in different degrees, according to the nature of the intercepting body. Sunlight upon dark surfaces is converted into heat, and heat produces expansion. This expansion is especially perceptible in certain metals.

In a carefully sealed and substantially mounted glass jar nearly a foot high and about one-fourth that in diameter a thick black rod is placed perpendicularly through the center. It is supported by three slenderer rods of highly polished copper. The big black rod is of copper also and is coated with lampblack to make it absorb light to the greatest possible degree. The supporting rods reflect light without absorbing it and do not expand or contract to the same extent as the largest rod.

The thick black piece of copper in the center of the jar is extremely sensitive to light and heat. As the sun appears and the atmosphere grows warmer in the morning this rod lengthens. It pushes down into the metal chamber in which the glass jar rests and touches the end of a lever. It presses down on this lever, which is controlled by a spring and cuts off the flow of the gas to the lamp.

When the sun disappears from view in the evening and the temperature of the air falls the process is reversed. The rod contracts and releases its pressure on the lever, allowing the gas to flow upward to the lamp. The gas is ignited by a little pilot flame that is never extinguished. Thus the beacon is lighted at the proper time and is put out when it is no longer needed, although along desolate coasts it may never gladden the human eye for months at a time.

The engineers of the lighthouse board say that the precision of this device is almost incredible. It can be used with equal certainty in equatorial heat and in polar cold, for it responds with the utmost accuracy to small variations in temperature. It is used on lonely islands in the Pacific. There are nearly a hundred of these sun valve beacons in Alaska. In summer they are aids to navigation, and in winter they guide the travelers on dog sledges over the frozen wastes.—Harper's Weekly.

Deadly.

"I understand that a number of women have learned to smoke cigars," said the frivolous observer.

"I don't believe it," replied Mr. Meekton. "The kind of cigars that women buy nobody could smoke."—Washington Star.

Sarcastic.

Softly—I'd have you to understand, sir, that I'm not such a fool as I look. Sarcast—Well, then, you have much to be thankful for.

Riches are like sea water, the more you drink the thirstier you become.—Schopenhauer.

The Solution.

The bankruptcy court can boast some delightfully naive rejoinders. "How, sir, is it possible," angrily demanded the opposing counsel of the bankrupt, "to live in the luxurious style you have affected on $200 a year?" The witness replied, with an air of justifiable pride, that that "was a problem to which he had devoted considerable time in the interests of social economy, and the results of his humble efforts were now before the court."

Pains That Never Come.

"Do you think animals feel pain as deeply as we do?"

"I've never studied the subject, but it is safe to say that they don't worry as much as we do over pains that have not yet been felt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Man Under the Bed.

Mrs. Timid—Did you ever find a man under the bed? Mrs. Bluff—Yes; the night we thought there were burglars in the house. I found my husband there.

The Blue Ticket

It Brought a Rich Reward

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jink Prole, galloping in from the Twin Star ranch, halted his horse in front of the Red Spider Opera House and mopped his heated brow as he read the announcement on the billboard.

"I'll be durned!" he ejaculated, with a supplement of verbal pyrotechnics calculated to scorch the offending billposter. A soft little voice whipped him around in the saddle to stare down at a pale, pretty little girl who was watching him with anxious blue eyes.

"Hello there, little gal! Jest you keep from under this here critter's heels," warned Jink, pulling his horse away from the child's vicinity. "Now, there! What was it you was asking,

"YOU ARE THE BEST MAN I EVER SAW."

eh?" His lean, brown face softened wonderfully as he bent down to catch her answer.

"I heard you swearing, mister. Is it because you don't like the play tonight?"

"Why, I dunno, little gal. I liked it well enough the fust time I seen it, but somehow after you've seen the same play mangled some seventeen times, not to mention shootin' up one or two specially bad, rank companies, it looks almost too familiar to me. Most like gettin' a bill sayin', 'Please remit,' when you've broke yourself payin' it the week before."

"I'm sorry," said the child, with a little tired smile. "That's what everybody says. I wish Mr. Bemis had picked out some other play that folks would want to come and see."

"Who's Mr. Bemis?" demanded Jink Prole, with sudden suspicion.

"He's the manager of the company. He plays Lawyer Marks. I'm Little Eva," she explained proudly.

"Ho, ho!" Jink blinked rapidly. "So you're Little Eva, eh? Well, I reckon you'll make a right pretty one too. Where's your ma, Eva?"

"She's in there getting ready for the parade. Mother's Eliza."

Jink threw one spurred boot over the pommel of his saddle and rested his chin in his gloved hand. "Where's your dad? He playing Uncle Tom, eh?"

"Oh, no; father's dead. There's just us two, and mother hates it all, but we have to work to take care of each other, you see. The last town we were in the cowboys shot holes in the scenery and broke all the windows in the opera house, so we didn't make any money at all. I—I hope they won't do it here."

"Little Eva," declared Jink solemnly, "if ary varmint so much as breathes out loud in that opery house tonight I'll shoot him as full of holes as a pepper pot! Now, don't you worry, honey. Jest you tell me where I can buy some tickets. I've got a pocket full of money to spend."

"Oh, you are the best man I ever saw," cried Little Eva, jumping up and down with excitement. "Now, I wonder—you must do just as I say, will you?"

"Sure thing!"

"Well, you can buy just as many tickets as you please, but the one you go in on yourself is to be a complimentary one from me—see? Specially because I like you and you are so kind and brown." She opened a little bag that swung from her waist and extracted a piece of blue pasteboard. With a bit of pencil she wrote something. "If you'll tell me your name," she suggested, "I might put that on too."

So Jink blushingly received his complimentary ticket entitling him to witness one performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" free of charge. "That's a mighty pretty ticket, Eva," he said, tucking it away in his pocket. "I'm much obliged to you, and I shall be settin' there whoopin' her up to beat the band, and don't you forget it! Now, how about my buyin' them tickets?"

"Right after the parade you can get them at the box office," said the child proudly. "And now I must hurry, for the parade starts in a minute."

At the Royal hotel, which in this democratic country appeared to be the favorite lounging place for man and beast, the coming theatrical performance was avoided by universal assent, for Jink Prole sat at the head of the table and had ordered horseradish with his baked beans. When Jink ate horseradish there was usually trouble ahead for somebody.

Suddenly Jink Prole jumped from the table and strode down the street toward the opera house. When he returned he tossed a box full of yellow tickets down in front of his plate and resumed his chair.

"Gents," he said briefly, "I've bought out every ticket in this here show. It may be the bummest outfit that ever played 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in Red Spider—and there's been some pretty bad ones, too—but I invite you all to be present tonight as my special guests and each one can take as many tickets as he likes—pervided he gives 'em to somebody who'll go to the show and act like he enjoyed it some. Here, you begin, Tony, pass 'em along."

Then, as the box went around the three long tables, Jink Prole arose and faced the room. His customary self consciousness vanished with the sincerity of his motive and his words left the big hearted audience thrilling with eagerness to help the little band of strolling players.

"That there outfit may be all to the bad so far as actin' goes, but they mean all right and it's their livin' they're after and it's mighty poor pickin's they get, too, I reckon! They don't come here just nacherly to aggravate us—they don't know how we feel about that there play and I don't want 'em tc. Every one of 'em is dyin' to get back home to somewheres where they can earn plenty enough to eat and drink, but they can't pull out enough money to get thar. If we buy up the house, why, they'll all buy tickets home again and there'll be one less of that Uncle Tom outfit to aggravate us, see?"

They saw, and said so vociferously.

"That there Little Eva and her ma, Eliza, crossing the ice, you know, fellers?"

They nodded gloomily.

"They want to get back to Ohio to grandfather's farm. Topsy wants to learn to be an engineer, and old Legree—he used to be a lay preacher down east and he's goin' to tackle it again. Same way with all of 'em. Shall we send 'em home?"

There was a chorus of affirmatives. And now came the most interesting incident of the meal, for as each man took one or more tickets he solemnly dug down and paid the price for it, so when the box came back to Jink Prole it was full of silver quarter dollars and fifty cent pieces, which, added to the price he had paid for the entire house, doubled the receipts for the evening performance.

Jink Prole spent the entire afternoon interviewing the different members of the company, and before the curtain arose that night each one had a sum of money sufficient to take him back home, wherever that was. Little Eva and her mother, Mrs. Frayer, were perhaps the happiest among the lot.

It was a performance long to be remembered for the enthusiasm of the audience, as the spirited acting brought forth its own reward. Red Spider agreed to a man, and the women were unanimously of the same opinion, that never had there been so sweet an Eva, so winning an Eliza, whose happiness bubbled above the tragedy of her part. Legree was positively amiable when off his guard, and only Lawyer Marks maintained his dignity and poise. Uncle Tom twanged his banjo until the strings broke, and the bloodhounds leaped playfully upon Eliza and her infant. The gay and rollicking Topsy was the talk of Red Spider long after other Uncle Tom companies had appeared and disbanded under the system of elimination adopted by the community.

By the next afternoon the theatrical company had left Red Spider in the stagecoach for the nearest railroad station, with the exception of Mrs. Frayer and Eva—whose real name was Eva—to Jink Prole's delight.

Mrs. Frayer remained to convince Jink Prole that he was making a great mistake to believe that he was really in love with her when he had only known her a brief twenty-four hours.

"I tell you it don't make no difference in love. It comes when it gets ready and then stays forever, if it's the right kind," said Jink convincingly. "I know mine is the right kind because I never felt like this before—and your bein' an actress don't make a mite of difference to me, ma'am. Your husband bein' a small manager and dyin' sudden that way, there wasn't anything you and Eva could do except get jobs in some company. Now, I reckon you ain't so all fired afraid of me. Mr. Corwood, he's boss of the Twin Star outfit where I work—he's always known me and he'll tell you. And there's a little house down by the East crick, near the schoolhouse, handy for Eva, here, and it's waitin' for some married chap to take it. I leave it to you, shall it be me? And you? And Little Eva, here?"

Jink's arm was around Eva, and her fair cheek was pressed against his brown one. Mrs. Frayer's dark head was bent in confusion at this rapid wooing, but the little flickering color in her cheek betrayed that her heart was not untouched.

Jink Prole, late in approaching matrimony, was now impatient of delay.

"Eliza," he urged at last, "just you make believe you're in that play and come across the ice and sit beside me and Little Eva."

And this Eliza crossed the ice for the last time.

THE BLACK BALL.

A Cunning Scheme That Was Spoiled by Quick Thinking.

Two young men in a French village were called on to draw for conscription. One only was wanted to complete the number, and of the two who were to draw one was the son of a rich farmer and the other the child of a poor widow.

The farmer ingratiated himself with the superintendent of the ballot and promised him a present if he could find means to prevent his son from going in the army. In order to accomplish this the official put into the urn two black balls instead of one white and one black ball. When the young men came, he said:

"There are two balls, one black and one white, in the urn. He who draws the black one must serve. Your turn is first," pointing to the widow's son.

The latter, suspecting that all was not fair, approached the urn and drew one of the balls, which he immediately swallowed without looking at it.

"Why," said the superintendent, "have you done that? How are we to know whether you have drawn a black or a white ball?"

"Oh, that's very easy to discover," was the reply. "Let the other now draw. If I have the black, he must necessarily draw the white one."

There was no help for it, and the farmer's son, putting his hand into the urn, drew the remaining ball, which, to the satisfaction of the spectators, was a black one.

Power of the Spectroscope.

The almost uncanny power of the spectroscope, which has made it such a powerful instrument of research, is the following: If any element such as iron, copper, sodium and the like is heated sufficiently to be vaporized and the light of this heated vapor is analyzed by the spectroscope, it does not give a continuous spectrum, but only very narrow portions of the colors, so that in reality the view presented is that of a series of bright lines of the various colors. Each chemical element has its own characteristic set of lines.—Century.

GLASS IS PECULIAR.

It Has a Number of Curious and Contradictory Qualities.

Glass is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most peculiar things in the world. It has curious and contradictory qualities, and many astonishing phenomena are connected with it. Brittle and breakable as it is, yet it exceeds almost all other bodies in elasticity.

If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts.

Take a hollow sphere with a hole and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood, and heavy bodies, such as iron, bits of wood, jasper, stone, etc., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from a height of three inches has made them fly.

ELIZA WAS GENEROUS.

Her Munificent Offer For an Original Five Act Tragedy.

People are likely to look back commiseratingly upon the past in these days of modern progress. When we hear what the most prolific of present day novelists receives a word and what the weekly royalties of any well known playwrights are we say that the literary profession has come into its own. Some hark back to the contrasting tale—that Milton received only £5 for the first copyright of "Paradise Lost," an epic in twelve books containing a total of 10,565 lines, but that was over two centuries ago. Poe received $10 for "The Raven." That may be dismissed with the statement that poetry never paid.

The modern way of making money by literature is even more recent than is generally thought. Alexander Hill of Cincinnati, one of the best known bookmen and collectors of the middle west, has a letter in his collection of autographs that proves this point.

Two generations ago Eliza Logan was a leading actress in America. Read her letter, O budding genius on the typewriter, and be glad that when you are paid it is space rates for the local paper:

Tremont House, Boston, May 17, 1854.
E. Dusseault, Jr., Charlestown, Mass.

Sir—I wish an original five act tragedy—the feature to be a heroine, myself the personator of it; the scene not to be laid in this country; the plot to be optional with the author—for which, if I like it, I will pay $5. Respectfully,

ELIZA LOGAN.

—Boston Post.

American Leaf Colors.

It has been observed that the leaves of American trees, such as maples, scarlet oaks and so forth, which at home exhibit splendid colors in the autumn, fall below their reputation in this regard when transplanted in England or on the continent of Europe. An English observer, who has been studying the causes of the autumn tints of trees, thinks the superiority of our woodlands arises from the soft and mild yet glowing climatic conditions prevailing here in the fall. England, it is added, is rarely blessed with an Indian summer. When the climatic conditions permit the leaves to retain considerable vitality in the autumn the colored pigment is normally developed; hence the glorious forests of the United States.—Chicago Record Herald.

SILVER PLATING.

An Accident Pointed the Way to the Original Process.

In 1742 Thomas Bolsover, a mechanic of Sheffield, England, discovered the art of silver plating. He was repairing the handle of a knife in which both copper and silver were used. Accidentally the two metals were fused together. Based upon this observation, he developed the new process.

Upon a thick ingot of copper he bound by iron wire a thinner ingot of silver. The whole was then heated in a reverberatory furnace until the edges of the silver ingot were observed to begin to melt. The two ingots were then removed from the furnace, slowly cooled and pickled, cleaned and rolled to the desired thickness. The result was a plate of copper more or less thinly covered with silver on one side.

This was the first Sheffield plate. For fifty years following the copper was plated on one side only and the cut edges showed the copper. Later the process was so perfected that no copper was left exposed. All the silverplate of the world was made by this process until electroplating was discovered and made commercial.—Popular Mechanics.

Real Use of the Bee's Sting.

"The bee's sting is a trowel, not a rapier," said a nature student. "It is an exquisitely delicate little trowel with which the bee finishes off the honey ce[illegible]ects a little preservative inside [illegible] it up. With its trowel-like [illegible] bee puts the final touches on the [illegible]nty and wonderful work. With the sting it pats and shapes the honey cell, as a mason pats and shapes a row of brick. Before sealing up the cell it drops a wee bit of poison into the honey. This is formic acid. Without it honey would spoil. Most of us think the bee's sting, with its poison, is a weapon only. It is a weapon secondarily, but primarily it is a magic trowel, a trowel from whose end, as the honey cells are built up, a wonderful preserving fluid drips.

Destroying Money.

Paper money is nothing but a promise to pay so much coin. If you destroy a five dollar note, for instance, you simply release the government or the bank which issued the note from the payment of the $5 in gold which the note called for. Of course, therefore, you are not punishable in any manner for destroying the note if it is your own. There is no penalty for mutilating gold or silver coin if you keep it in your own possession, but as you have thereby destroyed a considerable part of its value you must not try to pass it at par after the mutilation.

AN IRON WILLED MONARCH.

One Man Rule as Exemplified In Frederick the Great.

Frederick was an intensively active, highly capable, strong willed and self reliant commander. He concentrated all power in his own hands, reducing his ministers to clerical work and his generals to the duties of personal lieutenants. Below him the Prussian administration was a thing of stiff and mechanical obedience, lacking in initiative and individuality.

Several of Frederick's military losses were due to the fact that he gave his generals such minute orders and was so severe in case of disregard of instructions that they did not dare to use their own judgment when unforseen conditions presented themselves. He personally foresaw and provided for everything, and he inspected frequently and thoroughly. His discipline was severe, his organization good, his calculation accurate and limited to what was possible. His movements, which were skillfully disguised, were rapid.

So superior was Frederick to his opponents in strategy that they were obliged for safety to keep their troops in so concentrated a form that there was not sufficient space for effective maneuvers. He was more capable in marching and maneuver than in battle, more capable in battle than in siege.

His great defect as an administrator lay in the fact that he dwarfed the growth of those below him and so educated no talented corps to bear the political and military burdens of the state when he should be obliged to lay them down. He apparently could do things only through himself. Having a supreme contempt for the capacities of most mortals, he had no mind to make experiments which might have changed his opinions. Although he knew for many years that his successor was to be a man without ability, he handed down to him a system which required a Frederick. We may say that he brilliantly administered a system which was badly organized.—Edward D. Jones in Engineering Magazine.

FLUNG FROM A WINDOW.

Horrors of a Death Sentence In the Middle Ages In Bohemia.

How many people know what refenestration means? Yet it was once a popular method of executing criminals and was the mode of capital punishment used in Bohemia in the middle ages and later. Defenestration means "throwing from a window," but that did not always include all the arrangements made for the doomed man's exit from the world.

In Prague in 1419 the council chamber of the hradschin, or town hall, was used as the place of execution. There, in the presence of the assembled nobles, their invited guests and the dignitaries of the city, the unhappy wretches were cast from a window eighty feet to the courtyard below.

If his crime was an ordinary offense the prisoner was merely dropped on the stones and allowed to lie there bruised and broken until death put an end to his sufferings, succor being forbidden.

But if he was guilty of treason or any act of violence against a noble he fell on the sharp spears of a squad of soldiers or dropped to the tender mercies of a pack of fierce dogs specially trained for the purpose, or he might be flung to wild boars previously enraged by being pricked with spears.

The last time defenestration was practiced was just before the Thirty Years' war, when the imperial commissioners brought an unwelcome message to Prague and were promptly thrown from the window. This precipitated the war and abolished the custom.—New York Press.

Executioner Sets a Fashion.

In England fashions have been killed at executions, but in France over a century ago fashion in men's attire was set by Sanson, the public executioner. Sanson, who had high ideas of the dignity of his office, was famous for the richness of his attire when officiating on the scaffold. Just before the revolution he was forbidden to wear blue, the nobleman's color, and by way of protest he made himself even more gorgeous. He took to green, and that color, as well as the peculiar cut of his clothes, was adopted by many of the young dandies of the court.

Breaking Scotch Idols.

No less an authority than Sir Aleck MacKenzie declares the fiddle is Scotland's national instrument and lays no claim to the bagpipe.

Another high class expert asserts the bagpipe was born among the Seljuks, the ancestors of the modern Turks.

Weel, weel!

Next thing it's likely some expert will tell us that the Hielanders were not the inventors of bare knees.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Fisherman's Idea.

First Angler—Look! This fish was almost caught before; see the broken hook in its mouth. Second Angler—It should have had sense enough to steer clear of hooks after that. First Angler—Oh, come, you can't expect a fish to exhibit more sense than a human being.—Boston Transcript.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Two Dramatic and Contrasting Episodes In Her Life.

Thistelton-Dyer, in his "Royalty In All Ages," describes two dramatic and tragically contrasted episodes in the life of Marie Antoinette, the lovely and ill fated queen of France. Once, in the days of her greatest popularity, when she went to the opera of "Iphigenia," when Achilles came to the line "Let us sing and celebrate the queen," he turned toward the radiant young sovereign and sang two additional impromptu lines of charming compliment. This graceful and unexpected homage so delighted the audience that "all was shouting and clapping of hands, and—what never happened at the opera before—the chorus was encored, and there were cries of 'Long live the queen!' at which expression of feeling her majesty was so affected that she shed tears."

On the next occasion, when Marie Antoinette's sun of popular favor had set and she was nearing the tragic close of her life, one of the actresses in "Unforeseen Events" bowed to her as she sang the words, "Ah, how I love my mistress!" In a moment all was in uproar, and the theater was full of hoarse, angry cries of "No mistress! No master! Liberty!" and "No master! No queen!" and it was some minutes before the tumult quieted down and it was possible to proceed with the play

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 1, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark ix, 14-29. Memory Verses, 28, 29—Golden Text, Mark ix, 23 (R. V.)—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

For a little while heaven and earth had touched in a new way, by those who had once lived on earth, but had been long absent from it, one by death and one by translation. When the risen and translated saints shall be reigning with Christ in His kingdom (Rev. v, 9, 10; xx, 4) this will probably be the ordinary, everyday occurrence everywhere, the New Jerusalem from heaven and the one on earth in perfect accord, the glorified church and redeemed Israel the heavenly and earthly centers of His kingdom, when a king shall reign in righteousness and the work of righteousness shall be peace and the nations shall learn war no more (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17; ii, 4).

As the devil was in control at the foot of the mountain when Jesus and His disciples came down and the disciples there could not conquer him, so it shall be when Jesus Christ shall come in His glory; then He shall bind the strong man, whom the church cannot cast out, and shut him up in the pit and take control of his property, for till then the whole world shall continue in the wicked one as the prince of this world. Let those who would understand take the trouble to ponder, with prayer and meekness and submission to the word of God, the following passages, for it is all important to understand this present age, its ruler and his doom: I John v, 19, R. V.; John xiv, 30; II Cor. iv, 4; Eph. ii, 2; II Thess. ii, 7-10; Dan. vii, 25; xi, 35, 36; xii, 1, 10; Rev. xiii, 7, 8; xvii, 14; xix, 19, 20; xx, 1-5.

Turning back from this faraway look to the particular incidents of the lesson, we note that it is not in order for us to continue too long in any place of special privilege when there is work to be done and people in distress needing us at the foot of the hill. Special times and places of special revelations of Himself to us are to fit us to be better witnesses unto Him with increasing victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. If the prayer meeting, the Bible class, the Bible conference and such times and places of fellowship with Him do not enable us, in the days following, to show more of His presence and power in the home, the place of business, the social life, where is the benefit? People say, "I was so blessed, I had such an uplift, it did me so much good." Well, thank God, but now show it in your life and you won't need to tell it, and, if your life does not show it, better say nothing about it. The spirit through James teaches us that faith that is mere talk amounts to nothing; there must be works corresponding to our faith for the sake of those who do not understand.

John says, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth" (Jas. ii; I John iii). The story of this demoniac boy is written briefly in Matthew and Luke, but most fully in Mark. Luke tells us that he was an only child and that when he was healed Jesus delivered him again to his father (Luke ix, 38, 42). An only child given to Jesus' hands is given back better than when He received him, made perfectly whole. He is the same yesterday, today and forever, this same Jesus.

Take in this scene as well as you can—a great multitude, a distressed father, a sorely afflicted only child, some disciples of Jesus truly saved who had on other occasions wrought miracles, but now are helpless. "They could not cure him."

Did you ever see yourself, a true follower of Jesus, yet powerless to show something of Him to those who know Him not and unable to help those who need help? Did you say from the heart, "Why could not I?" And did you hear Him say, "Because of your unbelief?" (Matt. xvii, 20.) And have you been wondering since if you really knew what it means to "have faith in God?" Then what about the prayer and fasting necessary in some cases? Oh, how much there is to learn, and how many seem to have a dumb spirit or an evil spirit of some kind, that seems too often to control us.

"Bring him hither to me" is about what He said concerning the bread when He fed the thousands. "Come unto me" is His cry to all the weary and heavy laden, and we may well say, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee?" (Matt. xi, 28; John vi, 68.) This evil spirit had long sought to destroy this child, and now he made a last effort. The devil has always been and still is a destroyer, a devourer, a murderer, but the Lord is the life giver, the deliverer, the Saviour.

Hear the father's cry, "If thou canst do anything!" His disciples failed. Could He do better? People who do not know the Lord judge Him by His followers. Are we bringing Him honor or reproach? Jesus said unto him, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth" (verse 23). "Lord, I believe," cried the father. Jesus rebuked the spirit and commanded him to come out of him. Ere he did so he rent him sore and left him as one dead, but he departed out of him. Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he arose and was cured from that very hour. Our Lord does not give the same power to all, but to each one severally as He will.

Natural Spectacles.

Many birds are provided with natural spectacles, a transparent membrane called the third eyelid. This third eyelid when not in use lies folded in the inner corner of the eye. Two muscles work it, spreading it over the cornea or folding it up again much more cleverly than a man can put on or take off his spectacles. But for its third eyelid the eagle could not look at the sun. The spectacled bear belongs of Chile. Its Latin name is Ursus ornatus. It is black and around its eyes pale rings are drawn which have exactly the appearance of a pair of goggles.

Disillusioned.

"She had played in amateur theatricals and threatened to go on the stage if her parents wouldn't let her marry the duke."

"And what did her parents do after that threat?"

"They let her go on the stage, gave the duke a check for a front seat and were not at all surprised when he sailed back to France the next morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

UTE JOHN

He Was a White Boy Brought Up by Indians

By MILLARD MALTBIE

A man riding on horseback over that region lying west of the Missouri river called "the plains," with a curly headed boy about three years old before him, coming to an Indian village dismounted and carrying the child to the chief said to him:

"I'd like you to take this little feller and bring him up as an Indian. And be sure he stays an Indian. Here's enough money to buy firewater with to last you a long while. Is it a bargain?"

The chief told the visitor that he would take the boy, but would make better use of the money than to spend it for firewater. Then the man rode away, muttering to himself: "Reckon that youngster's pretty well lost. He's too young to know who he is, and if he ever joins the whites they can't find out who he is neither. Lucky I caught sight of this thing," taking a gold locket and chain from his pocket; "it might have identified him." He opened the locket and found its contents a tiny lock of auburn hair. Three letters were cut inside the locket—M. E. W. "That would have been a dead give away," he continued, "and if I hadn't caught a glimpse of the chain I'd never have seen the locket."

The chief with whom he had made the bargain turned the child over to his squaw, who proceeded to take off the fine linen in which he was clothed with a view to putting them away for future use, while the boy was to run about naked. She was admiring an undergarment edged with lace when her eye caught sight of some letters embroidered upon it. She did not know what they meant, but had a glimmering in her stupid brain that the clothes bearing the hieroglyphics might be of some value at some future time.

As the child grew older it was found that "Papoose" would not suffice for

THE CHIEF TOLD THE VISITOR THAT HE WOULD TAKE THE BOY.

his name and one was given him that the Indians had heard oftener among white man than any other—John. John grew among the tribe to be fourteen years old and, being a manly boy, was adopted by the chief and nominated for his successor. He was now old enough to know the difference between a white skin and a red skin and that the chief and his squaw were not his father and mother. Then the squaw one day showed him his baby clothes and told him a white man had brought him to the tribe.

The boy was not surprised. Indeed, for some time the instincts of his race had been having this effect, and he felt that he should have a place among the whites.

It was not long after this that the Indians broke loose from their reservation and in a fight with United States troops were defeated and John was captured with the Indians. When all were released the boy wished to go with them, but the officer in command questioned him and, learning the circumstances of his introduction among the Indians, persuaded him to remain with his own race.

At this time John knew not a word of any language except that of the tribe to which he belonged—the Utes—and was questioned through an interpreter. He possessed all the reticence of an Indian, having been brought up in that school, and very little was gained from him. When his squaw foster mother learned that he was to remain with his own people she sent him his baby clothes. They made but a small parcel and when given to John attracted no attention. He put them away without saying anything about them.

Edith Trowbridge, the daughter of one of the captains serving at the fort, was a black eyed little girl of twelve. Notwithstanding the fact that Ute John had been brought up as a son of the forest, his skin was fairer than Edith's, and, while her hair was like the raven, his was like the robin. The two were permitted to be companionable for some two years, when one of those periodic changes which are a part of army routine came about. The command was transferred to a station in the middle west. The colonel had meanwhile been considering what to do with John, and the officers of his command, who considered the boy their protege, made up a purse to give him a couple of years' schooling, the colonel heading the subscription.

Before parting with Edith Trowbridge she and John had a boy and a girl lovers' interview, which was especially painful to both and would probably have been painful to Edith's parents had they known anything about it. John never told of it himself, and as for the girl, being still a child, she was not likely to confess a childish love.

When Ute John had had a couple of years' schooling—he proved an apt scholar—he was old enough to think for himself and a career in the line of a white citizen of the United States. He desired to go to college, but this was not to be considered unless he paid his own way. It was then that the idea of trying to discover his identity, which had often occurred to him, took a firm hold, and spreading his baby clothes, which he had carefully preserved, on a table before him he proceeded to examine them and to think. He was at once struck with the fine texture of their fabric and with the fact that the child who had worn them must have been born of parents among the upper classes. And he now realized for the first time the letters (C. L. W.) embroidered on them must be the initials of his own name. He regretted that he had kept the secret of these clothes, for he now knew that if he had given them to those interested in him they might by this time have discovered his identity.

He was now sufficiently developed to act intelligently. He took the clothes to an attorney to whom he told the story given him by his squaw foster mother of his introduction to the Ute Indians; namely, that he had been brought to the chief by a white man who had paid the former to keep him and not let him get back to civilization. The lawyer agreed to open an investigation at his own expense by advertising the story in a number of newspapers.

Since nothing came of the advertisement, John entered college resolved to pay his way by attaining scholarships and earning money by work. He had finished his first year of study when the lawyer who had taken his case sent for him and told him that he had heard from the advertisement, which he had kept inserting from time to time. A man named Markland had replied to it, saying that he had long been seeking a child who had been stolen about the time John was taken to the Indians. This person had called at the attorney's office and when he saw the baby clothes marked C. L. W. at once exclaimed:

"Found!"

He told the following story: Cuthbert Whitridge, a wealthy gentleman, and his wife for years after their marriage had no child. Then a son was born to them whom they named Charles Louis. Mrs. Whitridge died when the boy was not quite three years old and shortly after her death the boy disappeared. Every effort was made to trace him without avail. Since no demand for ransom was made it was supposed that the child had either fallen to his death or been taken by gypsies who had adopted him. His father, Cuthbert Whitridge, had made a will naming Edward Markland executor, leaving his property to his son provided he appeared to claim it within twenty years. After that it was to go to the testator's brother. This brother, Ambrose Whitridge, after Cuthbert's death, had striven to break the will to secure the property, maintaining a legal contest for fifteen years, but meeting repeated defeats. The suit had been expensive to defend, but the estate was very valuable.

Ute John, or Charles Louis Whitridge, finding himself heir to a fortune, learned his sweetheart's address and wrote her of his changed condition. He and his counsel believed that his uncle had stolen, or employed some one to steal, him when a child and take him west and lose him among the Indians. Louis Whitridge being desirous to punish his uncle, if guilty, after consultation with his counsel, employed a detective to endeavor to get evidence against him. This was also necessary since the uncle would not acknowledge him as heir to his property. The detective bribed a housemaid to admit him to the premises when her master was away, and he found in a desk a letter containing a locket, the letter stating, "The job is done—send me the balance." No name was signed to the letter. The locket contained a lock of auburn hair, and the letters M. E. W. were engraved within it. Louis' mother's hair was the exact color of this lock and her name was Mary Elizabeth.

In this discovery there was evidence to show that Ambrose Whitridge had been instrumental in the abduction of the child who stood between him and a fortune and had hired a man to lose him to the world. Louis, acting on the advice of his lawyer, invited his uncle to meet him for a conference in the attorney's office for the purpose of a compromise. When Ambrose Whitridge arrived he learned that the compromise intended was his signing off all claim to the disputed property or being prosecuted criminally for abduction. He chose the former.

Before returning to college Louis Whitridge visited the military station where Captain—now Lieutenant Colonel—Trowbridge served and met his sweetheart, whom he had not seen for several years. Since the girl had remained constant to her "Ute John," the meeting was a happy one. She consented to John's applying to her father for her, and his consent was granted on condition that the pair wait till Edith came of age and Louis had been graduated from college.

A. GRANT

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Before and After.

"Bobby, you have been fighting with that Stapleford boy again. Did you count ten before you struck him, as I have always told you to do?"

"No, but I was told that somebody counted ten after he landed on me."—Chicago Tribune.

His Title.

"No, I shall never marry," sighed the old bachelor.

The spinster gazed at him scornfully. "You coward!" she hissed.—Philadelphia Record.

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34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn
261	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
312	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
412	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
512	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Three blows call out entire department.
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Across the Border

A Story of the Supernatural

By SARAH ATHERTON

Ralph Hilman was wishing he had not taken this solitary fishing trip up Little Bear river. There is not much sport in landing a ten pounder when there is no companion to praise or deprecate one's efforts, and the bacon and biscuits prepared over the campfire lost their zest when eaten with no other companion than Nip, the mottled mongrel who was Ralph's closest friend, excepting always Francis Beale, but Beale was traveling in the orient and not available as a companion.

Francis and Ralph had been brought up together. They had been playmates in childhood, had attended the same school and had gone to the same college at the same time. During their college days they had long conferences on subjects which interest youth, but which as persons grow older they do not like to think, much less talk, about. The subject which fascinated them was the hereafter and the reappearance of mortals after death. Francis, though he seemed to believe such reappearances might be possible with some disembodied spirits, seemed less inclined to discuss the subject than his friend. It appeared to affect him unpleasantly. When Ralph proposed a compact by which the one who died first should appear if possible to the other Francis agreed, but reluctantly.

Strange to relate, at this time as Ralph sat in the circle of his campfire, trying to read by the bright glow, Nip suddenly growled, and the hair on his neck rose in a stiff bristling ridge. Ralph looked up and inclined his ear to the vague rustle of the encompassing forest, and there stepped out of the shadows none other than Francis Beale himself. With his old whimsical smile he dropped to the ground on the other side of the fire and clasped his hands around his knees.

"By the great horn spoon, I'm glad to see you—but, man, where did you

"I CAME TO SAY GOODBY."

come from?" gasped Ralph, too astonished to give other greeting to this unexpected guest.

"I heard you were here, and I wanted to talk with you again," returned Beale easily.

"Smoke?" asked Ralph, extending pipe and tobacco box.

The other shook his head. "Not now."

"You are not sick, are you?" queried Ralph anxiously. He could not understand Francis Beale declining a smoke. In the old days he had earned the nickname of "The Chimney" because he was rarely without pipe or cigar between his lips.

"Never felt better in my life," returned Beale, leaning back against the trunk of a beech tree. "How have things gone with you, old man?"

"Fine and dandy," said Ralph; "only I wish I'd never started forth on this trip alone—had the beastliest time all alone. If I'd known you were within hailing distance of Chicago I'd have made connections and waited for you to join me. When did you strike my trail?"

"Not long ago," evaded Beale. "That's another story as some one has already said."

"Well, if you want to be close mouthed about your movements latterly, at least you can spin me a yarn of your oriental trip," went on Ralph in an injured tone. "What about something to eat—coffee?"

The other shook his head and gazed moodily into the fire. "That's what I came for," he said gravely.

Ralph was puzzled. "Came for? The coffee?"

"No—to spin you a yarn of what happened."

"Happened when?"

"The 8th of July."

"The 8th of July—why, that was yesterday! Oh, I forgot—of course you've been gone a year. You mean the 8th of last July."

Francis Beale made no comment. ... sat there, silent, morose, his dark eyes fixed on the fire. The dancing flames cast a rosy glow over his face and hands and lighted up the rough traveling clothes that he wore. Ralph thought it strange that trained woodman as Beale was, he had not arrayed himself for this long and tedious fishing trip. He carried no impedimenta, and his friend attributed this to Beale's having made a small camp of his own near by or else he had dropped his kit beyond the circle of flame.

"Yarn away," prompted Ralph lazily as he lounged on the warm ground. He reached out and laid his hand on Nip's bristled neck and felt the dog trembling like an aspen. "Nip's getting white livered over something," remarked Ralph.

"I went to Kaoling on the China coast, you know," began Beale abruptly. "You remember I was searching for some stray pieces of that rare old Kaoling porcelain, and I had been put on that trail by Hudnuth of San Francisco."

Ralph nodded.

"I was the only white man within a hundred miles in any direction of the little village, and their courtesy disarmed me of any fears I may have entertained as to their hospitality. The steamer's boat which landed me returned to the big vessel, and she steamed away into the horizon, leaving me all alone on the yellow mud shore, surrounded by a chattering, tittering crowd of native Chinese as yellow as the mud.

"Of course there was no inn to speak of, only an infested hole, into which I poked my head only once. On the outskirts of the village I found the deserted home of a prosperous merchant and made a deal with his relatives for its occupancy. There I made my headquarters, surrounded by thieving servants and aware that if I was ever caught off my guard I was done for. They were a crowd that would have knifed me for twenty cash.

"I knew that a remote Chinese fishing village is a queer place in which to look for Kaoling porcelains; but, mark you, Ralph, that little village was all that remained of a once great and prosperous city whose ruins straggled back from the sea and covered many leagues of flat country, broken by jutting stones of half burned temples.

"It was here those treasures were if the earthquake which had destroyed the city had spared the porcelains. So I made my strongest efforts to bear on the temple ruins, and in the end I met a measure of success. I was sorry that I had not persuaded you to accompany me on that quest; but, no; perhaps it was best that you did not."

Beale stared into the fire with strangely lit eyes, and there was something in the rigidity of his attitude that brought Ralph Hillman to a sitting posture where he could watch his friend closely.

"Go on, Francis," he urged. "I wish I had been with you, danger or not. You know I'm not afraid of that."

"I know," said the other, with a long confident look at Ralph. "We have slept by campfires together, and you saved my life once. That was why I wanted to see you once more."

"Once more!" repeated Ralph uneasily. "What do you mean, Francis? You are not going away again?"

"Never mind that now; you will understand after you have heard my story. As I said, I found the entrance to an especially promising temple and I planned to spend an entire day there, hoping to reach the inner shrine, where there might be a porcelain god, and I was almost sure to discover some altar vessels of the coveted ware. Of course I had had help in my work, a gang of coolies had excavated for me day by day, but now that a free passage had been discovered I preferred to be alone, as I knew they would resent the removal of one article from the place, and I was after all I could get.

"Before I started out that morning I had received word that Barment and his party would join me on the 8th, that very day was the 7th of September. I was elated to think I was going to have white companions at last, men interested in the same pursuit that I was. I sent the boatman, who had brought the message, away rejoicing with a handful of money and so further excited the cupidity of my native servants.

"I ordered my house set in order for a dozen guests, and so I went on to the buried city. I made my way down into the stone passage of the temple, found my way unchecked save by occasional blocks of stone, which I pried away, and at last I was within the inner shrine, where my wildest hopes were realized.

"Such a collection of Kaoling ware you never saw, but Barment will rescue it, and you may see it in the museum. It was while I was bending above the porcelain that the blow came—stab wounds one after another in my back and sides from a dozen treacherous knives. Then I was flung into a dark corner to die, while the murderers fled to loot my house.

"I lingered until the evening of the 9th, and just as Barment and his party reached me, before I could tell them who the guilty ones were, I died!"

"You what?" screamed Ralph, springing to his feet.

"I died," said the other quietly, "but I came to say goodby." All at once Ralph was alone in the whispering forest, while Nip lifted his head in one long drawn howl.

A week later Ralph Hillman struck civilization again. His first search of telegraphic news left him limp and white. The letters stared blackly at him:

"It has been learned that Dr. Francis Beale, who had been traveling in China, was murdered by natives on the coast and supposed to have died on the 9th inst."

Hard to Please.

Mr. Snaggs was accosted on the street the other day by a beggar who was covered with a very remarkable mass of patched and ragged garments and who said:

"Mister, haven't you some old clothes you could give a fellow?"

Snaggs surveyed the beggar from head to foot and then asked:

"Are not the clothes you have on old enough for you?"

AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

Odd Compliment That Was Paid to an English Artist.

Richard Wilson, the English landscape painter, was not of a pliant disposition. Conscious of his own merits, he disdained to humble himself to those who measure men by rank and value them by pounds. But Wilson's friends liked him no less for his brusque manner.

Goldsmith, Sterne, Wilson and Dr. Johnson were assembled at Garrick's house with a party of ladies for supper.

"We were very lively at your expense indeed, gentlemen," said Mrs. Garrick, rallying them for having arrived late. "To punish you for not obeying our summons the ladies likened you all to plants and fruits and flowers."

"Pray let us hear," said Wilson. "Doubtless I come in for a sprig of laurel."

"No, sir," said the pretty, lively lady; "you are wrong."

"For rue, perchance," said he.

"No, sir; guess again."

"Why, I am dubbed bitter enough, perhaps a crab," said he, "for that man," pointing to Garrick, "has dubbed me Sour Dick."

"Guess again," said Mrs. Garrick, laughing. "Will you give it up?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why, then, sir, you are likened to olives. Now, will you dare to inquire further?"

"Let me see," said Wilson, with all eyes upon him. "Well, then, my dear, out with it! I dare."

"Then know, sir," said she, rising and courtesying most gravely, "Mr. Wilson is rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance and delightful at last."—Exchange.

CAUGHT THE BLUFFER.

De Wint's Clever Ruse That Sold One of His Paintings.

Peter De Wint, the English landscape painter, was accustomed each year to have a semi-private show of his pictures before sending them to the Water Color society's exhibition. On such occasions his friends frequently bought pictures, which, of course, appeared at the public exhibition marked "Sold."

Among the painter's friends was a wealthy man who wanted to appear a patron of art and at the same time keep his money. He managed this by loudly admiring the paintings already sold. He was always a bit too late to buy the pictures that pleased him most, and having seen them, as he was wont to declare, he could never content himself with less beautiful works.

De Wint at last suspected the man's sincerity, and when the next show day came round he concluded to test him. After plenty of time had been allowed for De Wint's friends to make their purchases the rich man arrived. As usual, his eye soon fell on two "perfect gems" marked "Sold." Turning to the artist, he said: "Now, De Wint, those are exactly the things I should like to possess. What a pity they are not to be had."

"My dear sir," said the painter, slapping him on the back, "I knew you would like them, so I put the tickets on to keep them for you."

The awkwardness of the situation was only relieved when the enthusiastic admirer became the somewhat unwilling purchaser of the two "gems."—Youth's Companion.

Resistance to the Sun.

Animals whose capacity for thermal regulation is limited, such as rabbits and monkeys, rapidly succumb to exposure to the tropical sun. In the same circumstances the skin of a man rises some 3 or 4 degrees C. above the normal. Theoretically the black skin of negro races should absorb more heat than that of the white people. However, colored races are better able than the white to regulate their temperature under the influence of the tropical sun perhaps because perspiration is more abundant. The ape, although a native of the tropics, is less capable of resisting the sun than other animals and even the white man. This is no doubt attributable to the fact that its natural home is in the forests. For certain monkeys two hours of exposure to the tropical sun is fatal.

A Unique Laboratory.

Outside the harbor of Sfax, Tunisia, in the shallow water of the clear Mediterranean, is situated a biological laboratory for the study of sponges. It is one of the most unique in the world and affords opportunity for observing the development of the sponge from tiny larva, so small that it can only be studied under a microscope, until five years later it has developed into a perfect sponge.

Two Sides.

"There are two sides, you know, to every argument," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the gloomy person, "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There two sides to a piece of fly paper."—Washington Star.

An Exception.

"Money, after all, means nothing but trouble."

"Still, it is the only kind of trouble which it is hard to borrow."

He Swore.

She—Was he furious, dear, when you told him that we had been secretly married? He—Not really furious, only sulfurious.—Judge.

None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self command.—Pythagoras.

His Tints.

"When I last saw him Jabbs was green with envy, yellow with jealousy, white with fear and red with rage."

"What a highly colored life his must be!"—Baltimore American.

Another Optimist.

Tommy—Pop, what is an optimist? Tommy's Pop—An optimist, my son, is a man who is married and glad of it.—Philadelphia Record.

HIGHLY COLORED FUN.

Grotesque Sport That Is a Part of the Holi Festival.

The curiously childish horseplay of the Holi festival, which is celebrated annually by the maharaja of Patiala, is described by Mrs. Charles Bertram in "A Magician In Many Lands." The author made the acquaintance of the famous Hindu ruler during a tour of India and was invited to remain over for the festival.

Early in the morning I went to the club, where I found many of the guests, who were taking part in the ceremony for the first time. We were provided with a complete new suit of Hindu garments, and our dressing was superintended by the maharaja's servants. We had camels, elephants and victorias provided for us. I was on an elephant in a kind of box, and we drove in procession to the palace in the native city.

We were received with great acclaim by the natives, and I was led to believe that it was to be decidedly a dignified occasion. But I was woefully mistaken. The fun had not begun. Certain formalities had to be gone through before the signal was given.

We took our seats in the courtyard of the palace at a long table that was loaded with large gilt dishes filled with different colored balls as large as oranges and filled with Holi powder. At a signal the brother of the maharaja came to the front of the table and salaamed to the prince, who took one of the balls and threw it gently across the table, striking the officer on the breast.

The ball broke and scattered the powder over his costume. Then there was a general scramble, and in less time than it takes to write hundreds of balls were flying about, their many colored contents scattered broadcast on the crowd. Next baskets of loose powder were thrown upon us in handfuls.

It was no use to expostulate. The moment you opened your mouth somebody filled it with powder. The battle grew fast and furious, when suddenly an enormous stream of water from a fire engine drenched everybody. The colored powders became wet and, mingling together, dyed us all in brilliantly variegated hues.

After this sort of thing had gone on for half an hour it ceased by mutual consent, and we returned to the private gardens of the maharaja, where we were most unceremoniously pitched into a tank of running water. I was dyed a deep scarlet all over my body, and it was fully a month before the color entirely disappeared from my face and hands.

She Knew the Symptoms.

There is a certain bright English actress who comes over here every year or two to play an engagement, says the Saturday Evening Post. Among her admirers on this side is a middle aged theatrical man of a serious turn of mind. He is courtly, but has been called tiresome in conversation. One afternoon at her suit in a New York hotel the sprightly lady was brewing a dish of tea for a couple of newspaper men. The telephone bell rang, and the hostess answered the call.

"Yes," she said, "this is Miss Blank. Who? Oh, Mr. Blink calling, is it?" Then, in a tone of weary resignation, "Very well, send him right up." She hung up the receiver and turned to the newspaper men.

"Boys," she said, "you'll have to toddle away. My sick headache is coming on."

The Gold Lions of Peking.

Fronting the imperial palace at Peking are two beautifully carved lions of enormous size which, if we are to believe the mandarins, are of solid gold and have been there since time immemorial. When the combined armies of England and France advanced on Peking in 1860 the Chinese painted these statues gray in order to make the Europeans believe that they were of bronze and therefore to insure against their being melted. Later, during the Japanese war, these lions disappeared for a time, but at the conclusion of peace they reappeared in their original position. The value of these relics is said to be incalculable, and they are in native eyes a symbol of the unity of the empire.—Harper's.

Algebra.

The science of algebra is said to have been the invention of Mohammed of Buziana about 850 A. D. The science was introduced into Spain by the Moors. The first treaties on the subject in any European language is believed to have been that by Luca Pacoli in 1494. The first English algebra was written by Robert Recorde, teacher of mathematics at Cambridge, about 1557. He was the first to use the sign of equality.

Killing Time.

Perhaps the busiest time of the year in old colonial days was November, called "killing time." When the chosen day arrived oxen, cows and swine which had been fattened for the winter's stock were slaughtered early in the morning that the meat might be hard and cold before being put in the pickle. Sausages, rollches and headcheese were made, lard tried out and tallow saved.

Changed.

"When my two girls were born I used to wonder what I was going to make of them."

"And now?"

"Now that they're grown up and in society I've begun wondering what they're going to make of me."—Detroit Free Press.

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.—Dickens.

A Matter For a Higher Court.

"I don't understand why Matilda has sued me, judge," protested the defendant in a recent breach of promise suit. "I only did the asking, while she did the promising."—Judge's Library.

Sure.

A medical writer asks, "Does position affect sleep?" It does if the man is holding the position of a night watchman.—New Orleans Picayune.

SAVING PLATINUM

A Little Drama Enacted In Uncle Sam's Assay Offices.

SCIENCE IN THE STAR ROLE.

Highbrow Professors Filled Up the Cast, and, With Acids and Precious Metals as Stage Properties, They Scored a Brilliant Success.

Even the United States government has become possessed of the present day fever to eliminate any waste and stop leaks in the methods of doing things. The results, particularly in the mints and assay offices, have been remarkable.

For instance, the old method of extracting gold from baser metals when it came from the mint consisted merely of treating the smelter bars of gold with nitric acid, which dissolved out the baser metals, leaving the gold with a small percentage of impurities that could be removed by fusing with niter.

Germany went the United States one better in this. The professors over there, men whose genius for scientific detail is unsurpassed by those of any other nation, perfected a process for refining by electricity. Simply stated, it is nothing more nor less than electric plating. The smelter bars are placed in the plating bath, and the gold is deposited in an absolutely pure state, leaving the base metals behind in solution.

It was this residue that interested the high brow professors. The fact that platinum is frequently found with gold has been recognized ever since the science of metallurgy was in swaddling clothes; also the fact that gold and platinum have one quality in common—i. e., that no single acid known will dissolve them. It takes a combination of nitric and muriatic acids to get either of these two metals in solution. Silver, on the other hand, is readily soluble in nitric acid. No one ever thought of testing a nitric acid solution of silver for the presence of platinum because of the theory, sound as religion, that platinum could not be dissolved by nitric acid. Therefore, it was argued, if there wasn't enough silver in the solution to make it worth while to extract it, then, of course, there could not be any platinum, so into the sewer it went.

The professors began to experiment. At the first step they uncovered the dusky gentleman in the wood pile. They discovered a curious fact—namely, that, while platinum alone was not soluble in nitric acid, some of its alloys with silver were soluble. For instance, a composition of 5 per cent platinum in silver is readily soluble. Right there was the clew leading to the discovery that for years out of memory untold quantities of the precious metal, essential above all others in electrical manufactures, had been running into the sewer. All solutions were carefully tested. Salts of iron were added, precipitates supposedly of silver were analyzed, and since then platinum at the rate of $5,000 a month has been offered for sale by Uncle Sam.

It is interesting to trace the sources of this gold in that the facts suggest that sooner or later deposits of platinum in large quantities are going to be found. Little of the gold coming from the western United states and Alaska contains platinum. It is found almost entirely in the gold mined in Mexico and South America. Gold from these districts is coming in larger quantities year after year. It is found, for instance, in what is popularly known as Guinea gold. Guinea gold has a peculiar luster all its own. It is highly prized in the jewelry trade for this same peculiar color.

There are vast reaches of wilderness in South America that, filled with miasmic swamps and lurid savages armed with poisoned arrows, have so far resisted the advance of the white man. It seems not too much to expect that sooner or later, when these districts are exploited, platinum in large quantities will be discovered. Some Bret Harte is probably a-borning now to sing the romance of Platinum gulch. The romance of gold is founded on the material consideration of $20.67 an ounce, which the governments of the earth have decreed must be its price now and for evermore. They will have to build a second story extension on the romance of the metal that is worth twice as much as gold.

Now that Uncle Sam is finding this mine of platinum in the supposedly unalloyed bars that the big refining companies are sending in from their smelters, the interesting question is arising, Who owns the platinum, Uncle Sam or the refineries? Uncle Sam bought their gold, refined it for them at cost and paid them dollar for dollar out of his pocket. Actually he was out on the transaction. Now that he has stopped the leak in his drainpipe, he is a little ahead.

Naturally, if one can play at a game two can play at the same game. Some of the bigger smelter companies, whose output is sufficient, have undertaken the task of recovering this platinum themselves. If Uncle Sam can help out his payroll with platinum residues there is no reason why a privately conducted smelter cannot do the same thing. So the electrical method of refining is coming more and more into use, and the highbrow professors in the mints who have been searching for platinum have discovered that the smelter bars sent in for coinage are almost 100 per cent fine, without so much as a smell of platinum in them.—F. Irving Anderson in New York Tribune.

Against Speculation.

The head of a big trust said at a dinner in Boston:

"I have always been against speculation. To try to get rich by stock fluctuations instead of by honest work for the common good is to be an undesirable citizen.

"Besides, these fluctuating investments are very risky and uncertain. It's a wise stock, you see, that knows its own par."—Exchange.

The Woburn Journal.

G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1912

ELECTION.

Next Tuesday is the annual election of city officials for the ensuing year of 1913 and it is very important that wise and judicious business men should be elected to fill the positions of trust and responsibility.

This is a subject in which every citizen, rich or poor, high or low, those who own their homes or those who pay rent to others, those who work for their daily bread as well as all who believe in the good name and reputation of Woburn should be vitally interested and turn out next Tuesday to assist in the redemption of the city out of the slough of petty partizanship into which it has fallen of late years.

We believe that the election of Mr. Silver as Mayor for the ensuing year will be a step in the right direction for a clean, honest and businesslike administration of city affairs; we need a man of ability for that purpose and because of his experience in financial matters of large concern, and because of his ability to successfully cope with difficult problems that are likely to come up for action, and we believe that he would be and would act as a Mayor for all the people without regard to their political beliefs or affiliations, instead of for a small partizan few.

What we need is a Mayor untrammelled by partizan interests, a man who can look to the good of the whole and not the few, a man who will be just and fear not.

☞ Judge Morton of the Supreme Court rendered a decision Wednesday in favor of Michael H. Feeney in his contention for a recount of votes in the late primaries for the office of Commissioner in the Board of Public Work in Wards 1, 3 and 5. The Judge ruled "that where there was no question of the identity of the signer as in these cases, the petition should be accepted," and as there was no question of their identity even though they signed their first names with only the initials of them it was sufficient. This would seem to the layman to be good law because it is common sense, and that is what we suppose to be the fundimental basis of all law. There is apparently too much quibbling over small technicalities in the signing of one's name.

☞ Beginning with the present week *The Boston Journal* has increased its size, changing from a seven to an eight column page, thus adding twelve columns each day to its news space. The larger page makes it possible to present the news in a more effective manner. The *Journal* is a wide awake progressive sheet.

LOCAL NEWS.

— The M. O. H. Class of the Baptist S. S. met with Mrs. Archibald Ward, 33 Auburn street, last Monday evening.

— The Men's class of the Baptist Sunday School met with Mr. Robert A. Bradshaw, 6 Beach street, last Monday evening.

— The King's Daughters Society of the M. E. church met Tuesday afternoon at the Parsonage as the guests of Mrs. F. M. Estes.

— The Tufts College Glee Club will give a concert in Lyceum Hall next Monday evening under the auspices of Trinity Episcopal church.

— Mrs. Margaret Greenleaf of Prospect street, returned home Wednesday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Harold Pushee in Akron, Ohio.

— The regular monthly business meeting and social of the Epworth League of the M. E. church was held Thursday evening at the home of Miss Louise Turner, 5 Hillside ave.

— The weekly prayer service at the M. E. church was held on Tuesday instead of Wednesday evening last week on account of the Mass Meeting in Boston. The pastor gave a very interesting talk on the Balkan War.

— The Social Benevolent Society of the Congregational church will have their regular monthly supper next Thursday, Dec. 12, at 6 30 P. M. The evening's entertainment will be given by pupils of Miss Mabel Cahill of Cambridge and will be a presentation of "The Shepherd of the Hills."

— The Russell Class of the Baptist Sunday School met with Mrs. Arthur Jones, 3 Court street, last Monday evening. Plans for Christmas work were formed and other business transacted. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening enjoyed. At the next meeting will be the annual election of officers and the class will meet with Miss Susie A. Russell, 2 Greenwood avenue, Jan. 6.

— The funeral of Mr. Jamsey Bennett, who was killed by an automobile Thanksgiving eve was held last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the Broadway M. E. church, of which both he and Mrs. Bennett were members. Mrs. Bennett was serving on a supper committee in this church when the sad news was brought to her that her husband had been killed. Winter Hill Encampment of Somerville and Crystal Fount Lodge of this city of Odd Fellows participated in the funeral service. No trace of the auto which caused the accident has yet been found by the police. The City of Somerville has offered a reward of $200 for any clue leading to its discovery.

— Mr. John T. Marion of 201 Cambridge street has been quite ill with blood poisoning.

— William D. Wright a former resident of this city now residing in Cambridge was a casual visitor in town this week.

— The Calumet Club will bowl with the Towanda Club next Wednesday evening, Dec. 11 in the Mystic Valley League series.

— Mrs. Julia Garland suffered a shock at her home, 18 Everett street, last Monday morning, from the effects of which she is not expected to recover.

— Gen. Joseph Warren Chapter D A. R. has been instituted in Boston and Mrs. Josephine Hayward of this city has been chosen Regent. There are 29 charter members.

— Judge Lindsay will speak in the Unitarian church, Winchester, next Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 10, at 3 o'clock. All ladies interested are cordially invited. Admission free.

— Returns from the city election will be displayed to the members of the Towanda Club next Tuesday evening and a luncheon will be provided to make lighter the weary hours of waiting for belated returns.

— Miss Esther Bean and Mr. Roger Eaton made high scores at the Bridganitas Club meeting Monday evening. Miss Ethel Wallace, Page Place, was the hostess of the evening. Refreshments were served and a general good time enjoyed.

— The Towanda Club will have a Ladies' Night next Monday evening. Edward H Frye, monologist will present "The Man from Maine." After the entertainment the bowling alleys, billiard and pool rooms will be open to the ladies and refreshments will be served.

— Charles H. Moloy Camp Spanish War Veterans at a meeting held in their hall last Tuesday evening elected the following officers to serve the ensuing year of 1913. Commander, Philip J. Shea; Senior Vice, Frank H. Graham; Junior Vice, Frank H. Smith.

— Robert J. Ferris of Somerville was arrested Tuesday on suspicion of being connected in the stealing of the auto found in the barn in North Woburn. He was arraigned in the District Court Wednesday morning and his case was continued until Dec. 13. Ferris was held in $2,000 bail.

— In the District court last Saturday the case of the Winchester Board of Health, vs. Charles S. Smith alleging violation of a town by-law, for teaming house dirt and refuse substance without a license, which was slated for trial, was continued one week, by consent of counsel on both sides.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist church will hold their monthly business meeting in the church parlor next Thursday afternoon at 4 30 The annual supper will be served at 6.30 and this will be followed by an excellent entertainment at 8 o'clock under the charge of the Golden Rule class.

— The Unitarian church opened its annual parish fair yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the vestry with a sale of useful and fancy articles. Supper was served at 6 30 followed by an entertainment in the evening. The sale will be continued this afternoon with a dramatic and musical entertainment this evening.

— James Newman Richardson, an old resident of the this city, passed away Monday morning at his home 39 Lowell street, aged 81 years. He was a shoemaker by trade. For many years he was a flagman at Baldwin's Crossing, North Woburn. He had no near relatives and lived alone. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon and burial was at Woodbrook.

— The Glen Ridge Club held its meeting with Mrs. Arthur Cox, Waltham street, Wednesday afternoon. There were twelve members present. The next meeting will be with Mrs. William A. Russell, Cambridge street, Dec. 18. Plans were formed for a supper and social meeting for Dec. 31. This meeting will be on New Year's eve and the Club will "watch the old year out and the new year in."

— The Auxiliary of C. B. Winn Camp with the Division Aid of the Mass. Auxiliary will hold a Camp Fire this evening in Mechanics Hall at 8 o'clock to which S. of V. Camp and Club and all the patriotic organizations in the city have been invited. The auxiliary of C. B Winn Camp will serve a supper at 6.30 in S. of V. Hall to the out of town guests. An interesting program has been prepared for the evening. The principal speaker will be John D. Brooks, Superintendent of Schools of Natick.

— The Woburn Grange held its annual election of officers last evening as follows: Master, Hadley Higgins; Secretary, Miss Margaret Ahearn; Treasurer, Harold P. Johnson; Overseer, Fred Richardson; Steward, Philip Doherty; Asst. Steward, Frank E. Gustin; Asst. Lady Steward, Miss Catherine McCarron; Lecturer, Dr. William Buckley of Winchester; Flora, Mrs. William Buckley; Ceres, Mrs. Hadley Higgins; Remona, Mrs. Wm. Graham; Chaplain, Lilla Breslin; Executive Committee for 3 years, William Graham; 1 year, to fill unexpired term, Frank Menchin.

— The annual meeting and members' night of Mt. Horeb Lodge A. F. & A. M. was held for routine business and election of officers for the ensuing year in their Hall in Bank Block last Wednesday evening about 128 members being present. At the conclusion of the business meeting a fine spread prepared by Dill was partaken of and the Standish Quartette rendered a select program to the enjoyment of all in attendance. The following officers were elected for 1913 and will be installed at the regular session in January. Worshipful Master, Charles H Buss; Senior Warden, John M. Wallace; Junior Warden, William F Davis, Jr.; Treasurer, Edwin K Porter; Secretary, Charles H. Harrington.

We ought either to be silent or speak things better than silence.—Pythagoras.

City Council.

At the regular meeting of the Aldermen last night a public hearing was given the Edison Co. for location of 27 poles on Cambridge street and one on Nashua street and there being no remonstrants it was ordered to a second reading.

The N. E. Tel. and Tel Co. were granted permission to attach wires to 3 poles on Pine street.

Requests of John Callahan and Daniel Marlow for pensions under Chapter 507, Acts of 1912 were referred to the finance committee.

The usual official communications were received and filed.

The request from the Board of Public Works for authority to abate assessments for oiling Main and Elm streets was granted, and upon the order authorizing them to expend $3,000 in addition to $20,000, provided in the budget for water department.

A request from the School Committee for the transfer of $2525 from miscellaneous department and the request of John Coughlin for a pension were all given their first reading, as were also the orders for the transfer of the following amounts from miscellaneous department viz:

$5,000 Fire Department.
200 Soldiers' Relief.
1,000 Outside Relief.
400 Health.
200 Printing and Stationery.
500 Election Expenses.
500 Salary Account.
600 Street Lighting.
2,000 Highways.

The petition of C. H. Kean to be retired was granted and also the order relative to salary for the inspector of slaughtering.

Street lights were ordered for Cedar street, corner of Madison and Green streets, and on Wood street.

A committee was appointed to investigate the high cost of coal in this city.

The Board of Public Works were ordered to perambulate the town boundaries between this city and Lexington, Burlington, Reading, Stoneham and Winchester.

Ends Hunt For Rich Girl.

Often the hunt for a rich wife ends when the man meets a woman that uses Electric Bitters. Her strong nerves tell in a bright brain and even temper. Her peach-bloom complexion and ruby lips result from her pure blood; her bright eyes from restful sleep; her elastic step from firm, free muscles, all telling of the health and strength Electric Bitters give a woman, and the freedom from indigestion, backache, headache, fainting and dizzy spells they premote. Everywhere they are woman's favorite remedy. If weak or ailing try them. 50c at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Board Of Public Works.

The Board of Public Works held its regular meeting Monday evening. Most of the evening was taken up in discussing two bills for unpaid insurance premiums, claimed to be due the S. B. Goddard Company.

A motion was finally made that the clerk confer with the Mayor and call a special meeting for Friday evening to decide the question. City Solicitor Sullivan sent in an opinion that the $5,000 appropriated four years ago for the installation of meters, could with the City Council's consent, be used for paying the outstanding indebtedness of the water department amounting to more than $4,000 Voted to ask the City Council to so vote. Several petitions were referred to the proper committees.

Makes The Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. Its the quick healer of boils, ulcers, exzema, sore lips or piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

Lectures By The Edison Company.

The Edison Company have had so many requests from different organizations for someone to talk on electrical subjects that they have arranged a series of lectures for this winter. These lectures will satisfy the interests of different audiences, no matter whether they are composed of storekeepers' or manufacturers' organizations, improvement associations, boards of trade, church societies or women's clubs.

They have a complete set of stereopticon slides and can use them with a stereopticon wherever there is electric service for its use, and if any clubs wish to furnish the stereopticon on their own account, they can, of course, use the slides in a machine operated by gas.

They have in mind the preparation of moving picture films which can be used in the smaller types of Edison machines, which are manufactured expressly for home use and which can be used to excellent advantage in any ordinary hall. These films will, we expect, be available wherever electric service is used for operating the machines.

These lectures will be furnished without charge anywhere in the territory served by the Edison Company

It will be important for you to get your application in early and to give three or four possible dates from which they can select in order to get engagements fixed We have already had a number of applications, and of course give first choice to first applicants.

Methodist Mass Meeting.

A Grand Methodist Mass Meeting was held last week Wednesday and Thursday in the First M. E. church, Temple street, Boston.

Wednesday evening a meeting for pastors and official members only, was held, with addresses by Bishops Hamilton, Henderson, Berry and Hughes.

At 2 30 Thursday P. M. Bishop Henderson, Chairman of the General Conference Commission on Evangelism addressed the women of the churches in the N. E. Conference. At 4 o'clock an Epworth League Rally was held, the speakers being Bishop Henderson and Rev. Lauress D. Birney, D. D., Dean of Boston University. At 7 45, "The Evangelistic Commission." Addresses by Bishop Joseph F. Berry, President, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bishop Theodore S. Henderson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Bishop John W. Hamilton, Boston, Mass., Rev. Joseph O. Randall, D. D., Secretary, Philadelphia.

Woman's Club Notes.

The Woburn Club has been invited to attend the Conference to be held by the Food Sanitation Committee of the State Federation with the Concord, Massachusetts Woman's Club in the Town Hall, Monday afternoon, Dec. 9 at 2 30 o'clock. There will be addresses on subjects pertaining to Food Sanitation, Clean Bakeries and Clean Marketing. Discussion from 3 30 to 4 o'clock. Tea will be served. A train leaves the North Station for Concord at 1.08. The President earnestly desires that there will be a large attendance of Club members. The Conference will be both interesting and profitable.

Mrs. George H. Root of Winchester is coaching the caste for the play which is to be given by the Club Friday evening, Dec. 13, in aid of its Emergency Fund. Rehearsals are going finely and the committee feel sure that an enjoyable evening is in store for all who attend. Miss Mary B. Baldwin, the talented North Woburn violinist, is to give solos, with Miss Helen Deland accompanist. The committee having the affair in charge is Mrs. Walter Marion, Mrs. F. LeRoy Pratt, joint chairmen, Mrs. A. H. Linscott and Miss Katherine D. Barker.

Man Coughs And Breaks Ribs.

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonsful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure its a Godsend to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo. "for I believe I would have consumption today, if I had not used this great remedy." Its guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle or 50 cent or $1.00 size at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

Sunday morning Rev. Albert Donnell, pastor of the Burlington Congregational Church will preach in exchange with the pastor.

The Epworth League service at 6 o'clock will be conducted by Miss Alice Adams. Subject: "Unanswerable in Controversy: The Strength of Certainty in Belief."

At 7 o'clock the pastor will give the third sermon in the series on the new life entitled: "The Rich Young Ruler, or Aspiration and Achievement.

WINCHESTER.

A valuable dog owned by Dr. Benjamin Lewis was run over by an automobile on Church street last week.

Miss Mary E. Norcross of "The Vines" is spending the winter with friends at Hotel Vendome, Boston, Mr. R. N. Page is occupying her house at No. 9 Lagrange street.

At a special meeting of the First Congregational church last week it was voted to accept the offer made to the church by the family of the late Deacon Charles E. Conant to place a memorial window in the church in memory of Deacon and Mrs. Conant, and the window will be put in at once.

Many people have noticed that several trains now run through Winchester with the locomotive travelling backward. This, it is understood, is because the turn table at Woburn has given out and cannot be used. It will not be repaired, and so the Woburn trains are run with the locomotive facing for the inward trip.

Mr. Henry Nickerson has sold his house on Bacon street to Mr. Eugene McDonald of Ashmont. Mr. McDonald will occupy the residence at once. Mr. Nickerson will spend the winter with his family in Boston, and upon the completion of the new residence which he is building at Cohasset, will make his home at that place.

Alaska's Two Climates.

Official reports indicate that the coast region of Alaska has much rain and snow, but an equable temperature, and that the winter at Sitka is no colder than at Washington. The snowfall at Valdez has reached sixty feet and the rainfall at Sitka 111 inches in a season. The Yukon basin, on the other hand, has a continental climate, very cold in the winter, although the summer temperature may reach 90 degrees F. in the shade. The rainfall is small. The soil is permanently frozen for several yards below the surface, but a thin surface layer thaws out every summer.—Harper's.

Matter and Force Identical.

Until recently the atom was considered the indivisible part of matter, but advances in radio-activity point to the fact that the atom is a complex system, consisting of a positively charged nucleus around which are grouped numerous negatively charged particles of infinitesimal dimensions, called electrons. A great deal has yet to be learned about the electron. Though regarded now as the unit of the material universe, it is really nothing but electricity, though it possesses the properties of matter—mass, momentum, kinetic energy and probably weight.—Christian Herald.

Beggars' Day In Costa Rica.

In Costa Rica the beggars are privileged characters on Tuesday—that is, they are allowed that day of the week in which to beg from shop to shop. It is the custom for business houses to prepare for the weekly visit of the mendicants and to hand over to them small coins or articles of little value In some instances where merchandise is given away the beggars peddle it about the poorer quarters and so earn a few cents apiece.—Argonaut.

Simple Locomotion.

"I was just thinking," said one weary tramp to another, with a long, long journey in front of them, "about bad roads and the wonders of science. This earth is spinning round faster'n a railway train behind time."

"Well, we ain't fell off yet."

"No, but think o' what a convenience it would be if we could have some place to grab on to while the territory slid under our feet until the place we wanted to go to came along!"

Here Is Relief For Women.

If you have pain in the back, Urinary Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's **Aromatic Leaf**, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great system regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample FREE. Address Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Perhaps the most notable capture made by Mr. B. F. Keith for his vaudeville circuit this season was the engagement of Lulu Glaser, the famous legitimate comedienne and musical comedy star for his theatres. Miss Glaser comes to B. F. Keith's Theatre this week in a one-act playlet with music written especially for her and entitled "First Love." For years Miss Glaser has delighted audiences all over America, as the star of such big hits as "Sweet Ann Page;" "Dolly Varden;" "Mlle. Mischief;" "The Girl and The Kaiser;" "Little Miss Madcap;" and "Miss Dudelsack." In "First Love" Miss Glaser is supported by Thomas D. Richards and Lester Browne. "First Love" is the work of Raymond W. Peck, Melville Alexander, and Anatol Friedland. This trio has supplied Miss Glaser with one of the best vehicles she has ever had, and all who go to Keith's to see this popular comedienne can rest assured of an entertaining twenty minutes. Miss Glaser will be but one star feature of a great show Maude Lambert and Ernest Ball, the prima donna and song writer, will introduce a number of their latest successes; while Joe Jackson, the European vagabond who is without question the funniest pantomimist ever brought to this country, will be on hand with some new foolishness. The Three Lyres is a clever troupe of musical comedians; Wilfred Clark & Co. will present an uproarously funny farce comedy; Ward and Weber are two clever dancers and singers; the Three Josettys are European acrobats with something new and novel, and several other acts, yet unannounced, will complete a brilliant bill.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will bring her message of cheer and sunshine to the citizens of Boston, where she will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre Monday, December 9th, for a two weeks engagement with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The dramatization of the book, which had perhaps the greatest sale of the last decade, for everyone loves Rebecca and wants to know all about her, was made by Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of the book, and Charlotte Thompson, who has several stage successes to her credit. The plot revolves around Rececca's life at the home of the Sawyer aunts, Miranda and Jane, who take the girl because there are so many children at her home (her mother is a sister of the delectable old maids) and who are horrified at the pranks and life of the young girl who has come into their home. But Rebecca's loving and lovable nature asserts its power even over the hardened characters of her kinswomen, and when the last curtain falls she has not only conquered their liking but has made herself the center of the world for them. The incident of the soap selling, in which Rebecca was aided and abetted by her chum, Emma Jane Perkins, and the object of which was to buy a piano lamp for the destitute Simpson family, when bread and bacon and baked beans would have been infinitely more appropriate, brings the element of love into Rebecca's life, and with the close of the play comes the intimation of wedding bells for her and "Mr. Aladdin."

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is headed by winsome Edith Taliaferro and she is surrounded by the original cast. This will be the farewell visit of "Rebecca" to Boston; the thousands who have seen this delightful play will want to see it again, and for those who have never witnessed the performance this will be the last opportunity.

THE TREMONT.

"The Rainbow," that charming play in which Henry Miller and his excellent company have been delighting large audiences at the Tremont Theatre for five weeks past, will enter upon the final there weeks on Monday night. It is quite possible that Mr. Miller might continue indefinitely but a two month's engagement in Philadelphia calls him away and it is advisable that every one who looks to the stage for good wholesome amusement should take advantage of the opportunity and see "The Rainbow" before it closes its Boston run. Nothing could be more welcome than this very interesting comedy at this holiday time. It crackles with plenty of fun and yet it contains so many well-constructed situations that the auditor is carried along with its narrative in close attention from beginning to end. It is an intellectual treat as rare as it is welcome to witness this perfectly consistent performance by Mr. Miller and his splendid organization of associate players. The part, however small, is not neglected, and to find a company of actors all working for the proper development of the play rather than for their own individual benefit is indeed a novelty in these days. Seats may now be secured a the Tremont for any of these farewel performances, and the managemen look for a record in the matter of receipts.

THE COLONIAL.

"Exceeding the Speed Limit," A H. Woods' latest and best production, starring Carter De Haven, is proving the biggest hit of the season at the Colonial Theatre, where it starts on its second week Monday night. It is a French musical farce comedy by the author of "The Girl in the Taxi." The play will not be seen in any other New England city this season.

"Exceeding the Speed Limit" is not one of those "same old thing" musical plays. From the very first scene to the very last there is something new to entertain. It is the unexpected things hat make a play, and "Exceeding the Speed Limit" abounds with surprises It is not going too far to assert that even the scenery in the second and third acts will tickle the risibilities. To say that the music will be up to the standard set by the recent Woods' successes is all the comment needed along that line.

The plot tells of the affairs, personal and official, of one Tom Newton, secretary of the Society for the Advancement of Social Purity. Tom is the affianced husband of the daughter of the Society's president. The elderly man has great faith in Tom but, as a matter of form, starts an inquiry into the past life of the young man. Unbeknown to the president the secretary has been devoting a part of his time to purity work, but the most of it to love knots Therefore his future father-in-law's probe bids fair to uncover some incidents that would not redound to Tom's glory. The ingenuity of the secretary is strained to the breaking point. He pulls through unscathed, however, but not until continuous laughter has caused the audience to grow weak. As Tom Newton Mr. De Haven is at his best.

CAN'T AFFORD IT?

Let's figure it out and see

How much would you charge to go the grocers's or the provison dealer's?

How much would you give, on a stormy day, to be able to visit a distant friend?

How much would it be worth, in case your child were taken suddenly ill at night, to be able to summon the doctor at once, and, perhaps, by special instructions from him by wire, to be able to give temporary relief pending his arrival or even to save it's life?

The expense of a telephone is not figured by what it costs for a whole year, but by how much it saves each time it is used. Therefore, with all these things in mind, ask yourself

Can I Afford to be Without a Telephone?

If you need further details as to cost, ask the Local Manager

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE BELL SYSTEM AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Move On Now!

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows, 25c. at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Wise Provision.

"Bliggins says he has the smartest youngster in the world."

"Of course," answered Mr. Growcher. "Every parent feels that way, and it's a wise provision of nature. In every human being's life there ought to be a time when somebody thinks he is smart."—Washington Star.

Good Things to Eat

will hold no joys for you if you have **indigestion** or any **STOMACH, LIVER** or **KIDNEY** trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest druggist and get a 50 cent bottle of **SEVEN BARKS**, the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, **SEVEN BARKS** will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address **LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.**

Commonwealth of Massachusets.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frances A. Hurd late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil of said deceased havebeen presented to said Court for Probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

6-13-20 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

HELP WANTED.

TWO MEN at present employed at inside work, clerks preferred, to prepare to fill traveling salesmens positions. School for salesmanship, 15 Beacon Street, Boston.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

EXPERIENCED hous. to house canvassers Salary $2 daily for those who can qualify. New line. 10c. sales. Big demand. Sanicone Co. Beacon Hill Trust Building, Boston.

To Let.

In West Medford. A convenient sunny house of nine rooms Bath, set tubs, gas; some hardwood floors. Five minutes from steam trains. Two lines of electric cars to Boston. One to Everett. Apply to agent N. E. WILBER West Medford; or to owner. Medford Tel. 1074-M.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.,
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.— Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Patrick F. Kenney of Stoneham, Mass., and Ellen Margaret Toland of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Dominic F. Shea and Agnes J. Brown, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Charles J. Hunnewell and Gertrude J. Sullivan both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John Ryan and Mary McDonald, both of Woburn

In this city, Nov. 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, William F. Callahan and Annie T. O'Connor, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 27, by Rev. H. B. Williams, George E. Miller and Myrtle R. Hamilton, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 28, Hazel S. Quimby, aged 18 years, 9 months, 19 days.

In this city, Nov. 28, Joseph Garvey, aged 14 years, 1 month, 14 days.

In this city, Nov. 29, James Gallagher, aged 37 years.

In this city, Nov. 28, James T. Alexander, aged 35 years.

In this city, Nov. 30, Anthony A. Doherty, Jr., aged 19 years, 11 months.

In this city, Dec 2, James N. Richardson, aged 81 years, 2 months, 11 days.

Mortgagee's Sale

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by W. Henry Ross of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Hyde Park Savings Bank, dated April 7th, 1905, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3152, Page 292, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described on MONDAY, the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1912, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described, substantially, as follows: A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being shown on a "plan of land in Woburn, Mass. belonging to Sara C. Mendum," dated Dec. 5, 1904, by William Butler Jones, C. E., recorded at the end of Book 3137 in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds. Said parcel is bounded and described as follows: — Westerly, by Arlington Road (formerly called Canal street) seventy-four 60-100 feet; northerly, by land now or late of Sara C. Mendum, as shown on said plan, one hundred thirty-five and 5-100 feet; easterly, by land now or late of Ellen Hayden, as shown on said plan, seventy-nine feet; and southerly by land now or late of Choate heirs, and heirs of Margaret Trull, as shown on said plan, one hundred twenty-seven 3-10 feet. Containing 10,072 square feet, more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to said W. Henry Ross, by Frederick E. Snow, trustee, by a deed recorded with said Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds.

Said premises are to be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and municipal assessments of any kind, if any therebe.

$100 of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale. Other terms made known at time and place of sale.

HYDE PARK SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee,
By Arthur H. Burt, its Treasurer.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 15, 1912.
Nov. 22, 29, Dec. 6, 1912.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To Mary J. Bray of Springfield, in the County of Hampden, and Daniel W. Kimball of Winchester in said County of Middlesex, executors of the will of Harriet W. Shepherd, late of said Winchester, deceased, the estate of Warren Butler, late of Chelsea in the County of Suffolk, deceased, William W. Lunt of Hingham in the County of Plymouth, administrator of the estate of Emma E. Zisson, late of said Chelsea, deceased, Anna F. Tay of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, George Tay whose residence is unknown, Bertha P. Randlett and Richard M. Phillips of Pittsfield in the State of Maine, and to the City of Woburn in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, A. Herbert Holland of said Woburn, administrator with the will annexed of the estate not already administered of Phebe R. Moore, late of said Woburn, deceased, has presented to said Court his petition, praying for instructions as to what disposition he shall make of the balance of the estate of Phebe R. Moore, remaining in his hands after the payment of charges of administration and other proper charges against said estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of December, A. D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you who may be found in said Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or if any of you shall not be so found, either by delivering a copy thereof to you wherever found or by leaving a copy thereof at your usual place of abode, or by mailing a copy thereof to you at your last known post-office address, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and also, unless it shall be made to appear to the Court by affidavit that you all have had actual notice of the proceeding, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty fifth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-6-13 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Emma Owen, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mabel O. Blodgett, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-6-13 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

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GEO. W. PENNIMAN,
of Boston.

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Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular **Year Book** ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c. for his 1913 Almanac, or only **one dollar** for his **splendid Magazine and Almanac** one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to **Word and Works Publishing Company** 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BOILING AN EGG.

If It Gives You Trouble You Might Try John Randolph's Way.

The boiling of an egg seems a simple matter, but many a breakfast has been spoiled and many a temper rasped by the cook's failing to observe the precise number of minutes the process should occupy.

That very original man, John Randolph, is said to have invented a method of getting his eggs cooked exactly to his taste that worked perfectly. As is the case in many country homes in the south, the kitchen was in a separate building at some distance from the house, and servants were plenty. When the "sage of Roanoke" took his seat at the breakfast table there was a line of servants from the dining room to the kitchen. Mrs. Randolph, the mother of the statesman, held an open watch in her hand.

"In!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, and the word "in" was passed from mouth to mouth until it reached the waiting cook, who dropped the eggs into the water. After the requisite number of seconds the holder of the timepiece notified that the cooking was done. "Out!" went forth the command in like manner, and the eggs were quickly removed.

The system required six or seven servants to cook one egg, but Randolph was accustomed to declare that this was the only way that he could get it cooked to suit him.—Youth's Companion.

To Mothers In This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. At all Druggists, 25c, Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

THRIFTY NAPOLEON.

He Made Sure of Being Served With Honesty and Economy.

Emperor Napoleon I., dressed in plain clothes, often visited the markets of Paris in order to learn the current prices of food and find out whether his household officers served him with honesty and economy. In "Foreign Reminiscences" Richard Lord Holland says that this was only one illustration of the emperor's thrift and shrewdness.

When the Tuilleries was being repaired Napoleon suspected that the upholsterer's charges were higher than they should be. So he asked one of his ministers, who was with him, how much the ivory egg at the end of the bell rope ought to cost.

"I do not know," was the answer.

"It shall be ascertained," said Napoleon. Thereupon he cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, bade him dress himself in plain clothes, inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris and order a dozen as if for himself.

The valet bought them for two-thirds of the price that the emperor had had to pay. Napoleon, inferring that the same overcharge had been made in the other articles, deducted a third from the entire account and informed the tradesman that it was done at his own express command because on investigation he had found the charges to be exorbitant.

Inns In Hungary.

Wayside inns in Hungary generally rejoice in very quaint titles. This one was called the Dropperin and had the usual sign outside—viz, a long pole with a wooden ring and a gigantic wine bottle suspended from it. The system of keeping the scores is primitive, but practical. The regular customers and the innkeeper have each a bit of wood called rovas, with the name of the person written on it, and every liter of wine consumed is marked by each making a notch on his respective bit of wood. When the score is paid off both the rovas are burned. Consequently you hear the peasants inviting each other to ingyonroviasmora, literally drink on my "knotch stick," which sounds most comical.—"Wanderings In Hungary."

Neither walls, theaters, porches nor senseless equipage make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves.—Aristides.

NATURAL BRIDGES.

The Biggest In the World Are In the Utah Desert.

WONDERS OF WHITE CANYON.

Three Massive Towering Arches, Majestic In Their Rugged Grandeur, Span the Lonely, Picturesque Gorge, Far From the Beaten Paths of Man.

Among the wonders of the west which the government has taken under its care are the remarkable natural bridges of Utah, which are, so far as is known, without a peer. In 1908 these three bridges, the Caroline, Augusta and Edwin, were set aside as national monuments, and later certain caves and springs near by were added to the reserved area.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of these stupendous arches, and so far they have been seen by few persons, for it is a trip of days across the desert to reach them, but accurate measurements have been taken and convey some notion of their size and shape. The popular way of reaching these curiosities is from Bluff, Utah, where one can obtain a guide and outfit. Thence you proceed through dry washes, old stream beds and sage covered mesas to the great bridges, which loom up in White canyon far from the beaten path of man.

The White canyon itself is many miles long, and the bridges spring from its steep, light buff walls, the three being within a distance of five miles. They seem carved by Titanic forces, for the largest is 222 feet high and 65 feet thick at the top of the arch. The arch is 28 feet wide, the span is 261 feet, and the height of the span is 157 feet.

The Natural bridge of Virginia is a baby in comparison with any of the three Utah formations. It is to be regretted that these wonderful bridges are not easier of access. Figures give little idea of their immensity, and words but suggest their beauty.

The first account of them given to the world was that of Horace J. Long, who visited the bridges in 1903. Long was an engineer and prospecting in Utah. One day he fell in with a cattleman named Scorup, who was familiar with Utah and in particular with the region lying around the San Juan river.

Scorup, after some preliminary conversation, said that he had seen some remarkable bridges so immense and wonderful that he disliked to talk about them for fear he would be accused of manufacturing the story. He added that though he had seen them in 1898 he had always desired to go back and if Long would accompany him and take photographs he would guarantee to guide the engineer to the place.

Accordingly the two men set out with pack horses and provisions, and after a lonely trip through deserts and canyons and wide stretches where no animal was to be seen they descended into the gorge of the White canyon, the sides of which are filled with deserted cliff dwellings. Two days later they came to the wonderful bridges, the first of which, of pink sandstone, Scorup called Caroline in honor of his mother.

Long was fairly dazed at the beauty and size of this natural wonder. The pink walls were streaked with delicate colored lichens and stood out in bold relief against a sky of blue. More than this, both men felt that they were gazing on one of the wonders of the world.

They pushed rapidly down the canyon and came to another arch, more symmetrical and more beautiful than the first, with a lightness and grace and charm of coloring that made it a splendid work of nature. Long named this the Augusta after his wife and managed to get a fair photograph. The arch was so high that the trees of California would seem dwarfed beside it, and the men took what measurements they could by climbing and clinging to the canyon's sides.

They found the Edwin, or Little bridge, several miles down the canyon, the arch in reality of immense dimensions, but small in comparison with those that they had measured. All around these bridges are crags and strange formations, cave dwellings, springs and other objects of interest, but the center of attraction is and will always be these three towering arches which span the White canyon.

Undoubtedly these bridges are of great scientific interest, not alone because they are so far as known the largest natural bridges in the world, but because they are extraordinary examples of stream erosion. An ancient river probably carved these great arches, which may have been known to prehistoric dwellers of the desert west.—New York Sun.

The Crowded Way.

"The late General Booth," said a Salvation Army captain of Philadelphia, "used to admit freely that the bad man had more fun—at least while carrying on his badness—than the good man.

"Stroking his white beard, he put the matter in a neat epigram one night in New York.

"'They say the way of the transgressor is hard,' he said. 'At any rate it certainly isn't lonely.'"

A Difficult Order.

Willie (at table)—I want my pudding now. I don't want any old meat and—

Father (sternly)—You keep your mouth shut and eat your dinner.—Boston Transcript.

To wait and be patient soothes many a pang.—Dutch Proverb.

Fixing the Guilt.

Following Tim, who was following a pair of horses, the owner of the farm noticed that the drills Tim had been running out for potatoes were strangely irregular.

"Tim," he said, "these drills are very crooked."

"Faith, they are now," assented Tim, "but you should have seen them this mornin' before th' sun warped them."

Stupid.

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green.

"Well, you are, you know," replied Green thoughtlessly.

Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

She Could Spend.

He—I am a millionaire. Haven't I money enough for both of us? She—Yes, if you are moderate in your tastes.—New York Sun.

Mind is the partial side of man. The heart is everything.—Rivarol.

THEY WERE VERY RICH.

What Else They Were Was Quaintly Told by Mary Lyon.

When in 1837 Mary Lyon founded Holyoke college she collected the money required for its first building in sums that ranged from 6 cents to $1,000. She got 1,800 persons to subscribe. Her feat gave the new enterprise an unusually wide foundation in the public interest, but she did not accomplish it without much hard work [illegible] gaining wide experience of [illegible].

On one evening Miss Lyon arrived in the village of Ashfield, Mass., at a home where she was always welcomed, gladly. She was full of hope and enthusiasm. Would the squire take her at once to W., where, she had learned, there was a family of wealth that might give liberally toward the seminary building?

"Supper and a good night's rest, Miss Lyon," was the reply, "and then my horses shall take you there."

The next morning as they were starting the squire's wife laid a gentle hand on Miss Lyon's shoulder, with the warning: "Do not expect too much, my dear Miss Lyon. We know the people. I fear you will not be successful."

With a beaming face Miss Lyon replied: "Oh, I am told they are very rich. I am sure they will help liberally."

When she entered the house on her return Miss Lyon went quickly to her friend, and, grasping her arm, while conflicting emotions played over her face, she said:

"Yes, it is all true, just as I was told They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes"—then, drawing nearer and almost closing her eyes, she whispered with unforgetable emphasis, "but, oh, they're little bits of folks!"—Youth's Companion.

FREEZING TO DEATH.

Sensations That Come With Exposure to Extreme Cold.

In the course of a series of experiments with extreme cold carried on at Berlin, Raoul Pictet, an investigator, inserted his bare arm beyond the elbow in a chamber refrigerated to a temperature of 157 degrees below zero F. and kept it there for several minutes. He suffered no permanent damage, but experienced a number of peculiar and painful sensations. The chief of these and the most trying was a feeling of pain in the bones of the hand and arm.

The pain increased steadily. It was located chiefly in the interior parts of the arm and was far less severe in the portions near or at the surface. The skin was purple when the member was withdrawn. In about ten minutes a violent reaction set in with violent burning sensation of the skin wherever it had been exposed.

Investigations carried on with dogs indicated that the process of freezing to death is not necessarily an unpleasant one. Placed in a temperature of −125 to −150 the animals displayed quickened breathing and heart beats, with a decided rise above normal in the blood temperature. These signs pointed to a sudden and violent automatic effort of the heart to preserve the bodily temperature. In spite of energetic heart action the temperature of the blood fell gradually to 71 degrees At this point the heart action ceased very suddenly.

The sensations of bodily warmth and languor mentioned in descriptions of death by violent cold can easily be understood in view of the above experiments.—New York Sun.

An Ancient English Workhouse.

In the records of St. Thomas' hospital, London, is an entry of the year 1570 to the effect that "in consideration of the hote tyme of the yere" the poor be allowed "every one a day three pyntts of Bere for two months," a quart at dinner and a pint at supper, and at the end of two months return to "there olde ordinary allowance, which is one quarte." The food at this ancient workhouse was to be dealt with as liberally as the drink. The almoner and steward were to "bye no byffe but of the best, without bones and in speciall without the marybon, and none other to be bowght."

Figure It Out.

A man had sixty ducks for sale and divided them into two lots of thirty each. One lot was to be disposed of at three for $1 and the other at two for $1. In his absence his clerk sold the sixty ducks at five for $2, realizing the sum of $24. If sold according to instructions one purchaser would have got thirty ducks for $15 and the other thirty for $10, making $25 for the lot. What became of the missing dollar?

A Modest Violet.

"I have about furnished my house," said the eminent actress.

"How about pictures?"

"I have enough of myself to fill the parlor and the reception hall. I s'pose I'll have to have some more taken for the other rooms."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Valid Excuse.

Our schoolteachers need no comic papers. Funny enough things come their way in the shape of letters from the parents of their pupils, as witness the following received by a teacher: "Respected Miss—Please excuse Willie for absence. He has fell downstairs, and we feered his internal insides was hurt at first, but they ain't. The doctor says that no part of anattomy was hurt but the brewsing of the epydernic of the outside hide and also his hipp hurt some. But he narrowly escaped fatal death. So kindly excuse."—Boston Transcript.

An Easy Little Primer Lesson.

See the mad dog.

Also the innocent bystander.

The one froths at the mouth. The other shudders with dread. The policeman takes aim. Can the innocent bystander possibly escape?

Yes; for—see—the policeman's revolver misses fire!—Kansas City Star.

Innuendo.

"Maw, what is a reprobate?"

"Ask your father, Johnny."

Now, why should a man become incensed over a harmless little episode like this?—Exchange.

Heredity.

Howell—Do you believe in heredity? Powell—I should say I did! I married the daughter of a judge, and she is always laying down the law to me.—Judge's Library.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors and let every year find you a better man.—Franklin.

AT SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT.

An Anxious Experience Off the Rock Bound Coast of Korea.

The perils of the small boat at sea are told by Jack London in an article on "Small Boat Sailing" in the Yachting Monthly:

"About the liveliest eight days of my life were spent in a small boat on the west coast of Korea," he writes. "I was in an open boat, a sampan, on a rocky coast where there were no lighthouses and where the tides ran from thirty to sixty feet. My crew were Japanese fishermen. We did not speak each other's language. Yet there was nothing monotonous about that trip Never shall I forget one particular cold bitter dawn, when in the thick of driving snow we took in sail and dropped our small anchor.

"The Japanese crawled under a communal rice mat and went to sleep. I joined them, and for several hours we dozed fitfully. Then a sea deluged us with icy water and we found several inches of snow on top of the mat.

"It soon became a case of swamping at our anchor. Seas were splashing on board in growing volume, and we bailed constantly. And still my fisherman crew eyed the surf battered shore and did nothing.

"At last, after many narrow escapes from complete swamping, the fishermen got into action. All hands tailed on to the anchor and hove it up. For'ard, as the boat's head paid off, we set a patch of sail about the size of a flour sack. And we headed straight for the rocky shore. I unlaced my shoes, unbuttoned my greatcoat and coat and was ready to make a quick partial strip a minute or so before we struck. But we didn't strike, and as we rushed in I saw the beauty of the situation. Before us opened a narrow channel, frilled at its mouth with breaking seas. Yet long before, when I had scanned the shore closely, there had been no such channel. I had forgotten the thirty foot tide. And it was for this time that the Japanese had so precariously waited."

"SCRATCHED ROCKS."

They Mark the Course of Glaciers Adown Our Continent.

Throughout the northern United States, from the Atlantic ocean to the far northwest and as far south as Kentucky, huge bowlders are found scattered at haphazard. The rocks and ledges are smoothed and marked with scratches varying from faint lines to broad grooves two feet deep. Some of these bowlders, weighing many tons, are so balanced on a ledge that a slight touch will rock them. The Indians used them as "alarm bells."

The grooves or scratches on these rocks are as a rule parallel and extend north and south. South of the above mentioned area neither bowlders nor scratched rocks can be found.

How came the bowlders in their position? What scratched the rocks?

Agassiz, familiar with the glaciers of the Alps, probably gave the true answer. He showed that a similar state of things is produced today by the glaciers of Switzerland. These streams of ice creep slowly down from the lofty summits of the Alps through the valleys to the plains. They bear on their surface huge rocks fallen from surrounding cliffs. The stones frozen in the bottom of the glacier, pressed down by the enormous weight of ice above them, scratch and groove the rocks beneath, as the tool of a carpenter gouges out a piece of wood.

What was the condition of America when similar effects were produced? Instead of local glaciers scattered in the valleys, the whole surface now covered with bowlders must have been hidden by an immense sheet of ice. Judging from the marks on the rocks, the sheet moved from the north toward the south, carrying with it masses of rock.—Harper's Weekly.

Expectancy of Life.

All insurance is calculated upon the probable length of time a person has to live. This is called the average expectancy. Many elaborate tables have been made up by the insurance companies, some based upon one set of data, some upon another, and consequently they vary slightly. The British life annuity tables, a fair calculation, show that a man of fifty has a natural expectancy of living 21.2 years, a woman of the same age 23.5 years; at sixty his expectancy is 14.8 years, hers is 17 years; at seventy his is 9.5 years, hers 10.9 years.

She Saw.

"Why is Mrs. Wombat wearing such dowdy clothes lately? She spends half her husband's income on dress. But why is she wearing such mean looking clothes just now?"

"Her husband's mother is visiting her just now. See?"

The other woman saw.—Pittsburgh Post.

This Is English—Do You Get It?

Little Johnny came running in to his father and said:

"Oh, father, I have just gained a sovereign and threepence."

"How's that?" said his father.

"Well," said Johnny, "I have just bought a guinea pig for ninepence."

Very Thorough.

Clarice—Well, aunt, how do you like your new doctor? Aunt—Oh, immensely. He's so thorough. He never comes to see me without finding some little thing the matter with me.—Judge.

Reckless.

Howell—Did you ever do any deed of daring? Powell—Yes; I once said what I thought when guessing a woman's age.—New York Press.

A Blunt Monarch.

James I., being requested by his old nurse to make her son "a gentleman," answered emphatically: "I'll mak' him baronet, gin ye like, luckie, but the de'il himsel' couldna' mak' him a gentleman."

James I. was the first to create baronets (1611). He it was, also, who said of the wives of his law lords, "I can make the carls lords, but I canna' make the carlines ladies."

Neighborly.

She—I have not seen you for an age, Herr Doctor, notwithstanding that we live only a few streets apart here in Berlin. I learned, with much regret, that you've been ill. Herr Doctor—Who told you that? She—My brother wrote me from India.—Fliegende Blatter.

No Chance.

"What became of your anti-noise movement?"

"We couldn't hire brass bands and megaphones to popularize it without being inconsistent."—Washington Star.

EVOLUTION OF THE PIANO.

From the First Crude Instrument to Its Present Perfection.

In the beginning the piano was a harp shaped piece of wood, having two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added until the cithara was invented. This was an instrument in the shape of a capital P, with ten strings stretched across the open space. Many centuries afterward musicians conceived the idea of stretching strings across an open box. About the year 1200 this was done, the dulcimer made its appearance, and the strings were struck with hammers.

For another hundred years or so these hammers were held in the hands, and then some genius invented a keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, caused the hammers to strike the strings. This was called a clavicytherium, or keyed cithara, and from time to time it was modified and improved.

During Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal and then a spinet, because the hammers were covered with the spines of quills, which struck and caught the strings and produced the sound.

During the period between 1700 and 1800 it was much improved and enlarged and was given the name of harpsichord. It was in 1710 that Bartholomeo Christofoli, an Italian, invented a keyboard similar to the one we have now, which causes the hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano.

During the last century the inventive genius of musicians the world over has revised and improved it until it has reached the present day perfection.—Exchange.

MIGRATION OF WEEDS.

How a Seed Ripened In Asia May Take Root In America.

Weeds migrate as well as men. According to the best authorities, there are already 600 varieties at least of weeds in New England that were not to be found there when the country was first settled. Within less than twenty-five years after the landing of the pilgrims one observer counted more than forty new weeds the Europeans had brought them.

Nature employs all sorts of methods for spreading life about the planet and does not seem to care whether the life is that of a weed or of a plant fit for human use. Indeed, it uses such unromantic material as old rubber overshoes for seed carriers, as many new weeds have appeared in a valley in Connecticut since a factory was established there that found use for such castoff things.

The overshoes come from all parts of the world. The cloth lining is torn out before the rubber is used, and from the seeds that have found lodgment in such an apparently unpromising place plants have grown on the dump heap, and their seeds have found fertile soil, multiplied and flourished. What a romance there is in the life of such a seed—ripened, perhaps, in Asia, trodden in the mud and carried on board ship on the feet of a passenger, thence taken to Europe, where it was picked up by the boot of an American, was finally dislodged in the overshoe and found its germinating place in Connecticut.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Horn of the Unicorn.

The horn of the unicorn was reputed instantly to reveal poison in a dish by sweating blood, and great was the rivalry as to the possession of the finest specimen while this belief still flourished. Charles the Bold proudly paraded six, two of them eight feet long, two six feet, two five feet. According to Benvenuto Cellini, "the finest ever seen, which had cost 17,000 ducats of the Camera," was the one for which at the pope's command he made a design, "the finest thing imaginable, modeled half on a horse and half on a stag, with a very fine mane and other adornments." Coryat speaks of the one at St. Denis as about three yards long, and Windsor had two of four ells. The real "unicorn" in many cases seems to have been the narwhal.—London Chronicle.

Igorote Craftswomen.

Though their tools are few and crude, the Igorotes are clever workmen. Some of their axes, spears and shields show a wild art all their own. The pipemakers, too, turn out pipes of peculiar and graceful design. One day I watched the women working in clay and turning out kitchen utensils. Two girls carried clay from a distant pit, while older women in the village worked it up Shapely urns and bowls are molded from the plastic clay and set in the hot sun to dry. I did not see them bake any pottery They called these vessels fangaas.—Christian Herald.

A Girl's Pity.

"It was King Midas, wasn't it, who turned everything he touched to gold?"

"I believe so."

"Poor old fellow."

"Why do you think he was a poor old fellow?"

"He never could eat a pickle with his fingers."—Chicago Record-Herald.

'Twas Sneezy Thing to Do.

"At whom are you looking?" demanded the young lady of the young man who obstructed her path.

"Atchoo!" replied the hay fever victim and hurried away.—Houston Post.

As It Should Be.

Shopper—I want to buy a necktie suitable for my husband. Salesman—Sorry, madam, but we are not permitted to sell neckties to women who are unaccompanied by men.—Puck.

Why Rain Clouds Are Black.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the undersurface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the undersurface appears black owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

All Settled.

Severe Father—Katherine, what is the meaning of the diamond ring on your finger? Willful Daughter—It means, papa, that Jack has something to ask you that it will do no good to refuse.—Boston Transcript.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Just a Bit of Life as It Cropped Out on a Railway Train.

A TOUCH OF REAL HUMANITY.

The Rough Looking Man Who Proved That His Heart Was Big and In the Right Place and the Shabby but Grateful Foreigner He Befriended.

"Whenever I hear anything nowadays about 'man's inhumanity to man,'" said a Providence citizen the other day, "I am reminded of a little incident. I was coming back from Boston with a friend on the midnight train, and, getting on board at the Back Bay station, we found a seat near the rear end of the car.

"Soon after the train pulled out I happened to look around and saw the conductor apparently expostulating with a rather shabby looking specimen of humanity who was sitting in the last seat. At first I thought the man was drunk, but as I watched I saw that he was a foreigner who couldn't understand English. He was holding out a crumpled one dollar bill to the conductor and saying 'New York' over and over again.

"Finally the conductor shook his head, said something I couldn't catch and went on. The foreigner, a rather decent looking young fellow, gazed at him despairingly, then buried his face in his hands and began to cry. With the usual callous indifference of the traveling public to the troubles of any one else, I paid no more attention to the man and prepared to take a nap.

"I was just beginning to doze when I became aware that a man was standing beside me in the aisle, speaking to me. I sat up and looked at him. He was a rough appearing man, far from prepossessing, clean shaven, with a sort of bulldog face.

"'Say, gents,' he began, 'I want to know if you wouldn't like to help a feller out.'

"I stiffened instinctively, determined to refuse to let him make a 'touch.'

"'There's a poor young foreigner back there,' he went on with a jerk of his thumb toward the alien, still sitting with bowed head, 'and he's up against it for fair. He can't speak a word of English, and he wants to go to New York, where he has friends.

"'He got the idea somehow he could do it for a dollar, all he's got; but, of course, he can't, and they're going to put him off the train when we get to Providence. It's mighty hard on a feller like him, and there ain't any telling what'll happen to him getting put off in a strange city at 1 o'clock in the morning. I thought maybe you'd be willing to give a little to help him along.'

"He stopped, looked us straight in the eye and smiled sheepishly as if he were ashamed of what he was doing. We gave him a dollar, and he went on through the car, and there were few of the passengers who didn't respond to the appeal. He came back counting the money, and as he got to our seat I heard him say:

"'There's a dollar more needed—I'll make it up myself!' and he pulled out a couple of fifty cent pieces and added them to the amount.

"The conductor and the brakeman were standing at the door of the car near the foreigner's seat.

"'Here,' said the man who had collected the money to the alien; 'give me your dollar.'

"Dumbly, but trustingly, the young fellow handed it over, and, giving it to the conductor with the rest, the bulldog man said gruffly:

"'There's his fare.'

"It slowly dawned on the alien what had been done for him, and as the conductor punched the rebate check and handed it to him the gratitude in his face was indescribable. He couldn't speak, but he took his cap off and bowed again and again to the official, but the latter pointed to the passenger who was sitting in his seat across the aisle and told the youth that he was the one to thank.

"The foreigner crossed the aisle till he stood squarely in front of his benefactor, took off his cap and, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, bowed again and again. It was evident enough that the benefactor was embarrassed by this unexpected outburst. At first he waved his hand around the car to indicate that everybody had had a hand in it. But he couldn't make the foreigner understand. The latter kept on bowing, whereupon the uncomfortable individual in the seat grunted and turned to look out of the window.

"I have never seen," concluded the man who was telling the story, "a kindlier—if I were a girl I should say a sweeter—act of charity in my life. Sitting across the aisle, this hard faced man had heard the story of the foreigner, helpless, alone and frightened, and out of pure goodness of heart, without any necessity for doing it, he had taken upon himself the ungrateful task of soliciting money from the rest of the people in that car to help out a man he'd never seen before and would probably never see again."—Providence Journal.

The New Star.

"How did you become an actor? I suppose you studied Shakespeare and other masters for many weary hours."

"Not exactly," responded the prominent star. "I became an actor by making a three base hit in a pinch."—Pittsburgh Post.

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.—Bacon.

Thermometer and Gulf Stream.

Investigators have observed that the thermometer is not necessarily a sure indication of the gulf stream; that the strongest current does not necessarily coincide with the highest temperature. The warmth of the water only indicates its tropical origin, and it may or may not be accompanied by a current. Thus the warmest water off Cape Hatteras is the result of a very gentle flow coming from the trade wind region outside the West Indies. The gulf stream itself is between this warmer water and the 100 fathom curve.—Shipping Illustrated.

A Little Short of Funds.

Mr. Tyte-Phist—More money? What have you done with that dollar I gave you last week? Mrs. Tyte-Phist—That's in the savings bank, but I can't draw the interest on it till next January. I want another dollar to run the house on in the meantime.—Chicago Tribune.

Every one sings as he has the gift and marries as he has the luck.—From the Portuguese.

A TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT

A Story of New Year's Day In Old New York

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the good old Dutch town of New Amsterdam, now New York, the custom of New Year's calling had its birth in America.

On New Year's day, 165—, the parlor of Olaffe Van Buskirk, having been thus cleaned, was opened to the citizens of New Amsterdam. In a corner was set a table laden with bread, cheese, cakes and such other eatables as had been made by Frau Van Buskirk herself, while bottles of Schiedam schnapps stood guard over the viands, intimating that no guest should partake of them without first paying his respects to the schnapps.

Now, Lena Van Buskirk, only child of this worthy couple, was at this time the belle of the town, though this was partly due to her being the daughter of (for that time and place) wealthy parents. Her father possessed several acres of ground, being adjacent to the fort and protected from the Indians by its guns. And, as for the possessions of Lena herself, she owned more petticoats than any young woman on Manhattan Island.

As is to be supposed, this wealthy girl was a mark for the matrimonial intentions of every unmarried Dutchman in the place who had not been in jail or otherwise degraded. She had nothing to say as to whom she would marry, her parents retaining that prerogative in themselves. Indeed, among the great number of applicants it was found impossible for either her father or her mother or herself to decide unaided, and it was determined that the three heads should in concert name the acceptable man.

Singularly enough, this plan only complicated matters. The father named Wouter Ten Eyck, the mother Winant

SHE SAW THE MAN OF HER CHOICE ABOUT TO THROW A BALL.

Van Zandt, while Lena had set her heart on Jacobus Hardenbroek. Had the father and mother agreed there is no doubt that Lena would have been obliged to accept the man of their choice. There is also no doubt that the disagreement would have made a life spinster of her had not the approach of New Year's day afforded the mighty genius of Olaffe Van Buskirk an opportunity to solve the problem. With a spark of triumph in his eye he declared that whichever of the three suitors, Jacobus Hardenbroek, Winant Van Zandt or Wouter Ten Eyck, should first call on New Year's day should be his son-in-law.

No New Amsterdam Dutchman ever came to a decision who was ever talked out of that decision. Lena knew this and submitted without a word, and so perfect was her training that there can be no doubt she would have submitted had not her father unfairly attempted to give an advantage to the man of his own choice. This set his wife to try to beat him at his own game, and, the family authority being weakened, Lena herself took a hand in the proceedings.

New Year's day opened bright and beautiful. Olaffe Van Buskirk's house stood exactly where is now the southwest corner of the New York Produce Exchange. The sun shone into the kitchen, glistening on the polished cooking utensils of Frau Van Buskirk and when risen higher circling in the south on the brass headed andirons, poker, tongs and fender which had been polished so highly as to reflect the guns of the fort frowning without. Friends began to call early in the day, and since the distances between the dwellings were but a few steps and there was plenty to eat and drink no one hurried. The calls were long and the eating and drinking, especially the latter, deep.

Olaffe Van Buskirk, when he got out of bed in the morning, put on several extra pairs of breeches in honor of the day, his Sunday doublet and a clean collar twelve inches broad and starched so stiff that it might have served for a pillory as well as a collar. Having polished the buckles of his shoes and sword belt, he breakfasted and sallied forth to make his calls. Frau Van Buskirk having noticed a speck on a metal platter, removed it and got herself ready to receive visitors, while Lena sat up stiff as a ramrod, her petticoats protecting her from any near approach on the part of any Dutchman who might have imbibed too much schnapps. Whether or no her heart was fluttering with the hope that Jacobus Hardenbroek, the suitor of her choice, would call before the other two, there is no record; for in those days no Dutch girl ever was known to show emotion. The only sign of interest in the matter apparent was her sitting in a window that gave her vision a clean sweep of the north face of the fort, the windmill and the Hudson river. There she sat watching those who approached the house.

It was about 11 o'clock that Cornelius Van Kortlandt appeared. Van Kortlandt's height measured exactly five feet four inches and his girth four feet five inches, as in the case of Governor Van Twiller. He came up the roadway that is now a street between the custom house and the Bowling Green, looking like a humming top standing upright on its peg, and hammered with the huge brass knocker on the Van Buskirks' front door. A rosy red induced by Holland gin decorated his nose and cheeks, and he was very garrulous. He said that he had been calling at the Onderdonks', where he had met Van Buskirk, who was drinking with Van Zandt, whom it was evident he was trying to put under the table. This information brought a scowl to the brow of Frau Van Buskirk, and Lena gave evidence of being interested. Van Kortlandt passed on to other calls and young Peter Van Corlear took his place at the refreshment table, where he and the lady of the house were alone together. Frau Van Buskirk said to him in a low voice:

"Peter, if you will go to the Onderdonks' and bring Winant Van Zandt here I will throw all my influence to you that you may have our daughter to wife."

Peter put the forefinger of his right hand against his nose to indicate that it was a bargain and left the house.

At the time of this agreement Lena was receiving the call of Carolus Vandergrieft, and she, too, made a bargain. She agreed that if he would find Wouter Ten Eyck and keep him away from the house till set of sun she would marry Carolus, provided her parents would give their consent.

Thus it fell out that Van Buskirk by trying to delay his wife's favorite for their daughter's hand started a contest between himself and his wife and their daughter, each in behalf of the suitor favored. While the father and mother were playing, the one to delay, the other to hasten Van Zant's coming, the daughter was scheming to delay Ten Eyck. Lena knew that so long as her father would continue to put schnapps before Van Zant the young man would yield to no other persuasion. If, therefore, she could delay Ten Eyck quite likely her own choice, Jacobus Hardenbroek, might come along in good time and win her.

Unfortunately for the success of her plan Jacobus took it into his head to have a game of bowls on the bowling green. There was an inn directly opposite, and after every game either beer or schnapps was served, and, though Jacobus was a temperate man, he was exceedingly fond of bowls, and since it was New Year's day was not averse to a small celebration. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Lena, looking out through a window, saw the man of her choice just about to roll a ball on the bowling green. Throwing up the sash, she cried out to him:

"Jacobus, are you not making calls today?"

"Yes," replied Jacobus. "I am going to begin when I have finished this game of bowls."

"You had better hurry. Our last bottle is on the refreshment table, and there is no more in the cellar."

"I don't care for schnapps," he replied, poising another ball to roll it. "I prefer bowls."

Lena shut down the window, much put out with her lover, whom she did not wish to tell openly of the tripartite agreement between herself and her parents.

It was soon after this that Peter Van Corlear returned and admitted that Van Zant was not to be withdrawn from the Onderdonks, and Carolus Vandergrieft sent word by a negro slave that while he was doing his best to keep Ten Eyck away he feared every moment that he would resume the list of calls he was making and might reach the Van Buskirks at any moment.

From 4 o'clock, when the message came, till sunset the poor girl was doomed to see the man she wanted and who wanted her wasting precious time on the bowling green. When 8 o'clock came she went up to her room and to bed. At half past 8 Jacobus arrived, and in time to win the prize, for neither of the other suitors had appeared. Finding that Lena had gone to bed, he was much disappointed and went away, leaving word that he would make his New Year's call the next evening.

When the next evening came round and he called at the Van Buskirks he was received by Frau Van Buskirk, who told him of the agreement for the previous day and that he had won Lena. But Lena was so angry with him for keeping her in a state of disquietude that she would not have him.

Jacobus pleaded in vain to be forgiven for not leaving the game of bowls when Lena called for him, but it was no use. A Dutch girl is slow to anger, but when aroused is not easily placated. A few years later she married Derrick Van Schemmerhorn.

A DREAM AND A CRIME.

The Story of a Slumber Vision That Comes From Cicero.

Cicero furnishes us with a tale of two Arcadians, who, traveling together, arrived at Magara, a city of Greece, between Athens and Corinth, where one of them lodged in a friend's house and the other at an inn.

After supper the person who lodged at the private house went to bed and, falling asleep, dreamed that his friend at the inn appeared to him and begged his assistance, because the innkeeper was going to kill him.

The man immediately got out of bed, much frightened at the dream; but, recovering himself and falling asleep again, his friend appeared to him a second time and desired that, as he would not assist him in time, he would at least care not to let his death go unpunished—that the innkeeper, having murdered him, had thrown his body in a cart and covered it with rubbish. He therefore begged that he would be at the city gate in the morning before the cart was out.

Struck with this new dream, he went early to the gate, saw the cart and asked the driver what was in it. The driver immediately fled. The dead body was taken out of the cart and the innkeeper apprehended and executed.

No Secret Telegraph System.

Many persons are of the opinion that the wireless system of communication is particularly subject to tapping; but, according to the Scientific American, no telegraph system is absolutely secret. Any one familiar with the Morse code can read ordinary messages entering any telegraph office. At Poldhu, on a telephone connected to a long horizontal wire, the message passing on a government telegraph line a quarter of a mile away can be distinctly read. It has been shown that it is possible to pick up at a distance, on another circuit, conversation which may be passing through a telephone or telegraph wire. On one occasion an investigator was able to interfere from a distance with the working of the ordinary telephones in Liverpool.

OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

Napoleon and the Causes That Led Up to Waterloo.

In one way Napoleon possessed a defect similar to that of Frederick the Great. He provided no adequate staff to relieve himself of details.

It is likely that his intense desire to stand alone, in order to receive all the credit for what was done was the secret of his action.

Although undoubtedly the greatest military genius that ever lived, he overreached himself. This is shown in a single enterprise like the Russian campaign, but it is shown in the life as a whole. He could probably have accomplished the anomaly, with the mercurial French, of founding a personal dynasty upon the French revolution which beheaded royalty and announced the rights of man, but when he attempted to remake the map of Europe he reckoned beyond his power.

He realized that the armies of the republic had been animated by a passion for liberty, equality and fraternity, but he could not understand that his aggressions upon other countries deprived his armies of this moral force and implanted it in his enemies and that no skill in strategy and tactics could long withstand it. He would not permit a group of great administrators and military leaders to share his honors and form around him a cabinet which might have protected him against himself. And so he plunged forward, unadvised and talking of his star and destiny to his Waterloo.—Edward D. Jones in Engineering Magazine.

BOILING WATER.

Under Certain Conditions It's Just Right For a Nice Bath.

Water is a fluid simply because its particles, which may be compared to an aggregation of infinitesimal pearls, are kept separated by latent heat. Outside heat applied to a vessel containing water causes the latent and applied heat both to act on the air contained in the water. Under such conditions pure water at sea level will boil at a temperature of 212 degrees F. if the barometer pressure be thirty inches.

If, however, the vessel containing this same water be carried to the top of a high mountain or put under the exhausted receiver of an air pump it will boil before it reaches the temperature of 212, because the atmosphere has been taken away so as to allow the air contained in the water to escape before it becomes sufficiently heated to impart that quality to the loose particles of water surrounding it. At a height of 18,000 feet on the sides of the Himalaya mountains water boils at a temperature of 180 degrees and under the exhausted receiver of the air pump at only 72 degrees.

This proves that boiling water is not always equally hot. It also tells us why it is next to impossible to cook meat, vegetables, etc., in high altitudes by the boiling process.—London Saturday Review.

Good Razors Possible.

There is a very common feeling that there is a certain element of chance in the purchase of a razor. It is sometimes expressed that "whatever price you pay you try your luck." Occasionally one hears of a remarkable razor which holds its edge as if by magic, giving pleasure to its owner every day for half a lifetime, so that he would not part with it for guineas. So long as it is possible for one razor to be selected as a particularly good one it is evident that the hardening as carried out fails to impart the maximum efficiency to the majority. The author believes that it is possible to harden every razor in a gross so that each one shall be truly a duplicate of the best. Whether it would pay to do so is a question which is outside his province.—Shipley N. Brayshaw in Engineering Magazine.

The Gobi Desert.

The great desert of Gobi which is partly in China, partly in Manchuria, partly in Mongolia and partly in Siberia, is traversed by the oldest transportation lines in existence. It has a caravan route over which tea and silk laden camels have traveled toward Europe for 3,000 years, and yet from the time when Kublai Khan macadamized the road until the time when the Russian railroad paralyzed it by the competition of steam no one of the merchants who traveled over it turned either to the right or to the left to tell Europe and the occident of the wonders or the terrors of that unknown land.

FROZEN WITH HEAT.

A Remarkable Process Known as the Caloric Paradox.

Freezing is usually associated with cold, but water can be frozen on a redhot plate. This pretty experiment has rightly been called the caloric paradox.

If a drop of water is placed on a redhot or white hot metal plate it does not suddenly flash into steam under the influence of the great heat. It does not even boil. It simply evaporates quietly and slowly as it rolls about the plate. Now, suppose that the drop on the plate is a volatile liquid like sulphurous acid. It will evaporate, and this evaporation will produce cold. Let a drop of water fall in the sulphurous acid drop and it will be frozen in spite of the heat.

M. Boutigny thus froze water on a white hot platinum capsule. Faraday carried this remarkable experiment even further. Pouring some ether and solidified carbonic acid gas on a redhot platinum capsule, he formed a spheroidal mass which evaporated very slowly. He then brought some mercury into contact with it, and this was instantly frozen. Now, mercury requires a temperature of 40 degrees below zero to solidify it, and here it was frozen on redhot platinum.

No "Deadhead" Trip.

One of the most famous of American shipping lines in the palmy days of our marine was the Cope line, which ran between Philadelphia and Liverpool, says the author of "Memoirs of Charles H. Cramp." By this line John Randolph of Roanoke determined to go to Russia when he had been appointed minister to that country by President Jackson. Entering the office of the company in Philadelphia, he said to a clerk in his usual grandiloquent manner:

"Sir, I wish to see Thomas P. Cope."

He was shown to Mr. Cope's office.

"I am John Randolph of Roanoke," he said. "I wish to take passage to Liverpool in one of your ships."

If he expected to be tendered a pass he was grievously disappointed.

"I am Thomas Cope," replied the head of the line. "If thee goes aboard the ship and selects thy stateroom and will pay $150 thee may go."

THE LOST FALCON.

Its Curious Recovery and a Test to Which It Responded.

A curious story about a falcon is told in "Game Birds and Wild Fowls." A colonel in the English army on a visit to Canada took with him two peregrines. During the voyage across the Atlantic one was missed, and the owner made up his mind that it was irretrievably lost.

While in Halifax some weeks later he happened to see in a newspaper a paragraph to the effect that an American schooner just arrived in port had on board a fine hawk that had come on board during the passage from Liverpool. It at once occurred to the colonel that it might be his falcon, and he lost no time in visiting the schooner.

The captain of the craft was inclined to doubt his story, but the colonel suggested that his claim to the ownership of the bird be put to a test. He was to be brought into the presence of the hawk, and if the bird was his he felt sure that it would show signs of recognition that would convince the bystanders that he was its owner. The trial was agreed upon, and the hawk was brought into the room.

The door was hardly opened before it darted for the shoulder of the colonel and evinced by every means in its power its delight and affection. It rubbed its head softly against his cheek and, taking hold of the buttons of his coat, champed them playfully between its mandibles.

The proof was sufficient, and the bird was promptly given over to the rightful owner.

THE OLD ROMAN LEGION.

Principles Upon Which Its Military Strength Was Builded.

The Roman military unit was the legion of from 4,000 to 6,000 men, divided into ten cohorts. The strength of Roman arms lay in three things. The first of these was a careful selection of men from among such citizens as were practiced in arms. The second dependence was upon discipline. Warlike youths accustomed themselves to the use of arms as a recreation, so that it was said that their sports were battles without bloodshed and their battles bloody sports. The third point was the prompt adoption of all improvements suggested by the experience of foreign wars.

The Roman legion was practically never defeated so long as these three principles remained in force. The secret of its strength was the spirit of the men, who in their perfect discipline expressed their glory in Rome and their confidence in themselves.

The most brilliant achievements of this military instrument were attained by Caesar, who aroused the devotion of his troops to the highest point by making common cause with them in the pursuit of valor. As Plutarch says, "He showed them that he did not heap up wealth from the wars for his own luxury or the gratifying of his private pleasures, but that all he received was but a public fund, laid by for the reward and encouragement of valor."—Edward Jones in Engineering Magazine.

Not a Clothes Peg.

Peggie Newton had been a faithful household drudge for years and had not grumbled much when her wages were occasionally passed over. But as time went on and her salary fell more and more into arrears she ventured to ask for something "on account."

"Why, haven't I paid you your wages lately, Peg? How careless of me," her mistress said. "I'm sorry I have no money in the house just now, but here's a smart cloak which I've ceased to wear and which is only a wee bit out of fashion. You'll take it in lieu of wages, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure I shan't," said Peg, wrathfully eying the faded old cloak. "A Peg I may be by name, but I won't be the sort of peg that people hang castoff clothes on—not if I know it."—London Globe.

Two Monster Beetles.

The largest bug known to the old world entomologists is the gigantic Goliath beetle, which is found along the Kongo river in Africa. Goliath is upward of six inches in length from the tip of his nose to the nether end of his hard shelled body and has a pair of gauzy wings folded up under his arms, either of which is as large as a lady's face veil. But Goliath is a pygmy when compared with the elephant beetle of Venezuela, an entomological giant which weighs nearly a pound and which has a wing spread equal to that of a mallard duck. Both of these bugs are rare.

Beating the Law.

"You are charged with going forty miles an hour," said the rural justice, "and you are fined $40."

"Judge," said the motorist, "I have only got $2."

"Well, you've got a nerve going forty miles an hour on a reserve of $2. Hand me the money."—Kansas City Journal.

In After Years.

"I live to eat," chirped the glutton. Years passed.

"Do you still live to eat?" inquired a friend one day.

The glutton sighed.

"I merely live," he admitted, "to take medicine."—Kansas City Journal.

He Liked Bacon.

Miss Literary—Are you very fond of Bacon, Mr. Saphead?

Mr. Saphead—Ya-as, especially in the mawning with eggs.

I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else.—Benjamin Franklin.

For the Boy's Sake.

A Roseville man stopped smoking for the sake of his young son. "If I smoke I shall set him a bad example," he argued and gave up tobacco with many sighs of regret. For three years he has done without the weed. The other night he found a box of little cigars in the boy's coat pocket, a well smoked brier pipe in the youngster's tool box down cellar and a pack of cigarettes in the woodshed.—Newark News.

His Experience.

"In order to succeed in any line of business," said the great merchant, who was given to the habit of moralizing, "one must begin at the bottom."

"I tried that," replied the young man with the fringed trousers, "and now I'm on my uppers."—Exchange.

Reckless Dissipation.

His Mother—Hiram, ain't you 'shamed o' yourself settin' up till half past 8 playin' solitaire? Whar you get your taste for gamblin' I don't know.—Life.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 8. 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xviii, 1-14. Memory Verses, 2, 3—Golden Text, Matt. xviii, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The question of the disciples with which this lesson begins, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" carries us far back in the history of man on the earth, even to the suggestion of the old serpent to Eve, "Ye shall be as gods" (Gen. iii, 5). His own ambition is seen in Isa. xiv, 13, 14: "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. * * * I will be like the Most High." The significance of the title "Most High God" is seen in the first use of it in Gen. xiv, 18-22, where it evidently refers to God as the possessor of heaven and earth. The great adversary's ambition, therefore, is to possess the earth and the people upon it.

The late Dr. Weston said that the Bible is the record of the conflict between God and the devil for man and his inheritance, the earth. When people join house to house and field to field, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth (Isa. v, 8), on which principle all trusts and combines seem to be carried on, it is not difficult to recognize the unseen ambitious, wicked one back of it all, who offered to our Lord all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them if He would worship him (Luke iv, 517).

The man will yet come, if he is not already in sight, who will accept this offer of the devil, and all the world will worship him whose names are not in the Book of Life (Dan. xi, 36-38, 43; Rev. xiii, 8). We need to understand this in order to be delivered from the ambition to be great even in the kingdom. He must be blind indeed who would desire greatness or power in this present evil age unless he could use it wholly for God. The lifelong motto of every believer should be, "The Lord alone shall be exalted" (Isa. ii, 11, 17).

Not only on this occasion did the idea of personal greatness lay hold of the disciples, but just after He had the second time foretold His death they by the way disputed among themselves who should be the greatest (Mark ix, 31-34). On another occasion both James and John and their mother asked for seats on His right and left hand in His kingdom and glory (Matt. xx, 20, 21; Mark x, 35-37). Then again at the last passover, on the night of His betrayal, after He had indicated Judas as His betrayer, there was a strife among them which of them would be accounted the greatest (Luke xxii, 21-24). He always taught them that genuine humility was true greatness, and, as to places in His kingdom, the Father had arranged all that, and we must leave it with Him.

On the occasion of our lesson He called a little child and set him in the midst and by an object lesson taught them humility and true greatness and also that to enter the kingdom one must become as a little child (2-4). A little child does not suggest innocence as its principal feature, for it is marvelous how early a very little child shows wilfullness and temper, yet I once heard a Roman Catholic bishop use these words about becoming as little children as a proof of the need of a purgatory, where we could somehow work off our sins until, as when we were innocent children, we would be fit for the kingdom.

The Scriptures, the reading of which the Roman Catholics do not encourage, teach us plainly that only the blood of Jesus can cleanse our sins and that His absolutely perfect righteousness, which He gives freely to all who receive Him, is our only fitness for the presence of God (Rom. iii, 24; v, 1, 9; I Cor. i, 30). A very little child is helpless, teachable, trustful, comes when called, as this child did. When we come to Him in our emptiness all His fullness becomes ours, and then we become indeed His little ones, who believe in Him (verse 6), and He counts all treatment of such little ones as done to Himself (verses 5-9).

Awful indeed are some of the words in these verses and in Mark ix, 42-48, concerning the possibility of being cast into everlasting hell fire, but how blessed the assurance that this fearful place was never prepared for man, but for the devil and his angels; that the Lord is not willing that any should perish and that those to whom He gives eternal life can never perish (verses 5, 14, 25-41; II Pet. iii, 9; John x, 28). The ministry of angels is beautifully referred to in verse 10, and that they always have access to our Father in heaven, that they minister to us here on the earth, is taught by Heb. i, 14, and many other passages. It is blessed to be able to say, because we really believe it and know something of the joy and peace of it, "I am never alone; the Lord Jesus and the angels are always with me."

In verses 11-13 we have what might be called a summary of the three parables of Luke xv, showing the joy in heaven over one sinner repenting. If we are not thus seeking lost ones, can we be said to have the mind of Christ? The incident in Matt. xix, 13-15, which is also found in Mark x, 13-16; Luke xviii, 15-17, of the little children whom He took up in His arms and blessed and said, "Of such is the kingdom of God," when the disciples would have driven them away, shows us again His heart toward them and reminds us of Zech. viii, 5.

Ancient and Modern.

Mr. Choate, the well known American diplomatist, was being shown over a very old English parish church. Pointing out an oak screen, the rector informed his visitor that it was "centuries old." "And this paneling on the door?" inquired Mr. Choate, much interested. "Oh," replied the rector, "that is quite modern! It was put up only forty years before the discovery of America, you know!"—London Globe.

Buttons Barred.

"Our collection today, my dear brethren," said the rector, "is for the clothing fund. At the same time, may I earnestly impress upon you that, though the collection is for the clothing fund, it is not necessary to contribute buttons?"

The Hero.

First Critic—I understand you saw Scribler's new comedy last night. Who played the hero? Second Critic—I did. I sat through the whole thing.—Philadelphia Record.

PROCRASTINATORS

It All Came Out Right

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"There goes Eunice Rockwell," remarked Mrs. Porter from her chair behind the honeysuckle vine. "I wonder when she and Noah are going to get married?"

"The land knows!" ejaculated her sister Fanny, craning her neck to watch the girl slowly passing the house. "They've been engaged five years now, and she's had a kitchen shower given her and a linen shower. Seem's as if the tinware would get rusty if they wait much longer."

"What ails Noah anyway?" inquired Mrs. Porter, rocking comfortably to and fro. "He's doing well and making money in the store. Can't be she's putting him off on account of her Aunt Susan."

"I should say not, when she knows Susan is just dying to break up and go to live with Anna and her husband. You know Susan told us the other day

MILLIE'S SLIM WAIST WAS ENCIRCLED BY NOAH'S ARM.

that she had a mind to break up anyway and go to Anna's. She's tired of waiting for Eunice to get married."

"It would be just like Susan Rockwell to do it, too," said Mrs. Porter.

"I wonder what would become of Eunice then?"

"Susan said her niece could be married from Anna's house just as well as here."

"I don't believe Eunice would go to Anna's."

"Perhaps she'd have to; but, just the same, if Noah Rand was my son I'd just give him a piece of my mind. The idea of keeping a girl waiting five years!" Mrs. Porter watched Eunice Rockwell's slender, erect form until it disappeared through the doorway of Noah Rand's grocery store. "She's gone to Noah's. I wonder what for?" added Mrs. Porter.

Noah Rand asked himself the same question when he saw Eunice enter the store. This was the first time she had ever visited the store since their engagement five years ago, and he thought at once that something must have happened to Aunt Susan Rockwell, with whom Eunice made her home.

"Howdy do, Eunice?" asked Noah, blushing up to the roots of his light hair. "Anything the matter with Aunt Susan?"

"She's quite well," said Eunice, with a queer strained note in her voice. "I just stopped in to say that she's going to the city to live with Anna." She did not look at Noah. Her brown eyes were studying the packages of cereals piled on the shelves.

"Good Lord!" Noah was startled. "When is she going?" he asked blankly.

"Tomorrow morning. I'm on my way to tell Horner to have the stage stop for the 9:24." Eunice still stared at the cereals. Surely, she thought, surely Noah would ask her why Aunt Susan was going, or else he would say something about their being married at once. Eunice had stepped forth from her deep reserve and given him an opening. Would he take the opportunity?

"She hasn't, she isn't breaking up?" asked Noah feebly. He knew there was something that he ought to say, that should have been said years ago; but, as he had done before, he put it off until his next visit. Time enough then. He simply couldn't ask Eunice to name their marriage day when his errand boy was sitting in the rear room with one eye on the store.

"She's not breaking up just now," said Eunice coolly. "I shall attend to that after she has gone. I must be going now. There's plenty to do."

"I'll see you tomorrow night, Eunice," said Noah in a relieved tone, although his manner was apologetic.

"Goodby," was Eunice's quiet reply.

"Goodby," said Noah.

Her errand at Horner's accomplished, Eunice Rockwell hurried home, with all her gentle nature stirred to its depths. She was frightened at the white hot anger that filled her heart. She felt that she hated Noah Rand for placing her in such a position. All Little River was looking on and commenting on their needlessly long engagement. Besides, garrulous Aunt Susan only added fuel to the flaming tongues of gossip by her open dissatisfaction at the delayed marriage.

It was not until after Aunt Susan had rocked away in the ramshackle stage with her big trunk, balancing her stout form on the other side of the vehicle, that Eunice sat down in the disordered sitting room and asked herself what was to be done about Noah Rand.

A brief summary of her wooing and engagement brought her to the conclusion that neither she nor her lover really cared for each other or there would have been an eagerness on one side or the other to make a home just for themselves. As for herself, Noah Rand had been her first admirer, and she deluded herself with the belief that she loved him. Theirs was one of those long periods of "keeping company," as it is known in Little River, followed at last by an engagement, which was proclaimed by a small moonstone ring on Eunice's slim brown finger. Every Wednesday evening Noah called to see Eunice, and every Sunday afternoon he took her for a drive in his buggy, and afterward he remained to tea and spent the evening.

If Noah's actions were any indication of his feeling for Eunice the girl now concluded that he had come to care as little for her as she did for him. She arose after awhile and went about her duties with bitter resentment in her heart. All day long she brooded over the trouble, and as the hour grew near for Noah's appearance her thoughts bore fruit, in that she put on a white dress and ran across the road to see Millie Wasson.

"Let him knock and knock again,' smiled Eunice triumphantly as she stole through the orchard toward the Wasson house. The apple trees were bending under their rosy burden of blossoms, and she paused to let a fragrant branch brush her cheek. Then her heart stood still at the dark shadow which almost touched her in its swift pace.

"Oh!" she cried sharply, and the shadow paused and put out a warm hand that closed around her arm. She stood motionless.

"Who is it?" asked the voice of Bob Wasson, Millie's brother. "You needn't answer. I know. I couldn't help but know, Eunice," he said in a queer voice, and his hand did not relax its hold. To Eunice's terror he drew her closer until his arms infolded her gently.

"Oh, Bob—Bob Wasson, let me go! You have no right," half sobbed Eunice, with a sudden realization that to be in Bob's arms was the most blissful sensation in the world.

"If you were free, Eunice, would you, could you—oh, of course, I know I'm acting like a mean cur, but I've loved you and wanted you ever since I came home and first saw you grown up. But Noah has always had a first mortgage, only he's been so tarnation long about foreclosing that I've been falling deeper and deeper all the time."

"Oh, Bob!" sobbed Eunice in accents which she intended to be reproachful, but only succeeded in making tender.

"Eunice," he cried sharply, "this is no time for quibbling. Before you run the risk of making both yourself and Noah unhappy for life tell me, do you love anybody else—me?" He pressed her cheek to his and was thrilled because she did not resist.

"I thought I had heart disease," quavered Eunice. "I used to feel so funny around my heart. You remember that night when you sang at the concert? You sang 'Because I Love You,' and—and"—

"I was singing to you, dear," whispered Bob tenderly.

The scented apple boughs brushed their young heads and scattered a drift of petals down upon them. A whippoorwill was throbbing his strange song from the old fencepost.

Footsteps swished through the long grass and stopped close beside them, and they lifted startled, guilty faces to see, standing near by and quite unaware of their presence, Millie Wasson and Noah Rand.

Strange to relate, Millie's slim waist was encircled by Noah's arm, and his fair head was bent above her dark one in an unmistakable attitude of tenderness. He had never spoken thus boldly to Eunice Rockwell.

"It's no use, Millie, dear," he was saying. "I asked Eunice to marry me, and I'm not going to throw her over, but I don't see that she cares especially for me, and, although she is the sweetest girl, I can't help loving you best," he groaned dismally.

"Throw her over!" ejaculated the energetic Millie. "If you ever mention such a thing, Noah Rand, I'll never speak to you again. But I don't know. This is very dishonorable, you see, Noah. You go right home and never tempt me again. You belong to Eunice Rockwell, whether she cares for you or not, and I feel the meanest girl in the world."

"Looks a lot as if Eunice cared for Noah, don't it, Pussy?" Bob's quiet voice broke like a bombshell behind the two, and they turned to see Eunice in his arms.

"What!" gasped Noah.

"Oh, how funny!" laughed Millie happily. "Don't you see, Noah, you blind old bat? No wonder neither of you wanted to get married. You're both in love with other people."

"I guess it's all coming out right in the end," grinned Bob Wasson.

"Just like them old fairy stories we used to hear tell about," added Noah as he wandered away hand in hand with Millie.

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The congregation followed in bewildered pursuit and saw their venerable pastor with flying robe rush into the water until it came to his neck. Then, turning round, he faced his astonished audience and said:

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"My last gesture broke the bottle. I knew the suffering the acid would cause when it penetrated my clothing and rushed for the water to save myself pain."

He drew several pieces of glass from his pocket in witness of the tale. Then he dismissed the company and hurried home.

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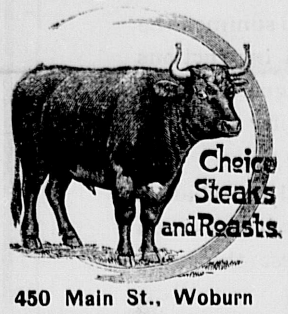

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Breaking Him In

He Had Good Grit

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Three men of the Circle C ranch met the newcomer at the railroad station and solemnly escorted him down the platform where half a dozen horses were tied to the hitching posts. Secretly they were laughing at the small, undersized chap who had actually secured a job with the Circle C outfit through the medium of a letter. If ever an individual merited the title "tenderfoot" it was the slender, pale faced newcomer, who wore a derby hat, tan shoes and a faded blue serge business suit. His manner was diffident, and his name was Irving Pinney, and he was under twenty.

"Of course you can ride," suggested Long Jenks as he tossed a careless hand in the direction of a white horse.

"Not very well," returned the other, with alarm in his voice. "I hope he isn't wild."

The white horse was meek enough and carried his timid rider without event to their early camp for the night. Long Jenks informed the newcomer that the ranch lay thirty miles beyond and they would sleep before resuming the journey. Pinney said little to his companions. He seemed merged in despondency and after eating a light supper wrapped himself in his blanket, placed his feet to the fire and went to sleep.

Something roused him in the darkest hour, and he became conscious that a whispered conversation was taking place among his companions. Long Jenks was speaking earnestly:

"Oh, pshaw! You needn't tell me I can't pick out one of that kind. Didn't I wake up half an hour ago and see

"BLAME IT ALL—SHOOT IF YOU WANTER!" HE YELLED.

this Pinney come sneaking into camp on that blue mustang of Witherbee's? He must o' heard me stirring, because he didn't stop to unsaddle. He just slipped off and laid down and pertended to be asleep. He's as mean a cattle thief as ever I see, and if I have my way he'll hang to the highest cottonwood hereabouts!" Long Jenks spoke fiercely.

"What made him come back here? Why didn't he run the critter off?" demanded Saleeby's voice.

"That's an easy one. He was going to pinch one or two more and run the lot off together and leave us—us here without a hide to git back to Circle C. Got any loading?" Pinney heard the click of revolvers and muttered remarks as the men exchanged cartridges. Then they rolled over and apparently went to sleep, for long and noisy outward demonstrations bore witness to their slumbers.

What unfortunate complication of circumstances had combined to place suspicion on him? On his very first day, too, when he was homesick and weary.

All night long he shivered in his blanket under the brooding, sultry sky. Then just as a faint grayness tinged the murky black he wriggled his way toward the spot where the ponies were staked.

There was a low whinny as his hand met a velvet nose, and his fingers trembled as they touched the dangling bit and slipped it between unwilling jaws. In another instant he had left the group of restless ponies and was speeding away through the darkness, the soft thud of hoofs leaving a trail which he felt would be followed to the death. Long Jenks had said so.

He bent his lean body to the rough mane of the horse and pounded with fists and spurless heels on the vibrating flesh. He felt the onward rush of the beast, the pumping of blood through swollen veins, as he clung to the bridle rein. Somehow the saddle became loosened and at last slid away in the darkness, almost unseating him and driving the horse almost frantic with fear. He tried to entwine his legs beneath the pony's belly. There was a numbing blow from flying hoofs and one foot hung useless. Once he turned, and the glitter of steel and a [illegible] from behind told him that the worst had happened. The line riders who had been his companions of the night before had discovered his flight and were in hot pursuit.

With despairing eyes fixed straight ahead and ears painfully alert to every sound in the rear, he urged his tired beast forward with cruelly nipping fingers. The pain from his wounded foot was maddening, and the agony sent the blood reeling to his head. His dazed eyes hunted the plain for a place of refuge. Every flashing hoofbeat thundered: "To cover!" "To cover!"

There was a sharp crack and the whistle of a bullet over his head. He turned his sandy head and laughed shrilly, but the derisive laughter changed to a cry of terror as he saw his pursuers not a hundred yards distant, their weapons leveled. The next shot would take him between the shoulders. He would be shot in the back, and they would know it at home in the east. All the blood of his forbears, heroes of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, rose and flamed in his little gray-green eyes. With a hoarse shout he swung his pony about and faced the oncoming men.

"Blame it all—shoot if you wanter!" he yelled.

The line riders pulled their dripping animals to a halt, and the tallest and leanest, Long Jenks, drew a ragged mustache between his fingers thoughtfully. "What s-say?" he drawled.

"I say, shoot if you wanter. It won't hit me in the back!" The boy's voice shook with some sudden emotion as he faced the three grim, saturnine faces.

For a moment they stared back at him; then they slipped from their saddles and rolled in the crackling sagebrush. Long Jenks was the first to recover himself.

The lad on the pony's back reddened to his unkempt hair. "I heard you talking last night—something about me stealing a blue mustang. I don't know anything about it. I never saw a blue mustang!" he muttered sullenly.

The three men rolled in the brush once more while the tenderfoot stared resentfully at them. "He ain't never seen a blue mustang!" shrieked Beese, pointing a finger at the lad's mount.

The boy looked down and a strange expression came into his homely face. When he raised his little eyes a flame flickered in their green depths. The pony which he had found ready bridled in the gray dawn and which had borne him so valiantly in his flight drooped wearily under the fierce rays of the sun. The wet coat showed a bluish gray.

"Is this the blue mustang?" asked the boy in a husky voice.

They shrieked assent. "It was a joke," they said gleefully.

"Git up there, you blamed cowards!" cried the boy fiercely, and, strange to relate, there was that in his voice that brought the three to their feet.

"Look at that there foot," he commanded of Long Jenks, and that gentleman inspected the injured and swollen foot with some concern in his good natured face.

"It sure must hurt some, sonny," he said regretfully as he backed off to a position beside his companions. It looked very much as if the tenderfoot was to be judge and jury and executioner also.

"We was only breaking you in," murmured Beese, uncomfortably, for they could all see the boy was suffering and dared not offer him any assistance in his resentful mood.

"You've gone and broke up my plans!" he flared suddenly. "I've come way out here into the God forsaken country to look for somebody and you have gone and put me back weeks in my search. She'll only have to worry that much more so's you folks could have some fun. I'd—I'd like to smash your faces!"

"I reckon we deserve it—we didn't think of doing harm. Tell us who you are looking for and mebbe we can help you. Sure, the three of us as knows the plains like an open book can do more than one lone little chap like you." When Long Jenks smiled like that he was irresistible, and the boy's somber face softened.

"It's my father I'm looking for. He and my mother disagreed about something when I was a little feller, and he went away and left her. He sends her money every month, but that isn't the proper thing. He's got to come back and be the head of the family and stand back of her or I'll know the reason why. I didn't know where he was till lately. She knew he was in the cattle country from the postmarks on his letters, and I've come to find him, but nobody seems to know the name of Pinney so far as I've come." He looked discouraged.

Hen and Beese looked at Long Jenks, and Long Jenks went white as paper and stared at the homely face of the boy, now so like his own, even to the grim mouth. The boy gazed back at him long and earnestly, and something flashed between them, and they both knew.

"You ain't got to look any further, Irving; your father's been waiting for a summons this fifteen years. He thought he wasn't wanted back there and"— He stopped and drew a brown hand across his trembling lips.

"Oh, if you could only see her, you'd know," cried the boy excitedly.

"It won't be long before we both see her," retorted Long Jenks meaningly. He stepped forward and lifted the boy from the saddle, brushing his cheek with his lips as he did so, and both of them blushed.

"Gents," said Long Jenks with becoming dignity, "I'll have to ask you to render some first aid to the injured here. My son has hurt himself a-fighting three grown men all to once."

"And his name is Sandy Grit hereafter," added Beese solemnly.

Intellect.

Knicker—Is Jones smart enough to set the river afire? Bocker—No, but he is smart enough not to get up to build the fire himself.—New York Sun.

Grim Humor.

Hokus—I will tell you, an operation for appendicitis is no joke. Pokus—No, but if it were it would be a sidesplitting one.—Life.

GET WHAT YOU WANT.

You Can Finally Grasp It if You Are Persistent and Patient.

Get what you want in this world. It's here waiting for you. All you have to do is to reach for it. If you reach hard enough and far enough and long enough you'll get it, no matter what it is you want.

Suppose you are foolish enough to want great wealth. You can get it. But to get it you must make up your mind that you want wealth; that you want it above everything else in the world.

Observe an industrious alien with a pushcart. He wants $1,000. He sleeps in a cellar. He rises at 4. He works till 10 at night. He denies himself food to save. Some day he will have his thousand dollars.

"But," you protest, "I can't sleep in a cellar. I'm above running a pushcart." Very well, then. There is little likelihood that you will ever be rich. There are other things that you want more than wealth—your comfort, your social position.

Suppose you are more sensible. Suppose that it is success you want. Good! There are few joys in this world that can compare with the joy of achievement. Set your mark and start climbing toward it. You'll reach it if you keep at it. Be persistent and be patient. If you are in Maine you can't wish yourself in California. You can't get there overnight, either. But you'll get there some time if you start and keep going, even if you go on your hands and knees.

But remember this: No man ever climbs higher than the mark he sets himself. No man ever reaches the top walking sideways. No man achieves who keeps turning back.

And one thing more:

Pick your apple carefully before you start to climb the tree. Some apples are sour.—William Johnston in American Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

Neither Original Nor Enlightened, Is Helen Keller's Verdict.

I doubt if the women in Shakespeare's comedies are to be taken seriously. They are pretty creatures intended to be played by boys. They are the vehicle of any more or less fitting strain of poetry which happens to please the poet. Alice in Wonderland is a very real little girl, but one would not make a grave, scholarly analysis of the traits of character which she displays in her encounter with the mock turtle. Neither should we press too heavily upon Shakespeare's poetry to extract his beliefs about women. The unrivaled sonnets voice the praise and also the petulant dissatisfaction of a man in love or pretending to be in love for the purpose of poetry. The woman worship in the sonnets and in the glowing passages of the plays spoken by gallants in pursuit of their ladies is only the conventional romanticism common in medieval and renaissance literature.

Shakespeare's phrasing outflies that of all other poets. But his ideas of women are neither original nor enlightened. In studying the social ideas of a writer and his time we often learn more from his unconscious testimony than from his direct eloquence. Portia is wise, witty, learned, disguised as a man; but she is disposed of without protest through her father's will and its irrational accidents to a commonplace bankrupt courtier, and the tacit implication is that she is happily bestowed. Where Shakespeare brings Portia's career to an end a modern comedy would begin. In the other plays the delightful heroine is hurried off at the close of the fifth act into the possession of a man whom she would not look at if she were as wise and strong and witty as the situations have represented her.—Helen Keller in Metropolitan.

Punsters.

Douglas Jerrold, when challenged to make a pun on the zodiac, replied, "By Gemini, I Can-cer."

Theodore Hook, when he was improvising at a party, and a Mr. Winter, a well known inspector of taxes, was announced, went on without a moment's break in his performance:

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes.
I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes.
I'd advise ye to give him without any flummery.
For though his name's Winter his actions are summary.

The Danger.

A lawyer while conducting his case cited the authority of a doctor of law yet alive.

"My learned friend," interrupted the judge, "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."—Nos Loisirs.

Cause and Effect.

"Mrs. Smythe has a beautiful new plume for her hat."

"I thought so. I just met her husband."

"Did he tell you about it?"

"No, but he looked as if he had just been plucked."—Houston Post.

Backhanded.

Bess—I don't like that Mr. Cutting. Jess—That's unkind of you. I heard him say something awfully sweet about you yesterday. Bess—Oh, did he? What was it? Jess—He said he imagined you must have been perfectly charming as a girl.—Cleveland Leader.

The Turkish Fez.

The Turk's devotion to the fez is clearly explained by Duckett Ferriman: "The prejudice against the hat rests on a religious basis. If the ramaz (form of prayer) is rightly performed the forehead must touch the ground. The brim of a hat or the peak of a cap would prevent this."—London Globe.

A Beautiful Sight.

"There is no such thing as true friendship."

"Oh, yes, there is. Did you never remark the implicit trust and confidence existing between two girls who have known each other for about a week?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HAWAII'S VOLCANO INFERNO.

A Peep Into Kilauea's Lake of Brimstone and Fire.

Kilauea, in Hawaii, is a round, extinct crater about three miles across and 700 or 800 feet deep. It has been the scene of terrific explosions in past ages, but it has now dwindled to the small active crater of Halemaumau, which is sunk near the middle of it like a huge pot, 200 or more feet deep and 1,000 feet across.

In the midafternoon a party of eight of ten of us on horseback set out to visit the volcano. The trail led down the broken and shelving side of the crater, amid trees and bushes, till it struck the floor of lava at the bottom. Our course took us out over the cracked and contorted lava beds, where no green thing was growing. The forms of the lava flow suggested mailed and writhing dragons, with horrid, gaping mouths and vicious claws. The lava crunched beneath the horses' feet like shelly and brittle ice. At one point we passed over a wide, jagged crack on a bridge. As we neared the crater the rocks grew warm and sulphur and other fumes streaked the air.

When half a mile from the crater we dismounted and, leaving our horses in charge of the guide, proceeded on foot over the cracked and heated lava rocks toward the brink of this veritable devil's caldrom. The sulphur fumes are so suffocating that it can be approached only on the windward side. The first glance into that fearful pit is all that your imagination can picture it. You look upon the traditional lake of brimstone and fire, and if devils were to appear skipping about over the surface with pitchforks, turning their victims as the cook turns her frying crullers in the sputtering fat, it would not much surprise you. This liquid is rather thick and viscid, but it is boiling furiously. Great masses of it are thrown up forty or fifty feet and fall with a crash like that of the surf upon the shore.

The mass of boiling lava is said to be about one and one-half acres in extent. Its surface is covered with large masses of floating crust, black and smooth, like leather or roofing paper, and between these masses, or islands, the molten lava shows in broad, vivid lines. It is never quiet.

Looking upon this scene with the thought of the traditional lake of fire and brimstone of our forefathers in mind, you would say that these black, filthy looking masses floating about on the surface were the accumulation of all the bad stuff that had been fried out of the poor sinners since hell was invented. How much wickedness and uncharity and evil thought it would represent! If the poor victims were clarified and made purer by the process, then it would seem worth while.—John Burroughs in Century.

Helping the Books.

Persons about to install new libraries or those who find their books in bad condition will be glad of the advice offered on this subject by a writer in Les Annales (Paris). Glass cases should always be avoided except for a few precious volumes which are specially looked after and frequently dusted since the confined atmosphere and lack of air circulation in such bookcases are favorable to the development of germs, insects and mold. "Secondly," adds the Scientific American, "the simple precaution should be taken of placing on the shelves behind the books strips of cloth or flannel moistened with benzine, phenol, tobacco juice or turpentine. These strips give excellent results if renewed from time to time."

One of the Stipulations.

A vegetarian engaged a German cook lady not long ago. His wife liked the appearance of the applicant. Her references were good and the wages she demanded not exorbitant.

"I'd like to have you come," said the lady of the house, "but perhaps you won't want to live with us. We are vegetarians and never have any meat in the house. Would you be satisfied with a vegetable diet?"

The fraulein scratched her head.

"Vell," she said dubiously, "iss beer a wegetable?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Word Blindness.

Verbal antipathies are common. Most of us hate the feel, so to speak, of certain words—"victuals," for instance. Is verbal astigmatism prevalent, too, we wonder? We never know the difference between "subjective" and "objective," and we have a high respect for writers who use those words intelligently. "Ingenuous" and "disingenuous" always puzzle us too.—Franklin P. Adams in Metropolitan.

Sharp Tongued Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt is quoted as having paid her respects to Isabella of Bavaria, consort of Charles VI. of France, in this wise: "It is to her that we owe the invention of the corset, but it was she, too, who sold the half of France to England. There was no crime of which that woman was not capable."

Told Her Why.

"I'd like to know why you hired a young woman for a typewriter?" demanded Mrs. Hilow of her husband.

"So I could have some one to dictate to," replied the unhappy man.—New York Sun.

The Way He Put It.

He—I have a compliment for you, dear. She—What is it? He—Mrs. Jones says you have the handsomest husband in town.—Life.

Go on and make errors and fall and get up again. Only go on!—Brackett.

Her Last Card.

"I want a new bonnet, but my husband says he can't afford it."

"Is that final, do you suppose?"

"He says it is, but I won't know until tonight."

"Going to get a definite answer then?"

"Yes. I'm going to settle it one way or the other. I'm going to start to cry when he gets home, and if that doesn't work there'll be no new bonnet."—Detroit Free Press.

THE EARTH CRUST

Its Density, Its Thickness and the Pressure It Exerts.

A BAR TO WORLD EXPLOSION.

The Reasons Why This Old Planet of Ours, With All Its Pentup Fiery, Volcanic or Gaseous Forces at Work, Could Never Be Blown to Fragments.

Some writers have accounted for the asteroids on the theory that they are the fragments of a world that from some unknown cause has been exploded in its orbit. Similarly, many have thought that perhaps at some distant time, when the seas shall have been drunk up into the cracked and thickened crust of the age shrunken earth and the volcanoes—those vents of the fiery interior—shall have become choked and extinct, the pentup gases generated from the descending moisture by the still great internal heat may actually explode the old earth like a veritable bombshell.

But that can never happen.

In 1883 Krakatoa, a sleepy old volcano on a small island in the strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, began to show marked signs of uneasiness. Round the volcano the quaking earth opened enormous fissures in the bottom of the sea, down which rushed Niagaras of water. Then the fissures closed and confined the engulfed flood in the hot subterranean depths. The water was quickly converted into steam, the steam into dissociated gases, without room for expansion. It exerted a pressure equal to that of the strongest dynamte.

The great chimney of Krakatoa, sealed since the memory of man, barred the normal path of escape. Higher and higher mounted the pressure under the huge mass of the volcano; then, of a sudden, came a blast that actually shook the earth. Never before in historic time had there been such a shock. The whole top of the old mountain was blown into the sky. The recoil was distinctly felt clear through the terrestrial ball.

This great cataclysm has been cited as an indication of the power of the pentup forces that may some day disrupt the earth itself. Let us examine the underlying principles that must guide us in passing judgment on the correctness of this theory.

An explosive compound is a combustible combined mechanically or chemically either with oxygen or with an oxidizing substance that will burn without the help of atmospheric oxygen.

Among the most powerful high explosives are nitrogelatin and picric acid, each of which has a density more than one and a half times that of water. The products of their combustion are nearly all gaseous, whereas the products of the combustion of ordinary black gunpowder are less than half gaseous. The larger part is the solid matter that makes the smoke.

The energy that a high explosive can exert depends on the volume of the gases liberated and the temperature to which the heat of the explosion can raise them.

The exact temperature of the gases liberated by a high explosive at the instant of detonation is not absolutely known, but may be approximately learned through chemical experiment. Nor is the amount of pressure known with absolute certainty. It is probable, however, that nitroglycerin, nitrogelatin and picric acid, when detonated in a confined space, exert a pressure somewhere between 300,000 and 500,000 pounds to the square inch.

If we assume that the earth crust has a density five times that of water and that its average thickness is fifty miles, then it follows that it exerts a pressure of more than 500,000 pounds to the square inch; if the crust is a hundred miles thick, then the pressure is more than a million pounds to the square inch—a pressure certainly greater than the expansive force exerted by the most powerful high explosive. Plainly, no quantity of high explosive detonated under the crust of the earth would be able to lift it, and consequently we know that no world of the size of the earth can ever explode from its own pentup internal forces.

If, then, no high explosive force is sufficient to blow up a world the size of the earth, how can worlds explode? There is only one way in which the heavenly bodies can become possessed of sufficient energy actually to blow up, and that is by collision.

The stars are flying about in space with velocities that range all the way from five miles a second to 500 miles a second.

If two celestial orbs, traveling each at a velocity of 200 miles a second, met in a head-on collision they would be fused and gasified by the impact, and the heat generated would be sufficient to break up the matter of both into its ultimate elements and to expand it into nebulous haze. This is the way in which science says that new suns, new nebulae and new stars are born.—Hudson Maxim in Youth's Companion.

Sorry He Spoke.

He—I'd like to know what enjoyment you can find in going from store to store looking at things you haven't the least idea of buying. She—I know I can't buy them, but there is a sort of melancholy pleasure in thinking that I could have bought them if I had married George Scads when I had the chance instead of taking you.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.—Richter.

Her Mark Down Mania.

Mrs. Benham—You are always making mountains out of molehills. Benham—And you are always marking mountains down to molehills.—New York Press.

Not a Permanent Return.

"I see your married daughter is home again."

"Yes, but only for a visit, my dear—only for a visit."—Detroit Free Press.

The Woburn Journal.

G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13, 1912

LET US HAVE PEACE.

With the election of last Tuesday we trust that the political turmoil that has raged so furiously for the greater part of this year 1912 in this county has ceased and that the dear "peepul" about whose future welfare so many cheap political demagogues have been so solicitous and fearful lest they go astray, will now be given an opportunity to attend strictly to their business of earning an honest living, and let us all have a few months of peace from things political.

While the result of the election was not what we had hoped, yet there is much in it to be thankful for. We hope for a still further improvement next year if the citizens movement for a non-partizan city government will get to work a little earlier in the season than they did this year, and thus enable the voters to more thoroughly understand their opportunities and profit by them.

Though comparisons are sometimes considered to be odious yet we do feel that a step forward has been made in the composition of the new city government that takes up the reins after the 1st of January over the present one soon to expire.

The new Mayor-elect comes from the younger set and nothing so far as we know can be said against him other than his inexperience in the management of large affairs in a judicious manner; he is young and capable of learning in the dear school of experience, and has a golden opportunity before him if he will but grasp it and when opportunity offers gather about him good and able advisers, men of affairs, who can give him the proper advice he needs for his future conduct instead of relying upon those who know no more of such business than he does himself, or who seek only an opportunity at the public crib.

The new Board of Alderman that now appear to be elected is undoubtedly a great improvement over that of 1912 and will no doubt give such aid and assistance as the new Mayor will require in the proper, legitimate and lawful performance of his duties to all the citizens regardless of any particular party, set or clique. Will he do it?

We have reason also to be thankful that the voters so decidedly set their seal of disapproval upon the demagogic appeals to make a political football of the School Committee. The management of the public schools ought by right to be wholly eliminated from politics forever. The new members of this Board are far superior to some of the old Board, as well as to eleventh hour prospective candidates; in that aspect at least the city has gained.

And last, but by no means the least, cause for congraulation is the increased majority in favor of no-license which this year stands at 441.

INDORSES McCALL.

Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman of Somerville, an ex-Congressman, and for many years a well-known figure in the Republican party, has come out in indorsement of Congressman Samuel W. McCall, his friend and successor, as candidate for the United States Senatorship from Massachusetts.

In his statement Mr. Bowman says: "I do not know of anyone in public life who has more neglected and refused to bring personal influence to bear in his behalf in political campaigns than has Mr. McCall during his 20 years' services in Congress.

"If ever there was a time in the history of the country when there was need of cool, calm, level-headed, experienced and able men in Congress, now is the time.

"The electors will make no mistake if they elect Mr. McCall, against whom nothing can be said and for whom so much can be said."

It is generally conceded for a fact that the people of Massachusetts at the recent November election unqualifiedly and with a majority sufficiently large to admit of no mistake in that direction gave their verdict in favor of a Republican to be sent to the U. S. Senate as the successor of W. Murray Crane.

There are practically three pronounced candidates for that coveted honor, to say nothing of those that have had honorable mention, and those three are Ex-Gov. E. S. Draper, Con. John W. Weeks of the 13th District and Con. Samuel W. McCall of the present 8th District, all of them able men, but of the three we think the best fitted by experience ability, sound judgment, truly progressive ideas and independence of character for that position is the Hon. Samuel W. McCall.

Ex-Gov. Draper has had no schooling in National affairs and the people of the State by a decisive vote of more than 30,000 only two years ago turned him down for another term as Governor. Congressman Weeks has already been reelected to succeed himself in the 13th District and it is admitted on all sides that he alone was able to carry his district for the Republicans and if he should be elected to the Senatorship the vacancy thus created would be filled by a Democrat.

If Congressman McCall is chosen Senator the country will have a continuance of his valuable services as well as those of Congressman Weeks. But if Weeks is chosen we not only lose McCall's services to the Nation but will also probably have a Democrat to succeed him in such an event.

The only logical selection for the Republicans to make is the election of McCall.

☞ The November number of *The Writer*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests and help of all literary workers, is at hand It contains many articles of merit, short practical talks on topics connected with literary work, personal gossip about authors and their work. It is published by *The Writer* Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, William H. Hills, Editor.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Post 161 G. A. R will hold its next regular meeting Thursday evening, Dec. 19.

— Mrs, William C Stephenson entertained the Lend-a-Hand Club at her home Wednesday evening.

— Mr. Elmer E. Silver entertained a party of about seventy-five friends and co-workers at his home on Arlington Road election evening.

— The first neighborhood gathering of the G. A. R Posts of Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose and Woburn will occur at Wakefield, Dec. 18.

— The King's Daughters of the M. E. church will hold a rummage sale this afternoon in the store formerly occupied by the Holdridge Hardware Co.

— Mrs. Mary T. Chapin of Boston gave a talk on the "New Thought" before a company of about thirty at the home of Mrs C W. Gilbert, Montvale ave, Wednesday afternoon.

— The Les Douze Club will hold its regular weekly meeting this afternoon with Miss Evelyn Buckman, 644 Main street. Whist will be played as usual.

— Herbert L. Clark, a Woburn boy son of W. Horatio Clarke of Reading, the eminent cornet virtuoso who for many seasons has been the leading cornetist in Sousa's band in its travels all over the world, has retired from the profession and in the future will devote his talents and energies to the manufacture of musical instruments in Elkhard, Ind. We wish him success in his new venture.

— The Glen Ridge Club will meet with Mrs. Wm. A. Russell, 216 Cambridge street, next Wednesday afternoon.

— Mrs. Sarah McDonald, widow of Charles McDonald, passed away at her home in Beach street Wednesday after a long illness. She was a charter member of Burbank Relief Corps 84. Funeral services will be held at her late home this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

— Towanda Club held one of its popular Ladies' Nights last Monday evening. Mr. Edward H. Frye was the entertainer and gave "Cap'n Warren's Wards," in his usual delightful manner. Refreshments were served and dancing, bowling and pool followed.

— Rev. Mr. Estes has extended an invitation to all the patriotic societies in the city to attend a service at the Methodist Church, Church, Sunday, Dec. 29, to commemorate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Estes will deliver an address appropriate to the occasion.

— The Dec. meeting of the Mothers' Association will be held next Tuesday evening at 7.45 in Hanson school hall. Senator Wilmot R Evans, Jr. of Boston will speak on "Industrial Education." Solos by Mrs Elsie Temple of Bedford, Mass. Fathers and men interested in the subject are invited, and also the teachers in the public schools and the School Board.

— Mount Horeb Lodge, A. F. and A. M. held a special Communication Wednesday evening. The Third degree was worked on four candidates. The Degree Work was done by Worthy Master Charles H. Buss and Past Master Richard H. Mack assisted by Past Masters from Nashua, N. H., and Charlestown Lodges. Selections were given by the Lotus Quartette. Refreshments were served.

— A pair of horses attached to a market wagon owned by William Crosby of Billerica took fright at the parade and glare of red fire during the celebration Tuesday evening and backed against the fence on the embankment near the railroad crossing on Winn street. The wagon went through the fence, over the bank, the breaking of the truncheon bolt saving the horses and driver. The wagon was overturned and contents scattered During the stampede and rush to the side of the road at the time of the Crosby accident William Meehan, 15 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Meehan of Chestnut street, was pushed through the boards of the fence and fell a distance of 25 feet breaking the bones in his right ank'e.

Methodist Church

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

Next Sunday morning Rev. F. M. Estes will speak on "Fighting With Wild Beasts." Music by the chorus under the direction of Mrs. H. Frank Keeler.

At 7 o'clock the pastor will renew his work with the series of Sermons on The New Life, his subject being "The Rich Young Ruler, or Aspiration and Achievement." (A sermon for young men)

The Epworth League service will be conducted by Mr. Hubbard Copeland Topic: "The Power of Preaching."

Fires Of The Week.

The alarm from Box 56 at 12.30 Monday noon was for a supposed fire in the basement of a building corner of Cross and Main streets owned by Edward Ahern. A valve of a steam boiler blew out filling the cellar with steam. No damage.

Box 85 at 4.30 Monday afternoon was for a small barn just over the line in Burlington. The nearest hydrant was so far away that 1450 feet of hose was used to reach the blaze. The barn was entirely destroyed but the house was saved. The buildings were owned by Mr. Smith of Charlestown.

Box 64 at 10 25 Tuesday evening was for a fire in an old barn on Winn street. No damage.

Hose 6 was called at 11 15 P. M. Sunday night on a still alarm to extinguish a grass fire in the rear of the Cutter estate, Main street. Monday morning Hose 6 was called to a grass fire in the rear of Dr. Kelley's residence Main street.

Hose 1 was called by still alarm Sunday afternoon to a brush fire in the rear of T. F. Boyle's patent leather shop, Cross street, which threatened the boiling shed.

At 5 o'clock Monday morning Hose 1 was called to a chimney fire in a house on Everett street.

At 11.05 Tuesday morning Hose 4 was called out to extinguish a brush fire in Montvale.

Hose 1 was called out twice at 7.15 and 7 45 Wednesday evening to extinguish grass fires caused by sparks from passing locomotives.

Man Coughs And Breaks Ribs.

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonsful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure its a Godsend to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo. "for I believe I would have consumption today, if I had not used this great remedy." Its guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle or 50 cent or $1.00 size at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

"Garments of Vengeance"

The *Boston Daily Globe's* New Serial Will Make One of the Biggest Hits of the Year on Account of its Startling Plot and Powerful Telling—it Begins December 28.

Truth is stranger than fiction, hence the fiction that comes nearest to truth is the kind that makes the biggest hit. Such a story is "The Garment of Vengeance," which will begin in the *Boston Daily Globe* Saturday, Dec. 28.

This is one of the greatest mystery stories ever written, and will appear in New England only in the *Boston Daily Globe*. Read "Garment of Vengeance" in the *Boston Daily Globe* Saturday, December 28.

Have a laugh whenever you can; it will do you good. You can get more hearty laughs out of the *Boston Daily Globe's* Comics than you can anywhere else. Get the jolly habit and watch every day for "Home Wanted by a Baby" (the latest hit in Funnydom), "Foxy Grandpa," "Hank and Knobs" "The Economical Husband" and "Vivian and Viola." Arrange to have the *Boston Globe* in your home every day in the year.

Ends Hunt For Rich Girl.

Often the hunt for a rich wife ends when the man meets a woman that uses Electric Bitters. Her strong nerves tell in a bright brain and even temper. Her peach-bloom complexion and ruby lips result from her pure blood; her bright eyes from restful sleep; her elastic step from firm, free muscles, all telling of the health and strength Electric Bitters give a woman, and the freedom from indigestion, backache, headache, fainting and dizzy spells they promote. Everywhere they are woman's favorite remedy. If weak or ailing try them. 50c at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Mrs. Bethiah Simonds Whitford.

Mrs. Bethiah Simonds Whitford passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James E Fowle, 12 Auburn street, Monday morning. She was born in Benford, July 23, 1821, her maiden name being Simonds. She was the widow of Hiram Whitford. She was a sister of the late Edward Simonds and Mrs Edward F. Johnson is a neice. At the time of her death she was the oldest member of the First Congregational church, having been a member for 66 years. She is survived by two children, Mrs. James E. Fowle of this city, and a son of Alfred H. Whitford, the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Buffalo, N. Y.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon in the First Congregational Church and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Norton assisted by Rev. Fred M. Estes.

The active bearers at the funeral were her son, her grandsons, Chester R. Fowle and J. Selwyn Fowle, and Judge E F. Johnson. Her honorary bearers were Everett E. Thompson, Fred J Bromn, Fred A. Hartwell and C. H. Jaquith.

Burial was at Woodbrook cemetery.

Mrs. Julia Garland.

Mrs. Julia Garland passed away at her home, 16 Everett street, last Saturday morning after an illness lasting about a week. Mrs. Garland was born here, May 16, 1829, the daughter of Joshua and Almira Stoddard, and has always lived in Woburn. She had been a member of the First church for many years. She is survived by two children, a son, Granville Garland of this city, and a daughter, Mrs. Charles F Lyford of Milford, and one grandson, Fletcher Lyford. Mr. Garland died several years ago. Funeral services were held from her late home Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Norton. Interment was at Woodbrook.

Mrs. J. Byron Pearsons.

Mrs. Ida Pearsons, wife of J. Byron Pearsons, whose boyhood home was at 635 Main street, in the house recently vacated by Mr. Horace Conn, died at her home in Stoneham Monday at the age of 54. She was born in Woburn the daughter of John W. and Caroline Brown Knight. She leaves besides her husband, a daughter, Mrs. Earl K Martin, and a son, Albert B Pearsons. Funeral services were held at her late home Tuesday afternoon and interment was in Woburn.

A noble nature can alone attract the noble and alone knows how to retain them.—Goethe.

LOCAL NOTES.

— The Republicans won out in the School Committee contest in which 2924 votes were cast by men and 1845 by women.

— Rev. William Carey Barrows, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city, is seriously ill at his home in Maine.

— Mayor-Elect Wm. H. Henchy leaves to day for New York State where he will rest for a few days after his strenuous campaign.

— Mrs Phoebe D'Oyley of Los Angeles, Calif., with her two daughters, is visiting her brother, Joseph Linnell, of 133 Montvale avenue.

— Mr. and Mrs. Daniel N. Hood, of 23 Pleasant street, left yesterday for Ipswich where they will make their future home with their daughter.

— The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Church will meet this afternoon. Papers will be given on Woman in Old China, by Mrs. Almira Brown; New Woman in China, Mrs. Fred F. Brown; Notes from the Field, Mrs. Harriet S. Patten.

— The Industrial Society of the Baptist Church held its monthly business meeting in the church parlor yesterday afternoon. An excellent supper was served at 6.30 by a committee of ladies of which Mrs. George H. Taylor was chairman. The entertainment which followed was of a high order of merit, and consisted of piano solos by Miss Louise Locke of Lowell, songs by Miss Mabel Wilson of Stoneham, and an address by Rev. W. B. Whitney of Somerville, who took for his subject "The Man Who Stands Still," giving a most entertaining and helpful talk.

To Mothers In This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. At all Druggists, 25c, Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Theosophical Path.

As one of the handsomest and most interesting of the Christmas issues, the December number of The Theosophical Path (the official organ of the Theosophical Movement, edited by Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, Cal.) takes a prominent place. Appropriate to the season are two noteworthy articles, "The Christos Legend and its Meaning," by Gertrude van Pelt, M. D., and "The Message of Christmastide," by Charles Maxon. We quote from the latter: "Were we to look only at the outer picture of the world, we might well be appalled, we might well proclaim the message of peace and goodwill a failure and a mockery; but there is an inner fact in human nature, forgotten, set at naught, profaned, defiled and denied, yet unconquerable, reasserting itself though rebuffed ten million times. It is this fact, the central, most stupendous fact and reality in life, that at the very heart of things is Divinity Itself, that at the very core and root of our being is the Divine Essence, Immortal, Unchangeable, Sun-bright, Glorious, Pure: it is this fact that all unknowing we celebrate on Christmas morning; it is this gracious fact, that all unknown to ourselves, prevents us from the suicide of utter despair when we face the awful picture of the world's injustice, suffering and conflict."

"On Fiction," by Kenneth Morris, is a distinct and notable contribution to literature. Mr. Morris also contributes one of his exquisite poems, "The Gods." "A remarkable Philosopher of the Renaissance," by Oswald Siren, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art in the University of Stockholm, is an intensely interesting account of one of the most remarkable men of the Middle Ages, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola (born 1463). A special feature of this issue is the first of a series of articles by the well known writer, Dr. George Wharton James, on "The Zunis of New Mexico, describing their daily life and customs. The article is well illustrated.

A strong indictment against Capital Punishment is made in "A Blot Upon The Record," by Lydia Ross, M. D. The Spirit of the Age is summoned to render his account to the Recording Angel, who hears each era tell the story of the pictures which it paints upon the screen of time.

The illustrations, which as always make this magazine one of the most attractive published, include several views of Lomaland, and the Christmas festivities at the Raja Yoga College, also pictures of Peru.

Makes The Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. Its the quick healer of boils, ulcers, exzema, sore lips or piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

A Christmas Suggestion.

To your friend who enjoys good reading you can make no better or more acceptable Christmas gift than a subscription to the *Boston Evening Transcript*.

The publishers have issued a neatly engraved subscription certificate to be given to those ordering the paper as a holiday offering, which may be sent by mail to reach the recipient at Christmas time.

Free sample copies and rates will be cheerfully furnished by the *Boston Evening Transcript* Co., Boston, Mass.

An Ants' Sewing Circle.

A party of German naturalists recently returned from Ceylon have reported the existence of a species of ant that has been observed in the act of sewing two leaves together for the purpose of forming a nest. This report confirms the observations of the English naturalist Ridley, made in 1890. They saw a row of the insects pulling the edges of leaves together, then others trimming and fitting the edges, and finally the completion of the work by still other ants which fastened the edges with a silky thread yielded by larvae of the same species the workers carried in their mandibles. It is said that the sewing ants pass the thread giving larvae like shuttles through holes in the edges of the leaves.—Boston Post.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Something decidedly new and novel in the way of vaudeville productions is announced for B. F. Keith's Theatre next week in Jesse L. Lasky's new operetta, "In The Barracks." This production is a one act military comic opera from the German, translated and Americanized by Cecil DeMille, and Grant Stewert, with musical score by Robert Hood Bowers. With its scene laid in the barracks of the Royal Prussian Hussars in an old castle near Berlin, the story affords exceptional opportunity for elaborate scenic and costume effects. The company is a large one, and is headed by Myles McCarthy Nellie Brewster, and Frank Rushworth with a chorus of twenty hussars and Viennese ladies. The martial music, the brilliant military uniforms, pretty girls, bright dialogue, lilting airs, and clever lyrics all go to make "In The Barracks" one of the best productions Mr Lasky has ever turned out. The musical score is exceptionally tuneful, among the song hits being, "The Call To Arms," "The Emperor's Own Hussars," "I Love You Best of All," and "Farewell To The Flag." Edwin Ford and his big dancing carnival will be still another spectacular feature of the week. Assisted by a large troupe of dancers, Mr. Ford will present a dance review in four scenes, introducing all the various kinds of dancing, including a Scotch dance, a Quaker dance, A Wild West dance and several eccentric solo numbers. Other big features of the bill will be Mack and Orth in their musical oddity, "The Wrong Hero;" Belle Story, the singing comedienne; Dolan and Lenharr in "Almost a Mind Reader;" Kitty Traney and her trained horses and dogs; and Conrad and Whidden, two newcomers from the West.

THE PARK.

Next Monday Rose Stahl will begin the last two weeks of her engagement at the Park Theatre in Charles Klein's play of department store life "Maggie Pepper." When Miss Stahl concludes her stay on Saturday night, Dec. 28, she will have appeared at the Park Theatre for 17 weeks a record equalled by no other star or play in Boston this season and by few in New York where long runs are usually the rule. This will be the only engagement which Miss Stahl will play in New England, therefore out-of-town playgoers who desire to see the one big dramatic hit of the year must visit the Park Theatre within the next two weeks. The matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday and particular attention is given to orders received by mail. Above all "Maggie Pepper" is a comedy, and as a comedy the best type of entertainment. It sends the spectator home with a feeling that all's well with the world and that there is great joy in just being alive. No one who delights in the pleasure of the theatre should miss seeing Miss Stahl in "Maggie Pepper."

BOSTON THEATRE.

Without a question of a doubt, the appearance of Eddie Foy and his seventy five players and special train load of gorgeous costumes, scenic and electrical display announced for Monday, Dec. 16, at the Boston is one of the welcome hits, theatrically, of the day.

Eddie Foye, himself, is a powerful feature and recognized as the drollest comedian of effervescent, natural-born humor on the American stage. He is a whole show in himself in his latest merry novelty, "Over the River," and New York critics were unanimous in proclaiming this latest role of his as his greatest success.

The song hits are all whistling favorites, while the "Cabaret" scene, with its riotous fun and the dancing "Berlin Madcaps," with their merry pranks, became the talk of Broadway during the engagement there.

Eddie Foy first appears as the wealthy Madison Parke, a man about town, always immaculately dressed and giving his friends a good time. He is present during a wild scene in a Broadway cafe and ends up in a police court with a sentence of thirty days "over the river." For one act he is then hiding his identity beneath a suit of stripes on Blackwell's Island, where his native wit and comedy make him the pet of the women engaged in prison reform. Even with this brief outline of his musical piece, it can be seen that Mr. Foy is equipped with a work to furnish nothing but fun. His admirers will be glad to know that they are to see him at his best.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Hollis Street Theatre, enters upon her second and positively farewell week beginning Monday, Dec. 16th. During the past week "Rebecca" won each heart with her youthful charms. In these days when every play has a purpose or a preachment, and the uplift impulse is strong in our midst, the drama without a problem comes like the refreshing showers in a summer drought. And "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is such a play. Episodical, in the manner of many dramatized novels, it depends for success upon the freshness of purity of theme and the keenness with which the Yankee types are drawn.

Mrs. Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson have most happily presented such well-remembered incidents as Rebecca's arrival at the Brick House, where the stiff routine forces her to run away; the soap peddling excursion that introduces Mr Aladdin, and incidentally the love motif; the pathetic Simpson family; finally graduation day when Rebecca, standing on the threshold of womanhood faces the future, with a promise of future happiness to be shared with Mr. Aladdin. These somewhat unrelated scenes are fused together by the many little happenings of New England village life, and four artistic settings add an atmospheric background. Edith Taliaferro is so identified with the part of Rebecca that impersonation is forgotten in her naive and ingenuous handling of the role and she seems only a child in years. The long dress of the final scene comes as a complete surprise. Archie Boyd is again the jovial, whole-souled stage driver, comforting Rebecca in her troubles, and playing the rustic diplomat for all Riverboro.

CAN'T AFFORD IT?

Let's figure it out and see

How much would you charge to go the grocers's or the provison dealer's?

How much would you give, on a stormy day, to be able to visit a distant friend?

How much would it be worth, in case your child were taken suddenly ill at night, to be able to summon the doctor at once, and, perhaps, by special instructions from him by wire, to be able to give temporary relief pending his arrival or even to save it's life?

The expense of a telephone is not figured by what it costs for a whole year, but by how much it saves each time it is used. Therefore, with all these things in mind, ask yourself

Can I Afford to be Without a Telephone?

If you need further details as to cost, ask the Local Manager

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE TREMONT.

Only two weeks more will bring to a close the remarkable engagement of Mr Henry Miller and his excellent company in "The Rainbow" at the Tremont Theatre. For six weeks the public has been supporting this splendid attraction with a succession of large audiences and the emphatic approval it has placed on these performances has done much to enhance the popularity of this able actor-manager in this community. The stage of today has too few workers who really dignify its characters for one not to feel that too much encouragement cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Miller and his efforts.

Henry Miller is not only a man of high opinions and keen taste, but, he has the courage to back his judgment once it is formed. It is in "The Rainbow" that his admirable skill as a stage director is especially manifest. Its story unfolds so simply and yet so interestingly under his experienced preparation it all might have happened in real life.

Particularly fortunate was he when he secured that delightful young actress Miss Ruth Chatterton, who lends so much charm to "The Rainbow" by her tender girlish characterization of the daughter. Seats for all final performances, including Christmas matinee and evening have been placed on sale at the Tremont Theatre box office.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4 30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 7, Julia A. Garland, aged 83 years, 6 months, 21 days.

In this city, Dec. 8, Bethiah S. Whitford, aged 91 years, 4 months, 16 days.

In this city, Dec. 9, Noula Boliches, aged 16 years.

Move On Now!

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows, 25c. at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

NOTICE.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:
Woburn, Mass.:

I, Sarah M. Lord, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that Deposit Book numbered 11,843 issued to me, has been lost or destroyed; and, pursuant to the provisions of Section 40 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

SARAH M. LORD.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Dec. 11, 1912. 13-20-27

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the State Board of Insanity, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John C. Nichols of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward for his maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of December, A.D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy thereof to the State Board of Insanity seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of James N. Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Curtis, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of December, A.D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Conrt.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan Henshaw, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Henry A. Henshaw, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of January, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.
Woburn, Mass.

I, Roderick Foss of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book number 35,557 issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

RODERICK FOSS.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treas.

Dec. 11, 1912. 13-20-27

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To Mary J. Bray of Springfield, in the County of Hampden, and Daniel W. Kimball of Winchester in said County of Middlesex, executors of the will of Harriet W. Shepherd, late of said Winchester, deceased, the estate of Warren Butler, late of Chelsea in the County of Suffolk, deceased, William W. Lunt of Hingham in the County of Plymouth, administrator of the estate of Emma E. Zisson, late of said Chelsea, deceased, Anna F. Tay of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, George Tay whose residence is unknown, Bertha P. Randlett and Richard M. Phillips of Pittsfield in the State of Maine, and to the City of Woburn in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, A. Herbert Holland of said Woburn, administrator with the will annexed of the estate not already administered of Phebe R. Moore, late of said Woburn, deceased, has presented to said Court his petition, praying for instructions as to what disposition he shall make of the balance of the estate of Phebe R. Moore, remaining in his hands after the payment of charges of administration and other proper charges against said estate.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of December, A. D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you who may be found in said Commonwealth, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or if any of you shall not be so found, either by delivering a copy thereof to you wherever found or by leaving a copy thereof at your usual place of abode, or by mailing a copy thereof to you at your last known post-office address, fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and also, unless it shall be made to appear to the Court by affidavit that you all have had actual notice of the proceeding, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty fifth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-6-13 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Emma Owen, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mabel O. Blodgett, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

29-6-13 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusets.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frances A. Hurd late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil of said deceased havebeen presented to said Court for Probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

6-13-20 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn National Bank,

WOBURN, MASS.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at its Banking Rooms, 397 Main Street, Woburn, on **Tuesday, January 14, 1913,** at 5 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 18, 1912.

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TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

WE WILL MAIL YOU $1
per set of old false teeth which are of no value to you. Highest cash prices paid for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and precious stones.
MONEY SENT BY RETURN MAIL.
PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.
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For full particulars address
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Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneseat Chairs Reseated.
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NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

Constipation
"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful
DR. KING'S New Life Pills
Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N. Y.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Vote in Detail

MAYOR		Ward 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
*William H. Henchey	Democratic	336	330	322	305	162	173	115	1743
Elmer E. Silver	Independent Citizen Republican	183	242	197	218	88	202	85	1215
ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE									
*Augustine J. Ball	Democratic	296	276	230	217	126	105	74	1324
*Dennis P. Blake	Democratic	292	270	227	237	122	101	120	1369
*James Boyle	Democratic	285	264	213	229	136	104	91	1322
John F. Bradley	Democratic	281	276	211	223	112	96	82	1281
Lawrence J. Byron	Democratic	261	247	187	207	142	93	72	1209
Charles H. Cadwell	Republican	175	233	236	242	69	231	88	1274
James Corrigan	Independent Citizen	76	81	78	81	93	42	29	480
William F. Davis, Jr.	Republican	174	242	218	230	63	220	78	1225
*John W. Fox	Republican	200	250	261	270	72	230	90	1373
*Jacob A. Ham	Republican	202	279	263	251	79	227	93	1394
Dennis P. Hogan	Democratic	282	271	240	221	109	107	84	1314
*Harry A. Jones	Republican	199	266	249	271	76	226	104	1391
*Ellis H. Marshall	Republican	183	239	256	264	69	225	138	1374
Stephen H. McInerny	Democratic	237	251	183	201	105	126	72	1175
*Parker T. Poole	Republican	190	264	254	254	63	246	87	1358
Peter Stockholm	Republican	152	213	188	211	79	195	61	1099
Frank H. Tobin	Independent Citizen	42	49	32	38	20	34	10	225
John N. Turner	Democratic	291	257	183	201	91	93	68	1184
ALDERMEN FROM WARDS									
WARD 1									
*James F. McGovern	Republican	249							249
Edward P. McLaughlin	Democratic	246							246
WARD 2									
Martin Peterson	Republican		233						233
*Michael H. Winn	Democratic		303						303
WARD 3									
*Joseph B. Devlin	Democratic			250					250
Albert B. Grimes	Republican			241					241
WARD 4									
John J. Maguire	Democratic				245				245
*Benjamin C. Rix	Republican				248				248
WARD 5									
*James H. Lynch	Democratic					156			156
Fred W. Shattuck	Republican					85			85
WARD 6									
*Moses W. True	Republican						273		273
WARD 7									
Frank H. Graham	Republican							96	96
*Frank H. Naven	Democratic							99	99
BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS									
Jen J. S. Andreason	Independent	48	59	33	53	55	34	10	292
*William H. Jones	Democratic	292	285	238	246	128	104	100	1393
Walter R. Merchant	Republican	166	204	221	216	55	226	80	1168
SCHOOL COMMITTEE For three years;									
Mary E. Hagerty	Democratic	450	395	388	324	242	134	152	2085
*Andrew R. Linscott	Republican	330	449	435	474	129	446	142	2405
*John G. Maguire	Democratic-Repub-	581	657	652	666	259	439	211	3465
Elmore A. Pierce	Democratic	405	381	366	324	243	149	131	1999
*Helen Cook Stephenson	Republican	309	402	387	466	120	402	132	2218
SCHOOL COMMITTEE For one year;									
*Everett P. Fox	Republican	316	405	385	435	108	388	132	2169
Charles G. Hill	Democratic	395	359	351	302	250	137	136	1930
"Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this City?"	YES	241	247	198	205	120	102	82	1195
	NO	263	297	300	303	115	252	106	1636
"Shall an Act passed by the General Court in the year nineteen hundred and twelve, entitled, "An act relative to vacations of members of Fire Departments, be accepted by this City?"	YES	302	304	304	293	132	191	97	1623
	NO	124	163	121	137	57	108	77	716

WINCHESTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kendall have started on an extended trip through the south and west. They will make a stay of several weeks in New Orleans going from thence they will go to Pasadena, Cal., for the remainder of the winter.

The Musical Vespers at the Unitarian church are of great interest to music lovers because the committee having them in charge always get the best talent obtainable. One of these vespers will be held on Dec. 15 at 4 30 P. M., and Miss Beatrice Fisher of the Boston Opera Company will be the vocalist. It is only through the courtesy of Mr. Russell, manager of the Boston Opera House, that Miss Fisher will be allowed to sing in Winchester. Miss Fisher is an American and is one of the most promising among the young singers. Already this season she has appeared in very important roles.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac.

The Rev, Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular **Year Book** ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c. for his 1913 Almanac, or only **one dollar** for his **splendid Magazine and Almanac** one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to **Word and Works Publishing Company** 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

BIRTH OF COLONEL BOGY.

Origin of the Term That Has Become a Part of Golf.

"Who is Colonel Bogy?" That is the first question usually asked by the recruit when he steps on the golf links. Professionals and veterans never tire of explaining that he is the imaginary opponent, with the fixed score for each hole, but few can tell how the name originated.

It generally is accepted that an Englishman was first to set forth the idea. In December, 1890, the scratch score of the Coventry course was taken, being the score that a good scratch player would take to each hole of the grounds, making no mistakes, but also fluking nothing nor being fortunate with any special flashes of brilliant play.

At the time they called this "the ground score," and later several tournaments were given under the system. The name, however, followed soon, and its origin was a curious one. Dr. Thomas Browne, R. N., went out to play against a friend, Major Charles A. Wellman, and they agreed instead of playing directly against each other to play against the ground score and decide their match accordingly as each fared in this way. It so happened that about the same time the bogy song was being sung by the late E. J. Lonnen at the London Gaiety theater, and everybody else was singing it. The words of the refrain were:

Hush! Hush! Hush!
Here comes the bogy man!
So hide your head beneath the clothes.
He'll catch you if he can.

There was the idea in golf. "He'll catch you if he can!" And it flashed across the mind of Major Wellman when he was playing this game and was getting "caught" by the ground score. "Why," said he to his friend Browne, "this player of yours is a regular 'bogy' man." A considerable piece of golf history was made in that chance remark, for "bogy" was from that moment established in golf. Some time later "colonel" was added.—Exchange.

When men are friends there is no need of justice, but when they are just they still need friendship.—Aristotle.

Here Is Relief For Women.

If you have pain in the back, Urinary Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's **Aromatic Leaf**, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great system regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample FREE. Address Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

BENT BACK THE RULE.

Where Sauce For the Goose Was Not Sauce For the Gander.

In the early days of a certain club of New York, when it was rather harder sledding for the club than it is at the present time, in a meeting of the council the question came up as to the arrears of members' dues, and the treasurer reported that one man was particularly recreant in this regard. It was in the winter, and the club was then maintaining throughout the day and evening beautifully heated and lighted quarters. At this time the only person in the club who frequented it every day was this delinquent, who, in addition to doing a large portion of his writing there, was accustomed to make considerable inroads upon the stationery of the club for home consumption.

At the meeting of the council referred to there was protest against this state of affairs, and a determination was manifest to put an end to it, and after discussion the secretary was instructed to notify the member in question that his name had been dropped from the rolls of the club.

The question then arose whether there was anybody else who was in arrears, whereupon the treasurer reported that this was true of another member.

"Who can that be? Let us make an example of them both," remarked one member, bringing his fist down on the table for emphasis. The reply was that it was Mr. X., the poet.

"Oh, heavens!" replied another. "We can't let X. go. He's too important to the club."

Whereupon the resolution was then amended to read as follows: "Resolved, that the secretary be instructed to drop the name of Mr. Q. from the rolls of the club for nonpayment of dues and to retain the name of Mr. X. for the same reason."—Century.

THE COUNTRY BANKER.

His Standing In and His Grip Upon His Own Community.

The first public convenience a new commodity wants is a bank. Ofttimes it comes before the church or a newspaper; but, as a rule, it follows both. It is hard to beat the editor and the preacher.

If the influence exercised by the bankers of our great cities constitutes a menace to the public welfare, what shall we say of the grip that the little bank holds on its community? The so called "country banker" to succeed must be eminent for all the qualities that make up a truly good man. Usually he is a church member and often a Sunday school teacher. He is consulted by politicians regarding the local government, and the candidate who has his approbation is envied, for he is usually the winner. To the country banker are confided the troubles, domestic as well as financial, of all who have access to him. And everybody seeks to have access.

The banker is first to subscribe to every good cause. He is the community's adviser as to investments and the arbitrator of its business controversies. His word is as good as his bond, and to his credit it must be added that, with rare exceptions, it deserves to be. He asks few favors, and these are always granted. He is the center of the social life of his vicinity. His voice is that of authority. He is loved, respected, admired and feared. The banker is a man of integrity. The slightest cloud on him or on his bank will settle them both. In this matter he stands with the preacher. So, from selfish considerations, if from no other, the banker must be deserving of the trust reposed in him by his fellow citizens.

Who wouldn't be the country banker?—Leslie's.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

They Are the Workshops of the People In the Poorer Quarters.

The ancient city of Naples has always been more celebrated for its beauty and interest of its surroundings than for its own attractiveness or scenic advantages.

The charm of Naples itself lies in its life—the careless, open air life of its people, with much of it passed almost wholly out of doors under the gaze of the passerby. The Neapolitan is the most buoyant, light hearted creature in the world and, it must be added, about the most indolent. The streets are bright and moving pictures. Many of the people, men, women and children—when these latter are not innocent of any clothing—are garbed in strange and somewhat gaudy costume, with bright colored kerchiefs on their heads.

In the poorer and more populous quarters all handicrafts and occupations are carried on out of doors, and the streets are as busy as beehives. Tailors are seen at their work, and carvers of lava, tortoise shell and coral articles, makers of statuary, women sewing, cooking and performing all their domestic duties, men, women and children eating, sleeping, chattering, playing, singing, all in the open. There is no cessation to the noise and bustle in the streets from early morning, when the tinkle of goat bells starts the day, until the evening, when countless mandolin players, wandering from house to house, from trattoria to cafe, "singing for their supper" of macaroni and red wine the famous old love songs of Naples and popular operatic airs.

All day long the rattle of wheels, the cracking of whips, the furious shouting of drivers, the jingle of the elaborately decorated harness, the cries of innumerable street hawkers, the playing of military bands as regiments march through the streets, fill the air with a not unpleasant and thoroughly Neapolitan din.—American Travelers' Magazine.

BREVITY APPRECIATED.

Japanese Courtesy Was a Bore to Both Oriental and Englishman.

Oriental courtesy takes up a great deal of time and on that account is not always appreciated in western lands, as is shown in the following extract from Yoshio Markino's book on Englishwoman, "Miss John Bull," in which he says:

"I used to live in Greenwich, and thence I attended to the Japanese naval office in the morning, then to the night school of the Goldsmith institute. It was nearly 11 o'clock every night when I arrived at my diggings. I was deadly tired. The landlord asked me every evening:

"'How were you getting on with your work today?'

"I always answered him every small detail of my work at the office and the school. One day I said to my landlady:

"'Why is your husband giving me such a troublesome question? You see, I often feel too tired to answer.'

"She patted me and said:

"'My poor boy, you need not give him all information of your work. It is our custom to say "How are you getting on?" and if you simply say "All right" that will be quite enough.'

"The next evening the old man put the same question to me. At first I rather hesitated because I thought such an abrupt answer might offend him, but I got courage at last when I saw his wife giving me some sign in her eyes. I shouted loudly, 'All right!' To my surprise, the old man seemed more satisfied than to hear the details.

"Since this event I began to incline to have more friendship with John Bullesses than John Bulls!"

Chilling Prospect.

It was in Lincolnshire, and the guard of the train at the preceding junction had been attentive to a gentleman whose luggage he noticed was labeled to an out of the way little station a few miles beyond. On reaching the traveler's destination the guard, having carefully deposited the gentleman's traps on the platform in acknowledgment of a generous tip, solemnly grasped the donor's hand and feelingly shook it. This unusual move raised the curiosity of the passenger, who asked the meaning of it. The guard answered significantly:

"Well, sir, you never can tell. I have left several gentlemen such as you at this forsaken hole, but never picked one up. Goodness only knows what becomes of them, I don't."—London Telegraph.

The Parrot Fish.

There are water parrots as well as land parrots. The parrot fish come from the tropics, are brilliantly colored and have beaks something like those of the parrot, for use in breaking off the coral shell in order to get at the living polyp. Not all of them, however, live on animal food, some species being herbivorous. One species is found in the Mediterranean sea, where it has been known for thousands of years. The Greeks and Romans regarded it for a time as the first of fishes, and Pliny tells us how it was introduced into the Italian sea in the course of the reign of Claudius. It was known as the "scarus" by the ancients, who told some wonderful stories about its love, its wisdom and its rumination. Some having a length of sixteen inches have been captured alive.

Doncaster Races.

Doncaster is one of the four places—the other three being Chester, Epsom and Lincoln—that claim to be the cradle of the British turf. In May, 1600, the minutes of the corporation record that "Hugh Wyrrall hath caused a stoope," or post, "to be sett on Doncaster More at the west end of the horse-race," which was ordered to be "cutt down." A few years later "for the preventinge of sutes, quarrells, murders and bloodsheds" it was agreed "that the race on Doncaster More be discontinued." Eventually the corporation, with the true Yorkshire combined love of "t' brass" and sport, took the horse racing under its patriarchal care and turned the meeting into a source of profit.—London Standard.

The French.

The French were first mentioned as the Franks, a tribe of warlike Germans in the northwestern part of the region now known as Prussia. They came into notice about 240 A. D. and with other German tribes invaded the Roman empire in the fifth century and settled in the country now known as France. The word Frank, or Frankman, means freeman. After their conquest of Gaul they named the country Frankenrick, or Frank's kingdom.

HYGIENE OF VIOLINS.

The Proper Kind of Case For These Sensitive Instruments.

The violin and violoncello are most sensitive to atmospheric conditions and suffer from atmospheric variations quite as much as the tender vocal cords of the singer. Those who have attempted to make the violin an ornament by hanging it upon the wall have had reason to repent taking such a liberty. The violin loses its varnish and gradually its pitch and timbre. The artificial heat of rooms in winter makes its tone raucous when it does not obliterate it entirely. Metal cases, morocco covered, are equally unfit for it. A strong, well varnished wooden case, even though it be not especially attractive to the eye, suits the susceptibilities of the violin much better.

Certain qualities, sometimes unsuspected, in the wood play an important part in the falsification of notes, causing progressive deterioration. There was a time when manufacturers applied to their product several coats of "paint"—i. e., a concentrated solution of bichromate of sodium potash in boiling water. The wood soon acquired a yellow tone, and under the action of light after drying the color darkened and took on the aspect of very old paint.

For commercial purposes this was all very well, but what happened to the purchaser was that as soon as he began to use his instrument exposed to the light the bichromate worked on the gelatin, which the manufacturers employed to color the wood and prevent the penetrating of the varnish, while some element in the bichromate of soda was converted into stone. The violin suffered petrifaction, which impeded its tone and rendered it useless.—Harper's Weekly.

JEWELS MADE OF ROSES.

How the Dainty Petals Are Turned Into Fragrant Trinkets.

There could scarcely be a lovelier gift than a string of tiny beads, an amulet or a trinket to slip among your kerchiefs and laces to keep them sweet, made of roses and of the love and taste and patience that must go into the fashioning of such a gift.

The making of rose trinkets is an ancient custom revived, and rosaries made hundreds of years ago are fragrant today.

Gather the rose petals when the dew is on them and screen them clear of every foreign substance. Put the clean, dewy petals through a food chopper—the finer they are ground the better—and all the house will smell of roses. Spread the pulp on a china platter and set it in the sun for three days, stirring in a few drops of spring water now and again to keep it moist. When the pulp "works" in the sun and reaches the consistency of a light foamy dough that can be pressed smooth without crumbling it is ready to mold.

Before they are quite dry run a good sized hatpin straight through the middle of the beads or amulets into a board and set the board in the sun for ten days, and they will grow hard and fragrant. Thread the beads on a strand of silk, the amulets on fine ribbon, and the older they grow the sweeter they will smell.—Christian Herald.

Plucky Birds.

Compared with mammals, parental love is stronger in birds. In protecting their nests and young, birds often show courage and strategy, more or less of which is doubtless inherited. Even the so called dangerous mammals, the bears, mountain lions, wildcats and other mammals that are best able to protect themselves, seldom make a stand against domestic intrusion. Rarely do they attempt to entice an enemy from their home by strategic means, but at the first warning of danger they either hide or watch the intruder from a safe distance. But there are very few species of birds that do not attempt to defend their homes in some way, and even the most timid evince more intelligence than most mammals.—Collier's.

Where the Audience Was.

A London actor appearing at a cheap theater in Salford found so small an audience that he sought out the manager for an explanation. "You see," the manager told him, "my people are at the Halle concert." "Oh," the actor said, surprised, "I should hardly have thought your patrons would care much for high class music." "No," the other explained. "To tell the truth, they go to pick pockets."—London Mail.

A Rank Offense.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" she asked.

The colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied, with every evidence of offended dignity:

"Madam, I command a regiment."

Neighborly.

Dobbs—So you're living in the country, eh? What kind of neighbors have you? Are they desirable? Hobbs—Desirable! Great Scott! We haven't a thing they don't desire, especially in the way of gardening implements.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Wind Month.

November was called by the ancient Saxons the wint monat, or wind month, on account of the gales then prevalent. It was also named the blot monat, or blood month, from the ancient practice of then slaughtering cattle for the winter provisions.

Society takes us away from ourselves.—De Lambert.

Getting Him Inured.

"What makes Bliggins compel his boy to practice standing bareheaded in inclement weather?"

"He has an idea the boy will be president of the United States some day and wants to have him well rehearsed for inauguration."—Washington Star.

She Agreed.

Mr. Gnaggs—I want you to understand, Mrs. Gnaggs, that I am no fool. Mrs. Gnaggs—For once I agree with you. A fool and his money are soon parted, and I have never been able to get a dollar out of you.—Philadelphia Record.

He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of men.—Burke.

A Mean Dig.

Miss Passe—I've had many chances to marry. Only a short time ago a man told me of his love. Miss Pert—Did he also tell you the name of the lady?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

GREEK STRATAGEM.

Military Tactics That Won Where Strength Was Lacking.

After the decline of Rome the center of the world's military progress was for seven or eight centuries transferred to the Greek empire. Constantinople ruled elements of a much less homogeneous nature than Rome in her prime had depended upon. There was less loyalty to the central rule there and far less liberty under it.

The decisive military fact of the east was, however, that Byzantium had to contend against overwhelming numerical superiority in its enemies. South of it, from the Indies to the Atlantic, was the Saracen empire, burning with the zeal of a new religion. To the east were the Seljuk Turks, while to the north were the Bulgarians and the Slavonian and Hunic tribes.

Against such odds it was useless simply to match man for man. The military leaders of the empire were full of military spirit and took keen delight in war as a game, but they were the descendants of Ulysses, and they made of war a game of finesse, of cleverness—in short, a war of wits. By their spying and bribes, by stirring up treason in the enemy's camp, by surprises, simulated retreats and ambush, they illustrated the saying of Bacon that stratagem is a weaker kind of policy used by those who are not strong enough to win by fairer methods.—Edward D. Jones in Engineering Magazine.

THE GAME OF GOLF.

It Is a Very Serious Matter With the Real Scot Enthusiast.

In Fife and the Lothians every one plays golf—men of leisure, workingmen and loafers, the last class producing the finest players. Many of the Scotch towns have public courses, and even where they are private the artisan clubs may use them on generous terms. Says Stewart Dick in "The Pageant of the Forth:"

"There is something very Scotch about the Scotch golfer. He seems to suit the leisurely and contemplative game. 'Keep your eye on the ball,' 'Slow back' and 'Aye be up' are written all over him. As a nation one would say the Scotch were professional, the English amateur, golfers, for there should be nothing dilettante about the game of golf.

"How serious a matter it is may be judged from the old story of the Scotch minister. Emerging after a hot and unhallowed strife in the bunker, his profane words still echoing in his ears, he mops his heated brow and exclaims bitterly:

"'Ah maun gie it up! Ah maun gie it up!'

"'What?' cries his partner in consternation. 'Gie up gowf?'

"'No,' he replies, with sublime scorn; 'gie up the meenistry!'

"This is the real old golfing spirit which still survives round the shores of the Forth."

The Peacock at Home.

The real home of peacocks or peafowls is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As the birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail and are called the tail coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible. Job mentions them, and they are mentioned, too, in I Kings x. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

The Mystery of Sleep.

It is impossible to give any precise explanation of the phenomenon of sleep. Yet many theories have been advanced. Legendre has shown by fairly conclusive arguments that it is due neither to "brain pallor," nor to intoxication by carbonic acid, nor to the presence of narcotic substances in the blood, theories that have been in turn advanced. Legendre intimates his preference for the view that sleep is not the result of fatigue, but is an inherited instinct designed to protect the organism against the ill effects of fatigue.—Harper's.

The Aleutian Islands.

Until the time of Peter the Great the Aleutian islands were unknown. The famous Russian monarch, consumed with curiosity as to the distance between Asia and America, started, in 1725, the first of the expeditions that at last revealed those haunts of the bear, the beaver, the ermine and the seal. But Captain Cook told more about the islands than did all the Russian explorers before him.

Opportunity.

"Opportunity really knocks at many a door."

"Then why don't more of us succeed better?"

"The trouble is that Opportunity wants us to go to work."—Pittsburgh Post.

Anticipation.

Mrs. Justwed—Just think of it, dearest one! Twenty-five years from day before yesterday will be our silver anniversary!"—Judge.

Never Tried.

Heck—Does your wife get angry if she is interrupted while talking? Peck—How should I know?—Boston Transcript.

Cleopatra's Pearl.

Most persons know the story that is told of Cleopatra to illustrate her luxurious habits of living—that she dissolved in her wine a precious pearl. No one seems yet to have questioned what must have been the effect upon the drink, but scientists scoff at the possibility of such solution. The fact is pearls are not soluble in wine. The most powerful vinegar affects them slowly and never entirely dissolves them, for the organic matter remains behind in the shape of a spongy mass that is larger than the original pearl.—New York Press.

Willing to Help Him.

"Why don't you want to let me hold your hand?"

"What good would it do you to hold my hand?"

"It would make me glad and give me courage perhaps to—to say something that I—I—er" —

"There! Please hold both of my hands."—Chicago Record-Herald.

To know the disease is the commencement of the cure.—Don Quixote.

HUSHED NIAGARA FALLS.

The Roar of Its Mighty Waters Once Stilled For a Day.

Only once in history has the roar of the mighty falls of Niagara been silenced. This startling phenomenon occurred on March 31, 1848. Early on that morning people living near the falls were surprised by a strange hush, as startling in effect as would be an unexpected and tremendous explosion in an ordinarily quiet community. Many persons thought they had been afflicted with deafness, and all were oppressed by a sensation of dread.

With the coming of light the amazed people comprehended the reason for the disquieting silence. Where they were used to seeing the great falls was a bare precipice down the face of which a few small and constantly diminishing streams trickled. Above the falls, instead of a rushing river, was only a naked channel, with insignificant brooks splashing among the rocks. All day long this astounding condition continued, and persons walked, dryshod from the Canadian side, along the very edge of the precipice, as far as Goat Island, on the American side.

Early in the morning of April 1 the familiar thunder of the great cataract was again heard and has never since been silent, though similar conditions, with like results, might prevail any spring. The winter of 1847-8 was one of extreme severity, and ice of unprecedented thickness formed on Lake Erie. When the breakup came toward the end of March a strong southeast wind was blowing, and the ice was piled into banks as large as icebergs.

Toward the night of March 30 the wind suddenly changed to the opposite direction, increased to a terrific gale and drove the ice into the entrance of Niagara river with such force that a huge dam was formed, of such thickness and solidity as to be practically impenetrable and strong enough to hold back the great mass of water pressing against it. At last, in the early morning of April 1, the ice dam gave way under the tremendous pressure of restrained water, and the falls were once again one of the scenic wonders of the world.—New York Times.

YOUR SIXTH SENSE.

The Faculty That Enables You to Preserve Your Equilibrium.

It is almost a 1,000 to 1 bet that you don't know you have a sixth sense. But you have, nevertheless. It is known as the sense of equilibrium.

The sixth sense is located in the semicircular canals of the inner ear, and whenever a person is in danger of falling or losing his equilibrium a warning message is communicated to the brain. For years physiologists have been puzzled to know the function of these canals, because it was proved definitely that they had nothing to do with the sense of hearing or the proper working of the auricular organ. Thus they came to be considered as semicircular tubes, almost at right angles to one another and full of a clear liquid.

Scientists have discovered that these canals enable a person to tell what position he is in no matter whether he is blind or paralyzed. By some peculiar process not well understood they warn us when we are about to fall and give us the consciousness of being in any position assumed.

Steeplejacks and other workers on high buildings who finally lose their nerve and are afraid to go very far above the ground have lost part of their sense of equilibrium. Examinations by physicians in such instances have shown that their semicircular glands were diseased. It was largely by this means that the existence of a sixth sense was dicovered.—New York World.

Crushing.

The English judge, Parry, in his book "What the Judge Saw" tells this story of a very masterful counsel who was not afraid to put even the bench in its place sometimes. On one occasion he was arguing a case when the judge asked for his authority for a certain statement.

"Usher," counsel called out in his most rasping voice, "go into the library and bring his lordship any elementary book on common law!"

Spider's Thread.

The thread spun by a spider is so excessively fine that a pound of it would be long enough to reach around the earth. It would take ten pounds of it to reach to the moon and over 3,000 pounds to stretch to the sun. But to get a thread long enough to reach the nearest star would require half a million tons.

Didn't Like Taxes.

Cases against George Washington appear here and there in old documents. No less than three claims were entered against him during the year 1787 to compel him to pay taxes. The humorous clerk, commenting on these actions, remarked, "George Washington, Esq., appeareth not to like taxes."

So Inquisitive.

Mamma (after her youngest's first day at school)—Now, Fritz, what did you do in school today? Fritz—Well, such curious people! First the teacher asks me what we did at home, and now you come and ask what we have done in school!—Fliegende Blatter.

A Boomerang.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—I'm afraid you won't do. As nearly as I can find out you have worked in six or seven places during the past year. Miss Brady—Well, an' how manny girls has yerself had in the same toime? No, less, I'm thinkin'.—Boston Transcript.

Evolution of a Play.

"They tell me that plays are built up. Is that so?"

"It is," answered the playwright. "Here is the method. I cop a joke. I tell it around, and it goes. Next I make a dialogue of it. Then I add a character, and it becomes a vaudeville sketch. If it still goes good we make three acts of it, and then it's a play."—Kansas City Journal.

While He Waited.

Little Girl—Mr. Lingerlong, is a quietus something you wear? The Young Man—No, Miss Kitty. Why do you ask that? Little Girl—'Cause I heard sister tell mamma the other day she was going to put a quietus on you the next time you came.—Chicago Tribune.

Would Help Some.

"What good does it do a woman for a man to be willing to die for her?" he grumbled.

"He might carry a big life insurance, you know," she hinted.—Baltimore American.

His Avenger

A Story of the Cuban Revolution

By CHRISTOPHER ARNOLD

When I was in college I formed the acquaintance of a young Cuban, with whom I became chummy. His name was Enrique Molina. He was a member of the class ahead of mine, but this did not make any difference in our intimacy. There was a manliness about Enrique (or Henry) Molina that I admired and a gentleness that drew me to him. At that time Cuba was in a state of discontent with Spanish rule which had become chronic, and my chum was greatly interested in the cause of the coming revolution. It seemed to me that if his countrymen should make an effort to throw off the yoke of Spain he would be an active participant. When we parted after graduation Molina exacted a promise from me to visit him, and the next winter I determined to do so. I had some property and thought I might find in Cuba an opportunity to invest in a way to increase it. This idea was vague, but my desire to see my old chum was real.

I found Molina living on his father's plantation. The premonitions of a serious conflict between the revolutionists and the Spanish government were

HENRY MOLINA WAS IN THEIR MIDST.

much more clearly defined than when we were in college, and Henry's interest in it had also become intensified. But I was surprised to find that he was not openly advocating the Cuban cause. Whether the interest of his family, fearing destruction or confiscation of the estate, prevented him from doing so, I did not know. I judged that the daughter of a neighboring sugar planter had something to do with his failure to come out as an advocate of throwing off Spanish rule. This young lady, Concia Sierra, was the gentlest little body in the world. She must have carried northern blood in her veins, for she had not the dark complexion of a Cuban. Indeed, she was a veritable blond, with light hair and blue eyes. It occurred to me that she would restrain the man she loved from taking risks, and that she loved Molina was evident to me the moment I saw them together.

I soon found that there was another force drawing Henry in the opposite direction. This was Inez de la Barra, one of a family whose members, all except herself, supported the Spanish cause. Inez was bitter in her advocacy of the Cuban cause. Unlike the Molinas, the La Barras had little or nothing to lose by Spanish antagonism, for they lived on a small estate and were poor, though in Spain they had formerly been grandees. It was this latter fact that kept them loyal to Spain. Why Inez sympathized with the Cuban cause I could not understand.

Notwithstanding our intimacy Henry Molino did not give me his confidence in these matters. Evidently there was a rivalry for him between the two girls. The one drew him by silken cords, the other by glistening chains. Inez de la Barra was entirely Spanish. Her complexion was olive, her hair jet black, while over her dark eyes waved the long lashes of a Spanish woman.

While I was in Cuba General Weyler began his efforts to strangle the revolution by a vigorous prosecution of those who aided and abetted it. Though I knew that Henry Molina was one of its advocates, outwardly he remained neutral. Whether his family or Concia Sierra restrained him I did not know, though I fancied that Senorita Sierra was the chief cause of his remaining inactive. Nevertheless he was much with her rival, and whenever I saw him and Inez together I noticed that they conversed with a great deal of intensity and usually in a low tone.

These were dangerous times in Cuba. General Weyler had carte blanche from the Spanish government to imprison or execute as he liked, and I felt uneasy for a Cuban who possessed my friendship. Though protected by my United States citizenship, I would have left Cuba had it not been for this little drama in which my chum was playing the principal part. Many on both sides were looking to see for which cause he would declare, and both sides claimed him.

One night as I was going to bed Henry followed me into my room, shut the door and said:

"I must leave you here to be entertained by others of my family, for at daylight in the morning I go to put in operation a scheme for which I have been preparing. I have secret information of a force of Spanish troops who are about to make a descent upon a number of prominent Cuban patriots and gather them in for the bloodthirsty Weyler. Joined by some of my neighbors and those they control, we are to oppose the passage of this Spanish force till our friends can arrange either to get away or prepare for defense."

While he spoke I was thinking of the two influences that had been drawing him, the gentle Concia and the aggressive Inez.

"Where did you get your information as to this move of the Spaniards?" I asked.

A singular look came over his face, a look in which I fancied I saw something of doubt, of pain, as he replied:

"I have the right to tell you anything that concerns only myself. I have no right to implicate another."

"Well," I added, "you have taken sides at last. I hope you have decided for the best."

"That remains to be seen."

We parted with a firm hand grip. I went to bed, but not to sleep.

There was a faint glimmer of dawn at the windows when I heard sounds without—the tread of horses' hoofs, men talking. Then there was a loud rap on the main door below. It was not answered and was followed by a kick. Then a window was shattered.

I arose, threw on a double gown and went downstairs. The hall was lighted and filled with Spanish soldiers. Henry Molina was in their midst, dressed, and as I looked was marched away. It was plain to me what had happened. The wily governor had through his spies learned of his contemplated move, nipped it in the bud and possessed himself of its leader.

My view of Henry Molina passing out of his home to go to prison ended my immediate cognizance of what was leading up to a tragedy. If I could have got my friend out of the clutches of General Weyler I would have taken some chances to do so. It seemed wiser for me to depart and leave the struggle going on in Cuba to those directly interested. So I sailed away from Havana and felt that I could draw a free breath as soon as I was out of the harbor.

But the blowing up of the Maine gave our people an interest in the Cuban struggle for independence that led to its attainment, and I was one of those who went to the island for the purpose. It was not till it was all over and I had been mustered out of the United States service that I returned to Cuba with a view to learning what had become of Henry Molina.

I gathered the story gradually. The first part of it I heard was that Henry had been taken to Morro castle at Havana and had been condemned to death, but had escaped the day before he was to have been executed. How he escaped I did not learn, but it was reported that a boy some seventeen or eighteen years old had visited his prison and managed to convey to him saws with which to remove a bar in his window. He had joined the revolutionary forces, but had done more for the cause in other ways than as a commander. This I could understand, remembering his education at an American university.

The next chapter in the story was that Inez de la Barra had been found on the grounds of her home with a bullet hole in her left breast and in a dying condition. She had been assassinated, but could not or would not tell who had been her assassin. It was well known, however, that she had been a spy of General Weyler, and, the Molina plantation having been confiscated by the Spanish government, she had received a large sum of money. Lastly, I heard that my chum had regained possession of his estate, his father having died, and the son had just been married to Concia Sierra.

Naturally I put these facts together and filled out the story in my own way, but I could not tell how far I was right or how far wrong. I lost no time in going to the Molina plantation, where I found its owner recovering from the privations he had endured since I had parted with him. He was rejoiced to see me, and, after I had been received by his wife, he took me apart and told me that Inez de la Barra had entrapped him and caused his arrest. He gave me a surprise when he said that Concia had been the means of his escape from Morro castle, having gone there disguised and bribed a guard to give her secret access to her lover.

All this interested me, but the climax to the drama, the assassination of Senorita e la Barra, was what I wished to have explained.

"Who killed the woman who betrayed you?" I asked.

A singular expression came over Henry's face in which I fancied there was something of pain. He turned his eyes away from me and did not reply.

"One question," I added, "and I will ask no more. Surely you did not do this deed?"

"No," he replied. "I did not."

I made my own inference as to who had avenged him; but, since I may be mistaken and do not wish to name the wrong person, I leave my reader to make his or her own inference.

A WALRUS ON LAND.

The Awkward and Bulky Creature Is Almost Helpless.

As might be expected, a walrus is about as helpless on land as a canalboat. It is with no little difficulty and much hitching and floundering that he drags his huge bulk upon a sandy shore even with the boosting he gets from behind by the breakers as they roll in and dash against him.

His hind flippers are of little use on land, and on sand or pebbles, where his front flippers do not hold well, the labor of floundering forward is so great that he never stirs beyond the edge of the water and usually lies with his body half awash, with the salt spray dashing over him like torrents of rain. On solid rock or ice he gets along much better, and often a herd will spread several rods back from the water's edge.

The females and younger walruses have far less development of neck to incumber them and therefore enjoy more freedom of motion than the old males, who actually seem a great burden to themselves. These creatures are strictly social in their habits and always go in herds, whether traveling, feeding, fighting or resting ashore. In the days before the slaughter of all living creatures became a ruling passion in the breast of man the Pacific species inhabited the whole of Bering sea and strait in herds which often contained thousands and even tens of thousands of individuals.

Gave Himself Away.

A man who is steadily employed finally had a day off and decided to go fishing, taking his luncheon with him. When he reached the creek he discovered that he had dropped the lunch packet somewhere on the road and hastened back to look for it. Presently he met a husky negro, who was looking happy and picking his teeth.

"Did you find anything on the road as you came along?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sah," answered the negro. "I didn't find nothing. Couldn't a dog have found it and eat it up?"—Everybody's.

AN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

The Way Disraeli "Put One Over" on Publisher Colburn.

When the Hon. Mr. Ward wrote his novel "Tremaine" he was fearful of acknowledging himself the author until its fate should have been ascertained. He accordingly, the better to preserve his incognito, sent the manuscript copy by the wife of his attorney to Mr. Colburn. The work, although accepted, was not considered likely to pay extremely well, and consequently a trifling sum was given for it. Contrary, however, to Mr. Colburn's expectations, it ran to three editions.

The ingenious author of "Vivian Grey," then twenty-two years old, having heard of the circumstances, determined to use it to advantage, and accordingly, having arranged his work for publication, he proceeded to find out the honorable gentleman's fair messenger. This he quickly effected and upon a promise of giving her £20 induced her to be the bearer of his novel to the same publisher.

The woman was instantly recognized by Mr. Colburn as the same person who brought him "Tremaine," and, recollecting the great sale of that novel, he leaped at the manuscript presented to him with the utmost eagerness. It was quickly read and a handsome sum given for the copyright. A short time, however, enabled Mr. Colburn to find out his error, but too late to remedy himself. The work was not successful, and a considerable sum was lost by its publication.

TRAPPING AN ERMINE.

One of the Reasons Why the Prized Fur Is So Costly.

"This stole of imperial ermine is worth $1,000," said the dealer. "Dear? Nix. Just consider how the animals comprised in it were caught!

"In the first place, they were caught in a winter of extreme cold, for it is only in such a winter that the weasel, or ermine, turns from tawny to snow white. In normal winters the ermine only turns to a greenish white, like this $400 greenish white stole here.

"In the second place, the ermines were caught young, for when fully developed their coats are coarse and stiff, as in this $250 stole, and to catch them young the tongue trap must be used. Any other trap would tear the delicate fur.

"The tongue trap is a knife, an ordinary hunting knife, smeared with grease, that the hunter lays in the snow. The little ermine sees the blade, which it mistakes for ice. Ice it loves to lick, and so it licks the knife blade and is caught fast, its tongue, in that zero weather, frozen to the steel.

"Yes, sir, when you see a stole like this don't begrudge a good price for it, for every ermine in it was tongue trapped in subzero weather—a mighty slow and painful hand process."—New York Tribune.

The Blanket Tree.

Blankets grow on trees in Ecuador, and, while the idea of an all wood fresh from the forest bed covering might give insomnia and a backache to the child of civilization who likes to snuggle comfortably under several layers of down and wool, the natives find it all right, as in fact it is.

When an Ecuador Indian wants a blanket he hunts up a demajagua tree and cuts from it a five or six foot section of the peculiarly soft, thick bark. This is dampened and beaten until the flexibility of the sheet is much increased. The rough gray exterior is next peeled off, and the sheet dried in the sun. The result is a blanket, soft, light and fairly warm, of an attractive cream color. It may be rolled into a compact bundle without hurt and with ordinary usage will last for several years.—Harper's.

Butterflies That Live on Fish.

The butterfly was blue and transparent. As through blue glass its tiny heart could be seen beating inside its body, and the professor read a newspaper article through its lovely blue wings. "This," he said, "is the pteropoda, a Mediterranean butterfly. It eats fish. On its tongue are rows of pointed hooks. They serve as teeth. This beautiful creature would turn up its nose at a garden of roses and lilies, but it would feast ecstatically upon a putrid eel. Now and then a pteropoda is found on the Florida or the California coast. It is only abundant, though, in the Mediterranean."

FINE OLD BORROWERS.

Leigh Hunt Was a Champion, and Dr. Johnson Levied on Books.

In a book of essays, "Americans and Others," Agnes Repplier collects some notable instances of a certain condescension in borrowers. Leigh Hunt and William Godwin had the trait developed to magnificent proportions:

"It would be interesting to calculate the amount of money which Hunt's friends and acquaintances contributed to his support in life. Shelley gave him at one time £1,400, an amount which the poet could ill spare, and when he had no more to give wrote in misery of spirit to Byron, begging a loan for his friend and promising to repay it, as he felt tolerably sure Hunt never would. Byron, generous at first, wearied after a time of his position in Hunt's commissariat (it was like pulling a man out of a river, he wrote to Moore, only to see him jump in again) and coldly withdrew. His withdrawal occasioned inconvenience and has been sharply criticised."

As for Godwin, when his daughter ran off with Shelley he refused to take Shelley's check for £1,000 if it were not made payable to a third person or "unless he could have the money without the formality of an acceptance."

Crabb Robinson introduced him one evening to a gentleman named Rough. The next day both Godwin and Rough called upon their host, each man expressing his regard for the other and each asking Robinson if he thought the other would be a likely person to lend him £50.

Dr. Johnson was more scrupulous. He "paid back £10 after a lapse of twenty years * * * and on his deathbed begged Sir Joshua Reynolds to forgive him a trifling loan." But in the matter of borrowed books the case was altered. "Johnson cherished a dim conviction that because he read and Garrick did not the proper place for Garrick's books was on his—Johnson's—bookshelves, a point which could never be settled between the two friends and which came near wrecking their friendship."

Where to Have a Boil.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, commenting once upon the trials of Job, remarked that the only proper place to have a boil was between "John" and "O'Reilly."

SYSTEM IN BUSINESS.

Advantage of the Man Who Knows Where to Find Things.

Among twenty clerks employed by a New York importing house it was no easy matter for one to attract the attention of the manager. And it was not with any such idea, in fact, that young Gaven kept his desk and the papers in his care in the most neat and careful order. He did it just because he had a systematic mind and liked things in place.

He was always able at a moment's notice to put his hand on anything he needed. So when the manager happened to need a certain price list, copies of which had been given not only to Gaven, but to every one of the other nineteen clerks, it was Gaven who placed his hand on his copy while the others were just beginning to wonder where they had put theirs.

There was no comment on that, but a few days later when the manager again needed certain papers Gaven found them first.

"Aren't you the man who gave me that price list on Monday?" asked the manager. "Yes!" "Well, my private secretary has just been promoted, and I need a new one, a man who will know where to find things. Would you like the place?"

There was only one answer to that. That was how Gaven got his first step.—New York World.

THE TINY HUMMING BIRD.

In One Species Its Bill Is Nearly as Long as Its Body.

All humming birds, though varying much in size and color, exhibit the same form of wing, legs and feet, the wings being strong (considering the small size of the bird), while the legs and feet are remarkably weak and delicate, a clear indication that these little creatures are intended to spend almost all their time in the air.

In accordance with this we find that humming birds are never seen on the ground; that even when feeding they seldom trouble themselves to alight, but suspend themselves in the air before the flower on whose juices they mean to feed, the rapid vibration of the wings causing them to appear like two fans of filmy gauze and producing at the same time that peculiar humming sound from which these birds derive their popular name.

The beak of most humming birds is long, delicate and slightly curved to enable it to reach the inmost recesses of the trumpet shaped flowers which abound in the tropical regions, but the shape of the beak is very variable, probably on account of the particular flower on which the bird feeds.

In some instances it is nearly straight, and in one species, the sword bill humming bird, it is very nearly as long as the rest of the body.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bismarck's Mystic Number.

Bismarck held, with Pythagoras, that not 13, but 3, was the great and perfect number. Bismarck's associations with 3 were remarkable. He had served three masters. He had three names—Bismarck, Schoenhausen and Lauenburg. The arms of his family are a clover leaf and three oak leaves. He was concerned in three wars and signed three treaties of peace. In the Franco-Prussian war he had three horses killed under him. He brought about the meeting of three emperors and was responsible for the triple alliance. He had three children. His family motto was "In Trinitate Robur" ("Strength In Trinity"), and contemporary caricature pictured him with three hairs on his head. Three was the beginning, the middle and the end of Bismarck.

He Got Along Fine.

Thomas had never been able to carry a tune, and after he had been for awhile in a class where singing was obligatory his mother felt curious to know how he managed to keep up with the singing.

"Thomas," she inquired, "how do you get along in your singing class?"

"Fine!" declared Thomas.

"Why, that's lovely," said his delighted and mystified mother. "What does your teacher say about it?"

"She says," replied Thomas cheerfully, "'Now, Thomas, if you don't feel like singing you needn't.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Putting It to Good Use.

"I s'pose you've been very careful about th' books you let your children have."

"Oh, yes, indeed! There's our Jim—we intend him for a statesman. Jim was raised on the Congressional Record."

"The Congressional Record! Well, well!"

"Yes; we let him sit on it for years so he'd be raised enough to eat from the table."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Song Bird.

They say the birds are timid. Great heavens, to be so small and lovely in a world of hawks and snares and yet dare to sing as if the gods were good! In all the wide creation there is nothing braver than the heart of a singing bird.

Yet Both Made Hits.

Director—Say, my man, how is it that Shakespeare's statue is standing on the pedestal marked Scott? Attendant—He must have got his base on an error, sir.—Brooklyn Life.

Legitimate Question.

Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf as grandma?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Train For Tyler.

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the presidential office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son Bob to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president and informed Bob that his road did not run any special trains for the president. "What!" said Bob. "Did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road."

Genius and Work.

Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 15, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xviii, 21-35. Memory Verses, 21, 22—Golden Text, Eph. iv, 32 (R. V.)—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

In last lesson we were warned against being an offense to any one belonging to Him, for in touching those who are His He is touched, even as it is written, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. ii, 8), and as he said to Saul when persecuting His people, "Why persecutest thou me?" (Acts ix, 4.) Now he teaches us how to deal with those who offend us (verses 15 to 20)—first of all, a heart to heart talk with the offending party alone (verse 15) in many instances that would without doubt settle the difficulty, and the two or three, or the church, would not be needed. Contrast the ordinary way of telling others first and the general result of increased separations and misunderstandings. When we work in God's way we can count on God working in and with us (Isa. xxvi, 12; Phil. ii, 13; lesson verses 18, 19). The precious assurance in verse 20 is not often used in its connection, but it is precious in any connection with the work of the Lord and for many years has taught me never to ask the Lord to be in our midst when we meet in His name, but to rest on His own assurance that He is present.

Peter had been paying attention and wondering if he should go to a man who offended him more than once or twice and probably thought that he was stating an extreme limit when he asked if he should forgive him seven times. Great, indeed, must have been his surprise at the Lord's reply, "Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven" (verses 21, 22), which was equal to saying, "Continue to forgive till the kingdom comes."

If we would understand the teaching of the Spirit we must notice what He has said elsewhere upon any subject, and I remember that Daniel was told that after seventy sevens the kingdom would come, bringing in everlasting righteousness (Dan. ix, 24). After sixty-nine sevens from the appointed time Messiah was cut off and had no kingdom to show, just, as foretold, the seventieth week is yet future, but will surely come. We must therefore continue to forgive those who give us occasion to do so unceasingly (Dan. ix, 25-27). "He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity and destroyed them not—yea, many a time turned He His anger away, * * * for He remembered that they were but flesh" (Ps. lxxviii, 38). That our Lord was thinking of the kingdom in its present phase of mystery and future manifestation seems clear from His illustration of the king taking account of his servants. The main point of the lesson seems to be that those who are forgiven so much should readily forgive the comparatively small offenses of others against them.

The contrast between the debt of the man to his master and that of the other servant to him would be something like the difference between $1,000 and 15 cents. What kind of a man, being forgiven freely the large amount, would fail to forgive his fellow the trifle? And yet many are just like that.

Our indebtedness to God cannot be reckoned, it is so great. Our iniquities cannot be numbered, yet He freely and fully forgives all who, with true penitence, turn to Him, saying, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions and will not remember thy sins" (Isa. i, 18; xliii, 25). Compared with the mountain of our transgressions against God, which He freely forgives, the offenses of others against us must be the veriest trifles, which should be as freely forgiven by us, enabling us to pray sincerely, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" (Matt. vi, 12). To obtain the forgiveness of our sins the only condition is that we come with true penitence to Him who has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace" (John vi, 37; Luke vii, 48-50).

But, having become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus and having the assurance of the forgiveness of our sins, there is need of constant forgiveness because of constant defilement and shortcomings, the difference between the forgiveness of the rebel, the unsaved sinner, and the forgiveness of a child in the Father's house. The "My Heavenly Father" and "Your Heavenly Father" of verse 35 of our lesson and Matt. vi, 14, 15, show that "if ye forgive" and "if ye forgive not" refer to disciples and communion.

If a child of God, as Peter was, and the disciples to whom He taught that prayer should cherish an unforgiving spirit toward any one, such could not enjoy the conscious forgiveness of their Father. There would be a cloud between, as when children are conscious of disobedience to parents they do not cease to be children, but there is a lack of communion. The Lord, who delivered the formerly forgiven debtor to the tormentors (verse 34), was the man's Lord, as in Luke xvi, 8, not our Lord Jesus Christ, for it was never recorded that God ever withdrew forgiveness from one to whom He had given it.

The Tower of Babel.

Do you realize that 4,000 years after the most wonderful of all towers was built by the ancients (according to the Book of Genesis about 2400 B. C.), its seven stages still rise high above the plains near the site of Babylon? Until a few years ago it had been known as the Mound of the Birs Nimrud, when Sir Henry Rawlinson discovered in one of the stages the inscribed cylinders which made the identification possible.

The Easier Way.

"I can cure that cold, old man."

"What do you want me to take?"

"About an hour's exercise in the open air every day."

"I think I'll try Wombat's method. All he wants me to take is a few pills."—Pittsburgh Post.

Partly True Any Way.

Mrs. Blowitt—I see by this magazine that wearing hats makes one's hair gray. Mr. Blowitt—Well, the expensive ones that you have been wearing make my hair gray.

Two Travelers

The Stronger Was the Weaker

By EDWIN C. BEVERLY

Back in the sixties, when the Union Pacific was being built and the rails had been laid only as far as Laramie, a certain train one day arrived at that point. Among the passengers who alighted to take the coach westward was a young man whose dress might be considered faultless were it not rather in the line of the actor of that period. He wore a checkerboard suit and a cravat of a bright blue hue tied in a knot resembling the expanded wings of a butterfly. His face was clean shaven, and his hair was cut short. In his shirt front he wore a diamond stud that flashed in the sunlight. Five feet six inches was his height. As to his weight, that was not to be determined except on the scales, for clothes were worn baggy in those days, and the gentleman's apparel was cut in the height of fashion.

In company with this young man was another, ten years his senior, whom he called Bill, the latter addressing the former as Johnny. Bill was a heavy set man, plainly dressed and unassuming in his demeanor. He deferred to his slighter companion in some ways and assumed authority over him in others. For instance, meeting a chill wind from the mountains he suggested to Johnny that he put on his overcoat. Johnny objected on the ground that he was already too warm, whereupon Bill ordered him in no uncertain tone to do as he directed, and the little fellow obeyed him instantly.

During the stagecoach journey that followed a stop was made for a change of horses at a station composed of the relay, a gambling house and a saloon.

DEALT HIM A BLOW ON THE NOSE.

The relay was for the stage line, the gambling house and the saloon for the people of the surrounding country.

"This mountain air has made me chilly," said he who was called Bill. "I think I'll go over to that saloon and get something to warm me up."

To the surprise of the other passengers, he did not invite his companion to join him, though he extended an invitation to each and all of them. One man accepted, the others declined, and the two walked to the saloon.

There was probably not a worse crowd to be found in the wild west in those days than was congregated in that saloon. Five men were loitering about, each man wearing a sombrero, most of them a stubble beard about an eighth of an inch long, a woolen shirt and two revolvers strapped to the belt. Their faces were red from frequent potations, and they were then hanging about the place "laying" for some one to buy them a drink.

Bill entered with the man he had invited to join him. The two stepped up to the bar and called for whisky. They were about to drink it when one of the loungers, coming forward, said:

"See yere, gents, what kind o' manners do you call them, drinkin' by yourselves without an invite for any other gent present?"

"It's not the custom," Bill responded, "in the country from which we came to ask persons to drink simply because they happen to be on hand."

"Well, it's the rule yere."

"Is it enforced?"

"You bet." And the man slapped the revolver on his right hip with his hand.

"I've always heard," continued Bill coolly, "that you gentlemen in this country, whatever you do, play fair. My friend and I are unarmed, and I don't think it would be a straight game for you to take a drink out of us at the point of a pistol."

The loiterers who had stood up to back their spokesman seemed to differ as to this proposition, some of them taking the ground that since it was the custom it didn't matter how it was enforced, others declaring that the stranger was right. He should be allowed to go for a weapon, after which, if he would rather fight than set up the drinks, he could begin shooting as soon as he liked.

"I couldn't hit a barn door with a gun," said Bill, "but I wouldn't mind a fight with fists. That wouldn't do either. There isn't any of you here who would be a match for me."

The loiterers held a conference, and one of them, thinking he could tackle the stranger, offered to do so. Bill shook his head. "It wouldn't be a fair match," he said. "I'm too heavy for you." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "There's a young man traveling with me who I think would about do for you. If you don't mind referring the dispute to him I don't mind either."

"Trot him out," was the reply to this.

Bill asked the man he had invited to drink to go for his friend, and Johnny soon came into the saloon. His appearance at once excited a guffaw, the object of which stood looking somewhat puzzled. Bill explained the situation to him and, turning to the crowd, said:

"He's a better man than he looks, but if any of you gentlemen wants to bet you can knock him out I wouldn't object to going you for a small amount on it."

There was another conference, which resulted in the scraping together of $12, all there was among the westerners, and they nominated a man they called Biff Hunker to stand up against the little fellow and win a similar amount to be put up by Bill. The stage driver was called in for stakeholder, and a ring was formed on the level ground before the saloon. Johnny took off his coat and vest, retaining his shirt. Had he doffed this also some surprise might have been created at the muscle lying under the soft white skin of his arm. As it was, Johnny didn't show for much more than when his coat was on him.

His antagonist stood six feet one in his stockings and was a powerful man. The only thing against him was the use of too much liquor, and he could not be expected to last very long against one of equal strength. Realizing this element of weakness, he went at Johnny like a bull, intending to crush him out at once. But Johnny pirouetted like a dancing master and before his enemy could recover dealt him a smart blow on the nose that drew first blood.

This first episode caused those who had calculated to win a little money to doubt the ease with which it could be obtained. Johnny didn't seem in a hurry to tackle his enemy, keeping on the defensive. But it soon became apparent to the bystanders that there was a cat and a mouse game going on, only the mouse was playing with the cat to the cat's discomfiture. The big man struck out with blows heavy enough to break every bone in his antagonist's body, but the body was never in the place at which he aimed. Johnny sidestepped and ducked and fell back, his enemy vainly trying to find him with his big fist.

The westerner soon lost his wind and from that time staggered about like the hulk of a derelict tossed by the waves.

"I don't want to hurt him," Johnny replied, still dancing about in a circle.

Presently the big man gathered his forces for a final effort. Johnny dived between his legs, rose and landed his enemy on his back.

The fallen man lay quiet for a few moments, when he was helped to his feet by one of his friends. But he was breathing hard and positively declined to renew the encounter.

"Gentlemen," said Bill, "step inside and join me in a tipple. Mr. Stakeholder, give the gentlemen back their stake. Come in, all. I've been interrupted in my refreshment long enough and am very chilly."

All flocked into the saloon except the victor, who remained outside.

"Say, stranger," called one of the party as he saw Johnny walking away to the coach, "where y' goin'?"

Johnny made no reply, and the other followed the crowd into the saloon.

"What's the matter with the kid?" he asked of Bill. "Don't he drink?"

"Not just now. You see, he's a featherweight boxer on his way to Frisco to a match made with the Sacramento bantam. I'm his trainer. I don't let him drink."

So many and so varied were the ejaculations to this startling announcement that they could not be separated one from another.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "I see that the coach is ready to move on. I'm much obliged to you for affording me amusement during the stop, and if any of you would like to go to see the match I'd be happy to furnish you with free admission tickets. Good morning."

The crowd went with him to the coach, where they found Johnny—the exclusive object of curiosity—sitting on top looking down on them benignly.

"What a kitten!"

"Playful like, isn't he?"

"Say, little one, do you play checkers on that coat o' your'n?"

These were a few of the remarks made, but Johnny deigned no reply. Bill got inside, and when all was ready the coach rolled away, one man in the crowd left behind calling out:

"Say, Mr. Trainer, much obleeged for not takin' yer winnin's along!"

After that the gang of loiterers in the saloon were very chary in permitting those they tackled to use their own weapons, insisting in every case upon the revolver. But the iron horse brought progress, and where that gin mill stood now stands a church surrounded by business and dwelling houses all furnished with electric lights and such other modern conveniences.

NO CASTE AT OXFORD.

Duke's Son and Cook's Son Share Alike In Sports and Studies.

Actually there is no university or college in America at which distinctions of birth or wealth count for less than they do at Oxford. There was once a time when there existed a class of "gentlemen commoners"—John Ruskin, I believe, was one of them—who enjoyed special privileges and exemptions.

But that peculiarity has long since been swept away. Not only are the requirements for graduation identical for all comers, but the social life within each college of the university is open on equal terms to every one on the roll. "Duke's son" and "cook's son" share alike in sports and studies, and it is personal qualities alone that determine the position an undergraduate holds among his contemporaries.

The late F. W. Walker, for many years so successful as high master of St. Paul's school, was once interviewed by the rather snobbish mother of an intended pupil. "Of course," she said, "you are very particular about the parents of the boys you admit to your school." "Not at all, madam," was his reply. "As long as your son behaves decently and attends to his work we shall not ask any questions about his parents."

The head of any college at Oxford or Cambridge might have given a similar answer.—London Cor. New York Post

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Her Confession

And Yet There Was Nothing to Confess

By F. A. MITCHEL

Two middle aged ladies sat over a cup of tea. One was forty-two, the other forty-one. They had been intimate friends some fifteen years before, had been separated, having gone to live in different places, and now had come together again and were summing up, so to speak, that portion of their lives which lay behind them.

"How different have been our experiences!" said the younger of the two. "You, Margaret, have known the joys of being a bride, the companionship of married life and the sorrows of widowhood, while I have looked upon the promised land of matrimony always from a distance. And now we are both alone, without husband or children. We have come at last to the same position, but not the same condition. You as a widow are a very different person from me, an old maid."

"In what do you consider this difference to consist, Helen?" asked the

THE MOMENT THE WORDS WERE SPOKEN HELEN REGRETTED THEM.

other, looking up at her friend with a pair of expressive, inquiring eyes.

"It consists in so many things that it would be impossible to find a word under which to group them. If you ask me the principal difference it has produced between you and me I will say that it lies in this—you know what it is to be loved by a good man. I do not."

The widow leaned back in her chair and looked at vacancy. She seemed to be absorbed in thought—thought on what her friend had enunciated. At last she said:

"What we look at from without is usually very different from what we find it when we come to experience it. Love before marriage is not what it is after marriage. The first is an absorbing passion, the second is companionship. One is violent and may easily be turned to hate; the other is quiescent and, so long as it is not interrupted, may be strong and enduring."

"Interrupted by death you mean, I suppose."

"Not that alone; there are many other causes which may throw one who loves back into the passionate condition that exists before marriage—I mean a condition of suffering, not of pleasure."

"Do you believe in divorce, Margeret?"

"Not if there are children interested—that is, if the father and mother can live together on friendly terms."

"But you had no children." The moment the words were spoken Helen regretted them. "I was thinking of your feelings in a case that might be your own," she continued. "What would you have done, supposing your husband ceased to love you and loved another woman?"

"In that case I should consider whether a marriage between them would be for the best. If I thought so I would consent to a divorce, that he might marry his new love."

Helen sipped her tea in silence. The subject seemed of more interest to her than to her friend. Indeed, she seemed to be moved by some deep feeling connected with it. One looking at her would have thought that she instead of Margaret had the experiences of a married woman. Presently Helen spoke again.

"I am glad, Margaret, that during your married life nothing occurred to break it. I can not conceive of any greater trouble to come to a woman than a separation from the man she has loved and married, and I thank heaven that there is one sin I have not upon my conscience. I have never done anything to turn a man from his wife to me, nor have I permitted any man to turn from his wife to me."

"No one who knows you, Helen, would doubt that. Indeed, it is quite likely that a married man who would yield to his inclination for you would be unworthy of you."

Helen started. It was evident from her words as well as her friend's re- [illegible] she had some such experience as the one referred to on her mind. But it was also plain that she had not considered the man in the case unworthy of her. She entered upon a hypothetical defense of him.

"I can understand a man's momentarily yielding to a temptation, and yet love his wife truly," she said. Then, pausing, she seemed moved by a sudden resolution and continued in a tone that indicated deep feeling: "Margaret, I am going to make a confession to you. And yet it is not a confession, for that indicates an injury, a wrong, and there was no wrong on my part nor on the part of the one who was implicated with me in what I am about to relate.

"You remember that John and I were both of artistic temperament. We were fond of the fine arts, music, sculpture, painting, literature. He was the only real poet I ever knew personally. His appreciation for music was of the keenest. Do you remember that period when your mother was taken ill, you were called away to attend her, and she finally died? You left John in my charge, and I recall your exact words when you did so. 'John and I have not been long married,' you said, 'but long enough to have come upon that period when a newly married pair begins to suffer from their incongruities. Leaving him at such a time is dangerous, for he is liable to seek solace with another woman. Help him to stand by his better instincts, so that when I return nothing shall have occurred to make a breach between him and me.'

"This is all you said, but it was enough. I knew you meant that in case I should see your husband about to fall under a bad influence to have a care of him and draw him away from temptation. I was sure that so great was your confidence in me that you would not ask anything of me on a matter between him and me.

"I kept John with me during nearly all his idle time in the period that you were absent. We visited what galleries there were, went where we could listen to music and read together from the works of our favorite poets. One evening he took me to the opera. 'Faust' was given and given beautifully. John sat entranced by the music and seemed also under the spell of that legend which contains in condensed form the story of humanity. After the opera we rode to my home and during the ride John did not speak a word to me. I invited him to come in and led him to the drawing room. Suddenly he began to talk strangely.

"'I feel,' he said, 'that I am Faust and that a mephistopheles is dragging me to hell.'

"'And by the same passion he secured Faust's soul?' I asked.

"'Yes.'

"'And who,' I asked, 'is Marguerite?' I was trembling and spoke the words so low as only to be heard by one intent on hearing.

"His hand was near mine, and he took it in his. I arose and stood apart from him.

"'John,' I said, 'stand firm. This is a passing madness occasioned by that weird drama acting upon an impressible nature. Your wife will return soon, and by her presence banish what is but an evanescent emotion.'

"He stood looking at me as one in a dream for a time, then said:

"'Helen, from the bottom of my heart I thank you for having saved my self respect.' And, turning, he left me. Your mother died that same evening and within another week you were at home.

"You know the rest so far as John is concerned—that he was saved from a momentary temptation, and that yours and his happiness were not marred by the incident. What I have to confess is this: From that moment I was a changed woman. The word of love that had been spoken entered into my being and I could not eradicate it. But no more than this, Margaret, did I wrong you. John never sought me, and that I might not meet him I left him and you for another place of residence. I never saw him again."

The woman who listened to this confession gave no other evidence of its effect upon her than to reach for the confessor's hand and press it. Helen continued:

"From that moment I took on a lifelong suffering. But not from your displeasure, for I am sure even now since you know my secret that you are too strong, too just, too generous to blame me for what I could not help."

Margaret, who had retained the hand she held, bent forward and kissed her friend. Then she said:

"I do not blame you now, nor have I ever blamed you, for I have known of this from the moment of my return, when I heard it from John, though a different version. He told me that he loved you and would always love you."

Helen's head dropped on her friend's breast. There was a long silence, which was broken by Margaret.

"You would hear?" she said. "Why, knowing what I did, I remained John's wife, keeping you two apart. Perhaps my conduct to you seems that I grudged you what I could not myself possess."

"I have no such thought. I am sure you had a reason, and that reason was a noble one."

"Had I believed that you would have been happy with John," she said, "I would have given him to you. But you would not have been happy with him. He was too volatile, too intense in his feelings, too unsteady in every way. You would have been the blind leading the blind. You would have suffered under perpetual misunderstandings. He needed a different hand from yours to manage him. A time came when he recognized this himself."

"But you?" exclaimed Helen, looking up with a wonder akin to pain.

"I did my duty by him and you."

Scared Both of Them.

When Justice Maule was on the bench a bullying counsel was one day browbeating an elderly female witness in a case before him. Having badgered her into a state of utter speechlessness, the lawyer appealed to the judge to make her answer his questions. "Why do you not answer, madam?" asked the judge. "Because, my lord, he scares me so," replied the trembling woman. "So does he me, ma'am," said the judge. —Law Notes.

EASY TO GUESS IT.

What Do You Think Is the Answer to This Puzzle Question?

With the rent six weeks in arrears Scribbler sat trembling lest the landlady should hear the beating of his heart and call for a reckoning. Presently there reached his ears the sound of fierce words, as of two striving together in deadly argument. Scribbler became aware that Mr. and Mrs. Slumpkins were engaged in unraveling one of their domestic tangles.

At length there came a light tap on the door.

Scribbler looked toward the window as a possible avenue of escape. However, before he could make up his mind to try the rainspout route the door opened cautiously, and first Slumpkins' bald head appeared and then the rest of him crept slowly in.

In a whisper he advised Scribbler not to pay Mrs. Slumpkins, insomuch as she was not the head of the house.

Scribbler acquiesced and Slumpkins disappeared.

A little later another rap on the door, this time more insistent, caused Scribbler to look up. It was Mrs. Slumpkins.

"Say, don't pay my old man any money, Mr. Scribbler. He won't do nothing but drink it up. This morning I had to let him know who runs this house. We ain't speaking to each other now."

Again Scribbler acquiesced.

That was six months ago. They haven't spoken to each other yet, and Scribbler goes on his way rejoicing.

Puzzle question: What will be the first question they ask when they start speaking again?—Satire.

TINY ELECTRIC IONS.

Science Says They Are the Smallest Units In the World.

We used to think that about the smallest thing in the world was an atom of hydrogen. In fact, it was taken as the unit by which the atomic weight of all metals was expressed. For instance, the smallest possible division of the metal lead was found to be 206 times that of hydrogen, gold 196 times, etc.

Hand in hand, however, with the modern conception of the nature of the electric current, has come a new conception of infinitude in small things. Now, they say, the smallest thing in the world divisable by the hand of man is the electric ion. This is the individual unit of electricity, the moving part of a current when it passes through a wire. It is so small that it can run through a copper bar at a speed of 186,000 miles a second without turning corners. Electric ions trickle through a copper wire in much the same way as grains of sand through a sieve.

Scientists, armed with instruments considerably finer than grocery store scales, have isolated and measured them and found that their relation to that lightest of all gases, hydrogen, is as one to the seventeenth power of ten, or, in other words, the fraction representing their relation to an atom of hydrogen is expressed by a million-million-millionth. — Chicago Record-Herald.

Generous Soul.

"Now, Jim," said the old lady to her son, who was about to leave the countryside to try his luck in London, "there's plenty of money in that big city, for the streets are said to be even paved with gold."

Jim "had his doots," but these were quickly removed, for he had barely got out of Euston station when, to his surprise, he espied slyly reposing on the kerb a bright, glittering sovereign. Eagerly he picked it up and walked a little farther on, when he came across a blind man who was begging.

At once his sympathetic heart went out to the unfortunate man, and as he put the sovereign into his hand he said:

"Take this, my friend. I can see 'em, tha' can't!"—London Globe.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

The Naval Court Was Polite With the Pushing Boston Attorney.

Courts martial are not infrequently held on battleships in the Charlestown navy yard. Sometimes a sailor will send for a Boston attorney to defend him, although this tendency is discouraged by the officers. Most attorneys know they have no absolute right to practice in a naval court and can do so only by permission of the court, but occasionally a lawyer goes aboard who does not realize this fact.

A sailor who was charged with gambling had retained an attorney to get him off. This attorney, who had never had such a case before, went briskly into the officers' wardrobe, where the court was sitting and without waiting on ceremony began to address the court in a blustering manner.

"Just a minute," interrupted the presiding officer. "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Rudolph Smithers," the attorney replied, "and I am a member of the Massachusetts bar."

"Oh, you are Mr. Smithers, are you?" continued the officer. "Then you are the man whom the orderly wants to see." He called the orderly.

"What does the orderly want of me?" asked the attorney in a superior tone.

"Nothing very much," replied the chief justice. "He merely wants to show you off the ship."—New York Herald.

The Womanly Touch.

Adam was showing Eve through the cave.

"This is the living room," he said. "It is furnished as luxuriously as possible in these prehistoric days. I have spared no expense on it, and yet it lacks something or other, some final touch that I cannot name."

Eve took a swift look around. Then she pulled the magazine table out a little from the wall, gave the morris chair a twist, laid a book on the window sill and kicked the tiger skin rug back a foot from the door.

"Wonderful!" cried Adam and gazed open mouthed at the magical transformation.

The cave was more than a cave now. It was a home.

There's no place like home.—Newark News.

MEREDITH AS A CHILD.

When Only Two Years of Age He Had an Air of Superiority.

As is generally the case with an only child, brought up entirely in the society of his elders, George Meredith developed early and always had something of contempt for juveniles of his own age. He was a reserved and acutely sensitive boy, afraid of ghosts and being left alone in the dark, and was perhaps a trifle spoiled by his mother, a refined woman, whose love and care he lost before he reached his sixth birthday. There is still living a gentleman who well remembers George Meredith at the age of two years. This was about 1830-1, and Mr. James Price relates of his visit:

"I went up to the large front drawing room, where I found the boy and a lady who must have been his mother. The boy did not seem to care much about playing with me, and I was rather shy. He brought me his toys and picture books to see, and I was mightily pleased, I remember, with a horse and cart (not like the many cheap ones that I had seen), a beautiful, lifelike white horse, and the cart of superior make, and as George drew it along it made music as the wheels went round. What I remember of the child's appearance is somewhat hazy—a boy in white frock and blue ribbons tied up his sleeves, but he was certainly a pretty child. I spent the afternoon with him, but we did not get on much together, as he assumed a sort of superiority."—Fortnightly Review.

MAKING WATCHES.

Wonderful Feats That Are Performed by Modern Machinery.

The rapidity with which watches are nowadays manufactured has been made possible by the ingenious machinery designed within recent years for the making of all parts of a watch. The speed with which these various parts are turned out is little short of marvelous. Great sheets of brass and steel are cut and rolled into ribbons and punched out into wheels at the rate of 10,000 a day from each punching machine. Workers drill the thirty-one holes in the roof of the watch as fast as they can count.

Brass wire glides into a machine that measures off the length of a part, turns it, puts a screw thread on each end and actually screws it in at the rate of 2,000 a day.

The screws are of such tiny size that fifty gross of them may be put in a woman's thimble, while of others there are a thousand gross to the pound.

Balances are cut from the solid steel, ground down, worked up and drilled with their twenty-five screw holes apiece at the rate of 100 wheels a day from each machine.

Wheels have their teeth cut, a couple of dozen at a time, some with from sixty to eighty teeth, at the rate of 1,200 wheels a day from each machine. —Harper's Weekly.

The Physiotype.

This is an English invention for making pictures by impression of leaves, ferns, lace, feathers and various other objects. It depends upon the chemical action of a fine powder. The object of which a representation is to be made is placed upon white paper and pressed either by the hand or by other means. When the object is removed no impression is visible on the paper, but upon sprinkling the powder over the paper the picture at once appears, sharply defined, and remains permanent. Sections of wood and designs of coins and medals can thus be represented, and the prints can be transferred to lithographic stone, zinc or aluminium, thus producing records from which any number of copies can be taken.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Economy and Consolation.

Her discovery in its way was not less than epochal.

"It is so easy to save when you know how!" she exclaimed. "Oh, so easy! Do I wish to save $25? Very well. I go down town and find something I would like that costs $25, and then I don't buy it. Nothing could be simpler."

She did not deny, however, that her method involved a sacrifice.

"But if the sacrifice is too painful," she went on to explain, "I go and find something my husband would like that costs $35 and don't buy that!"—Puck.

Knew Her Hubby.

Mother—Is your letter to your husband ready to mail?

Married Daughter—It's all done excepting the postscript telling him to send me some more money. I'm looking for another sheet of paper.

"Write it across the lines."

"No, indeed. He'll pretend he couldn't read it."—New York Weekly.

It Was Dangerous.

"So you think that kissing is dangerous?"

"Indeed, I do."

"You must have kissed the wrong girl."

"I know I did."

"Her brother handed you a wallop?"

"No; she married me." — Houston Post.

Sign of Popular Affection.

Weren't you indignant when people you didn't know called you by your first name?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum, "but I've worried a great deal since they've shown a disposition to stop it."—Washington Star.

Power is a fretful thing and hath its wings always spread for flight.—Wallace.

Like the Mythical Dragon.

In the Malay archipelago is a reptile much like the mythical dragon. It has false ribs that extend the loose skin and form its wings. There is also a frog with spreading feet that makes a parachute which enables it to flit from tree to tree, and a flying lemur that can spread out its whole body like an umbrella and leap and fly a hundred feet at a time, from the top of one tree to another.

A COLD BLOODED DUEL.

Instant Death Was Assured For One of the Contestants.

An extraordinary duel, which at the time created an immense sensation, was one in which the decision was arrived at not by swords or pistols, but by means of a deadly poison.

The men—who, it is hardly necessary to say, had fallen out over a lady—had left the arrangement of details to their seconds, and until they faced each other they did not know by what method they were to settle their differences.

One of the seconds was a doctor, and he had made up for the occasion four black pellets, all identical in size and shape.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. We will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you will alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects."

Two of the pellets were then taken as the toss had decided, but without effect in either case.

"This time," said the doctor, speaking of the two pellets remaining, "you must both swallow the pill at the same instant."

The choice was again made, and in a few seconds one of the men lay dead on the grass.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CANARIES ARE NERVOUS.

And They Dread Mice That Like to Steal Their Bird Seed.

One of the common troubles with canaries and one that few bird owners realize is that of nervousness. The nervous system of a canary is as highly sensitive as that of a delicate woman. Any sudden shock to their senses, whether of sight or sound, is liable to throw them into convulsions, that often result in death. An old bird dealer mentions a frequent but rarely known cause of sickness and even death among the little creatures.

"I had two canaries," he said, "that for some reason I could not discover fell into a frightfully nervous state and started to pine away. I doctored them with all the remedies known to bird lore, but the poor creatures continued to droop in dismal decline. At last I discovered the trouble. It was mice.

"Mice are as fond of bird seeds as canaries themselves. In the darkness of the night the mice would creep through the bars of the cage and devour the seeds, while the poor little canaries sat above shivering themselves into a state of nervous prostration from the very terror of the monsters below. I removed the cage to a position where the mice could not get at it, and my pets rapidly recovered." —New Orleans States.

One Sin of Housekeeping.

The ultimate sin of the housekeeping code is straightening things out in a desk or on a table. When I depart from my quarters in the morning my sitting room table looks self possessed and homelike, bearing three ash trays, four or five books, matches, a pipe, a can of tobacco, papers, magazines, pencils, pens, a letter or two, a bottle of ink and maybe a necktie or so. A place for everything and everything just where it ought to be easy to reach or thereabouts. But, alas, on return what a state that table is in. The books have been put back on the shelves, the ash trays mobilized, pen and pencils arranged in orderly lines, neckties stuck away in a dresser and the letters planted in the most conspicuous place with those containing bills uppermost. —Toledo Blade.

Pliny's Jewel Stories.

Pliny declared that a diamond was so hard that if placed on an anvil and struck with a sledge hammer it would give back a blow of such force as to shiver both anvil and hammer to pieces. Another of his wonderful tales states that "on the shore of the island of Cyprus there was a stone lion having eyes formed of emeralds, which shone so brightly that all the fishes were ingloriously frightened away. The fishermen accordingly pulled the emeralds out and put in glass eyes instead, whereupon the wise fishes became bolder and returned to their accustomed nets."

His Income.

"They say you get 250 marks a month. I can't believe it. Tell me how."

"I get 110 marks salary; then I don't pay my rent, 40 marks; that's 150 marks; I owe the milkman 30 marks, that's 180 marks; my butcher 40 marks, 220 marks, and every month I raise 30 marks out of my friends, making an income of 250 marks a month!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Strychnine?

"Say, Maria, have you noticed how this infernal cat jumps in my lap every time I sit down to read?"

"Yes. Well, I suppose the poor thing is tired."

"Well, the next time I go to the drug store I'll get something (biff!) for that tired feline."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Ancient Inspiration.

Artist—Here's a cute little inspiration that I thought worthy of preservation in crayon.

Editor (after a hasty glance at the sketch)—Why, I've always supposed that little inspiration was preserved in oil.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Riddle.

His Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her? Her Father—Just between you and me, my dear, I don't know her yet.—Chicago News.

The Human Hog.

Crawford—Don't you believe that a man should be the architect of his own fortune? Crabshaw—That's all right, but he shouldn't build on the other fellow's lot.—Judge's Library.

Irate Patient.

"You understand me well, doctor—if you amputate my legs I shall never set foot inside your door again!"—Paris Sourire.

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1912

THE BEEF TRUST.

An exchange makes a very sensible suggestion to remedy the present high cost of meats for the public and which if carried out would not only greatly enrich the farmers themselves but would deal a body blow to the meat trust from which they would be long in recovering.

It suggests that if 3,000,000 of the farmers in this country would each raise 50 beeves, 50 lambs, 50 hogs or poultry, or a proportionate part of that quantity, they would soon produce what the thousands of cow boys and ranchers on the wild west ranges have thus far been unable to do, and they could more than supply our wants for provisions for the next 100 years to come and have a large surplus with which to feed other people. And why not return to cattle raising for a food supply right here and now even though on a less extended scale than can be done in the West? Cattle are an important source of revenue and of actual necessity in many ways, in fact no well regulated farm can be profitably cultivated without more or less of them being raised upon it; poultry another important adjunct to a good farm is a large source of profit that could easily be developed into much larger proportions than now prevails and the demand for that kind of produce is continually on the increase.

40 or 20 years ago large herds of cattle were annually driven in the Spring of the year from this town to the fertile fields and valleys of New Hampshire there to graze and grow fat at small expense to the owners until late fall when they were driven back again and delivered to their owners in fine and much improved condition and ready for the rigors of the approaching winter, or were used for food.

Reed and Tweed were the local butchers in town then their slaughter house being located at what is now the N. W. corner of Prospect and High streets; Mr. Geo. W. Reed who is still remembered by many of our citizens usually took the drove over the road occupying usually two or three days for the trip.

☞ In a snug corner of a desk not many miles from Woburn stands a small china inkstand fashioned somewhat to resemble the smiling features of childhood's most beloved friend and patron saint Santa Claus, a relic most choice and highly prized by the owner, as an insident in his childhood of many years ago. Not because of its intrinsic value, which is small, is it cherished, but for the flood of hallowed memories its presence brings to mind when gazed upon; of the loving eyes of parents, brothers and sisters whose delight of the child in receiving the gift was equalled only by their own in giving it. The associations connected with that bauble are as fresh today in the mind of its possessor as they were in its childish delight delving down to the very toe of that well filled yarn knit stocking in the dim long ago. Childhood's holiday is near, the greatest, the most universally observed of any in Christendom, for it is in token of the birth of the Christ, the Saviour of mankind, in memory of His birthday and the glad tidings it brings to all. In that spirit we wish you one and all

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

☞ The receipt in our mail this week of the *Sequachee Valley News* of Tenn. recalls vividly to our mind the days long gone by when its senior editor and proprietor was an important factor in the democratic party and especially in town politics away back in the sixties and seventies. Thomas W. Hill was for many years a Selectman and Clerk of the Board in which position he was for a time quite an autocrat in the town government, and exercised a great influence in town affairs. Like all the rest of us he must be growing old and gray.

☞ The beef barons are trying to get the price of their products up to the highest notch attainable, under the pretense of a scarcity of cattle from the West. If that is so it is time for the farmers of the East, in fact for those all over the country to begin to raise cattle, pork and poultry for the market for as a general rule the price of an article is regulated by the law of supply and demand.

☞ One of the brightest, breeziest and sparkling exchanges that comes to the editor's table is that free, frank and fearless sheet now six weeks old, called *Truth*, and it hails from the Hub of the Universe where it obtains its inspirations for genuine wit and humor. It evidently believes in the good old adage "tell the Truth and shame the devil," and we wish it every success.

☞ Many people think the present Autumn has been very much warmer than that of a year ago, but the thermometer record at a given place during that period shows only a small variation in the two periods. In Nov. 1911 the daily average for the month was 37 9-10 degrees while for Nov. 1912 the daily average was 39 1-3 degrees a daily average of about 2 degrees warmer. For the first 12 days of the present December the daily average has been 35 1-6 and for the same period last year the daily average was 37 9-13.

☞ One of the handsomest, as well as one of the most instructive calendars we have seen for this year, is that sent out by the White & Wyckoff Manufacturing Company, Manufacturers of "Autocrat" and Exclusive Correspondence Stationery, Holyoke, Mass. The large type, the featuring of holidays and notable days of the year, in three-color process printing, makes the calendar a most desirable one. A calendar will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or U. S. stamps.

LOCAL NEWS.

— The Les Douze Club will meet this afternoon with Miss Buxton, Winn street.

— Mrs. W. L. Guild of Lindenville, Vt., is visiting Mrs. E. S Parker of Cleveland ave.

— Mr. Chester W. Holland of Cleveland ave, has accepted a position as cashier in the Andover National Bank.

— Mrs. Mary E. Whiting of Dover, N. H., passed the week end with her cousin Mrs. M. Littlefield of Winn street.

— Misses Rachel Blodgett and Anna Burdett returned home yesterday from Wellesley College for a three-weeks' vacation.

— The Woburn Grange, No. 287, had a Christmas tree and entertainment for the children of the members last evening.

— Mr. B. T. Morgan of Winchester, a member of Woburn Royal Arch Chapter has been appointed a deputy for the eighth district.

— Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tebbets are receiving congratulations this week on the birth of a baby girl at their home on Salem street. Mrs. Tebbets was formerly Miss Grace Thompson.

— Ex-Mayor E E Thompson observed the 86th anniversary of his birth quietly at his home on Monvale avenue Wednesday. Many friends called or sent congratulations during the day.

— The Briganitas Club met at the home of Miss Frances Walley, Winn street, Monday evening and the usual whist was played. High scores were made by Miss Elva Caldwell and Mr. Roland Dow.

— Woburn Post 161 was represented at the dedication of Memorial Hall in Melrose by E. F. Wyer, J. F. Leslie, B. F. Smith, H. C. Hall, O. M. Brooks, Milton Moore, Edward Hoskins and J. W. Fields.

— The pupils of the Hanson School are planning a Christmas entertainment to be given in the school hall this evening. There will be tableaux and cornet and clarinet solos. The parents of the pupils are to be guests.

— Mr. and Mrs. John Winchester, whose residence is at 141 Washington street, Winchester, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son last Sunday morning. Mr. Winchester formerly lived on Plympton street this city.

— Attention is called by the Boston & Maine Railroad, Southern Division, to the trains indicated in time tables as not running on Christmas Day Dec. 25 between Boston and Wilmington, Arlington, West Medford, Bedford, Stoneham, Lexington, Woburn and Lowell.

— Several of the pupils of Mrs. Annie S. Lewis gave a piano recital at the home of Miss Dora Gilbert, Montvale ave., last Tuesday evening. Mrs Lewis and Mr. Percival Lewis also contributed a number of duets. Refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed.

— The Glen Ridge Club met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. W. A. Russell 216 Cambridge street. Final arrangements were made for the banquet and gentlemen's night on Dec. 31 After the supper an entertainment will be given and the company will watch the old year out and the new year in.

— Mr. Wilmot R Evans, Jr., of Everett, spoke on "Industrial Education" in the Hanson School Hall last Tuesday evening The meeting was under the auspices of the Maternal Association and was attended by members of the School Board, teachers in the public schools and parents. Miss Edna B Felch rendered vocal selections.

— The Middlesex County Association of G A. R and W. R. C. met in this city last Wednesday in all day session. The Corps met in the vestry of the First Baptist Church and the Post met in Post 33, G. A. R Hall. Dinner was served by the local Corps. Many business houses displayed the National colors in honor of the visitors.

— The next meeting of the Baptist Brotherhood will be held Monday evening, December 23, at 8 o'clock in the Baptist vestry. Annual election of officers will take place. Mr. F. F. Peterson, of Utah, will speak on "Mormonism." Mr. Peterson has lived for many years among the Mormons and is intimately acquainted with their institutions.

—The Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, D A R, of Medford observed its 16th anniversary Tuesday evening with an entertainment and banquet at the historic Royal House. Mrs. Flora G Nichols, Mrs. Charles Bancroft, Mrs. Walter Russell, Mrs. Thomas Heartz, Mrs D. F McIntosh and Miss Elsie Heartz of this city are members of that chapter and were present at the banquet.

— The recount in Ward One resulted in a tie and a new election will probably be held. In the Alderman at large Dennis P. Hogan won out over A. J. Ball.

— The Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Circles of the First Baptist church met with Mrs. Andrew C. Mattson, 115 Salem street, last Tuesday evening.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. E Stewart quietly observed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at their home, 27 Auburn street, Wednesday. Congratulations and loving remembrances came from far and near to brighten the day. Mrs. Stewart has been in rather poor health the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have two children, Mrs Emma J. Brooks of this city, and Mr. Thomas Stewart, of Olean, N Y.

— Miss Leila A. Seller, formerly of this city, passed away Monday at her home on Glen Road, Winchester, after a short illness of pneumonia. She is survived by her father, four sisters and three brothers. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late home, Rev. John R Chaffee, formerly of Winchester, assisted by Rev. William W. Adams, Pastor of the M. E church, conducting the services. Interment was at Woodbrook.

— Clarence E Littlefield, now on a visit home from Alaska, entertained Wednesday evening at the Georgian all the remaining Eastern members of the Blackfoot Alaska expedition that left here in 1898 to prospect in that far-off portion of the country. Besides himself there were present Arthur W. Whitcher, Edward Banwell, of this city, Edward E. Balch, of Haverhill, and Harry L. Appleton of Malden. A royal time was enjoyed by all those present.

— The Woburn Co operative Bank is now paying off the 29th series, the largest series in its history, 289 shares maturing. The value per share was $200.31, requiring the payment of $57,889. These shares have run 141 months. Each one owning a share in this series paid in $141 and receives $200 31. These 289 shares are owned by 50 different persons. Each person receives on an average about $1,100. Ten are real estate loans which are cancelled by the maturing of these shares amounting to $9,650.

— A large auto driven by Henry Quigley, and owned by Mr. James Skinner of Montvale ave., while passing through Wyman street near the Coleman estate Sunday morning suddenly skidded and turned on its side Mr. Quigley had with him Messrs. Harry and Angelo Crovo and all three occupants were thrown violently from the car. How the young men escaped fatal injury is a marvel. Quigley was the most seriously hurt, some of the bones in his left arm being broken and he was otherwise bruised and cut. The Crovo Brothers were not seriously injured. The wind shield on the car was smashed, the mud guard badly dented, and the body of the car more or less scraped.

— Mr. Earl R. Coleman, of 17 Houghton street, received the surprise of his life last Saturday evening. Two friends of Earl's called early in the evening and invited him to take a walk and later an auto ride. When he returned home he was called into the parlor where he found a company of about thirty of his young friends assembled. Before he could recover from his surprise Mr. William McPherson on behalf of those assembled presented him with a handsome signet ring. When Mr. Coleman recovered himself somewhat he thanked his friends for their kind remembrance and bad them welcome. The evening was most enjoyably spent in games and music. Refreshments were served.

Illustrated Lecture.

Arthur W Whitcher the druggist who was one of the original Black Foot explorers to Alaska in 1898 from this city, will give his illustrated lecture with stereopticon views at a smoke talk in the Towanda Club house next Monday evening.

It is given as a compliment to Clarence E Littlefield, who was not only a member of the Black Foot expedition, and who has just returned from that far off possession of Uncle Sam's for a brief visit to his parents, but he is the only one of the original nine members of the company that remained in that country and has made good as a citizen of Nome, Alaska.

Edward Banwell of this city was another member of that expedition and the ties that bind the surviving members together in fraternal regard for each other are quite as strong as are those of other hazardous enterprises in other parts of the world. Their tales of hard work, shipwreck and disaster are quite as thrilling in the telling as have been many others we wot of.

The Old "Warren Cadets."

It is proposed to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the "Old Warren Cadets" (formed at Woburn, April 9, 1863 in connection with the Warren Academy) sometime in April or May 1913 (preferably at the Academy building) This company was the earliest one outside of Boston formed during the Civil War for drill in a school and had an active existence about two years. In 1881 it had its last reunion. Its first captain was William R Cutter, now librarian emeritus of Woburn Public Library, and among its members was the present owner of the Woburn JOURNAL, George H. Newcomb, and ex-Mayor William F. Davis, L Wheeler Marion and the present representative to the General Court, Henry L. Andrews. Next week we shall have more about the matter.

Christmas Exercises.

The Christmas Concert of the First Congregational Sunday School will be given at 5.30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. There will be songs and recitations by the children, a solo by Mrs. Alice Locke Dow, songs by the chorus choir, and an address by the pastor.

The Christmas tree and entertainment for the kindergarten and primary children of the Baptist Sunday School will be held Tuesday afternoon at 4 30 o'clock. The Christmas Concert will be held at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. There will be recitations by the children and a cantata "The Story of Bethlehem.

WOMANS' CLUB NOTES

The December meeting of the Board of Directors was held with Mrs. Charles Bancroft, 3 Richmond Park, last Wednesday afternoon.

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The club was represented at the annual guest day of the Friday club of Everett, December 13, by Mrs. Martha E. Bond, President, and Miss Grace Leslie, secretary.

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Mrs. Martha E. Bond, President, and Mrs. G. H. Newcomb, press correspondent, attended the annual reception and guest day of the Heptorean club of Somerville, last Saturday afternoon. A delightful musical programme was given and dainty refreshments were served. The decorations were pine boughs, laurel and pink rose buds and were very effective.

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Mrs. Martha E. Bond, president of the club, attended the Sanitation Conference held in the Town hall, Concord, December 9, and reports an interesting and istructive session. David C. Palmer spoke on the "Relation of Weights and Measures to the Buyer." He said there should be a law compelling dealers to sell by weight instead of measure, and showed many articles used by merchants and pedlers in measuring whereby the customers do not receive what they pay for. Among these were loaded butter trays, trays soaked in brine, loaded paper bags, measures in which the bottom could be raised or lowered, and tin measures unsoldered so they could be compressed by the hand. Mrs. Mary C. Wiggin spoke on "Clean Bakeries" and urged Women's clubs to try and arouse public interest and to suggest changes when they were needed. Tea was served by members of the hostess club.

* * * * *

Mr. Thomas P. Byrnes will lecture before the club tomorrow afternoon on "Wendell Phillips." Mr. Byrnes is a man of splendid physique and strong magnetic personality and makes a striking appearance upon the platform. He is a man of broad sympathies and liberal education; a man who has given twenty years of his life to the uplifting of all kinds and classes of people; a man who has lived his message and delivers it fresh and strong from his own heart and soul. His lecture on "Wendell Phillips" is one of the very best of biographical lectures. His facts and incidents are abundant and vividly portrayed. The lecture is the growth of many years of study and will be instructive and interesting. Miss Marion Burt will give violin solos, accompanied by Miss Vivian Burt.

Man Coughs And Breaks Ribs.

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonsful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure its a Godsend to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo. "for I believe I would have consumption today, if I had not used this great remedy." Its guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle or 50 cent or $1.00 size at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

Sunday morning Christmas music will be given by a chorus under the direction of Mrs. H. Frank Kesler Mrs. Wilbur True, organist. The pastor will speak on "The Effects of Jesus' Advent." At 6 o'clock the chorus will render the cantata, "The Holy Infant," interspersed with appropriate recitations.

The Christmas tree exercises for the Beginners, Primary and Junior Dep'ts of the Sunday School will be held Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock and the parents of these children are invited. The exercises for all above the Junior Department ages will be on Christmas, Wednesday, evening at 7.30 o'clock. All persons above 13 years are invited and gifts may be brought for all such.

Move On Now!

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows, 25c. at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

Feeling For Death.

For a week the self appointed guide to the blind on their daily walks had noticed that the two men who were her special charges felt carefully of the wall on either side of the door of the asylum when passing in and out. Since she was there to lead them, that precaution seemed not at all necessary, and she finally asked their reason for it.

"I am looking for crape on the door," one old man told her. "They don't like to let us know here in the asylum when any one dies for fear of making us feel bad, but they put crape on the door, and by feeling for it when we pass in and out we can find out for ourselves when one of us has gone."—New York Times.

Do Not Have Sore Feet.

An Allen's Foot-Ease powder in the foot-bath gives instant relief to Chilblains and all foot-aches. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot Ease the antiseptic powder, in your shoes. All Druggists, 25.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

A stupendous array of brilliant attractions are promised for holiday week at B. F. Keith's Theatre, something that will appeal to young and old being included in the program One of the most pretentious features of the bill will be Mlle. Minni Amato and her big company of French artists in the wordless playlet in three scenes, "The Apple of Paris." This is a thrilling and intensely interesting story of life on the boulevards, told in the most realistic fashion. The big comedy feature of the week will be George Rolland and company in Billie Burke's uproariously funny farce comedy, "Fixing The Furnace." This domestic travesty, or tragedy, as it is in any household, when the furnace balks in zero weather, is chock full of laughs from start to finish, and George Rolland as the furnace man, is excruciatingly funny. Two great features for the children that always flock to Keith's at Christmas time will be Gillett's Animals, including the Monkey Bowling Alley and Adam and Eve, the big chimpanzees, and Adonis and his wonderful dog, who present the most astonishing series of equilibristic and contortion feats. Kate Watson, the original gal, from Saugus Centre, will be on hand with a lot of new and funny stories; and other big features will be Pealson & Goldie, two newcomers with something good; Earl Flynn and Nettie McLaughlin in songs and dances; Carlston and Kay, in a novel specialty; and Charles Ledegar, the card manipulator.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Laughing Eddy Foy, the funniest of all Broadway comedians is now appearing at the Boston Theatre in the best musical show he has had in many years, entitled "Over the River." Werba and Luescher, the producers of this hilarious girl and song comedy, have staged their production in spectacular fashion and the piece comes after a smashing six months' success at the Globe Theatre in New York The play gets its somewhat unique title from the fact that in New York City, there is a slang designation for the prison on Blackwell's Island where one of the scenes is located Prisoners sent there are said to be doing time "over the river". A comedian in prison stripes is a novelty and Foy makes the role excruciatingly comical. Eddie Foy plays the role of Madison Parke, a man about town, who entertains his friends so riotously on a certain night that he wakes up the next morning and finds himself sentenced to thirty days "over the river." The second act showing the interior of the prison with Foy's red hair clipped close, and a suit of prison stripes enveloping his heroic figure is one of the most humorous conceits ever staged in any theatre. The chorus appears in this scene attired as beautiful Salvation Army lassies bringing flowers to the prisoners. The third act shows a garden decorated Mexican fashion, with the chorus as beautiful senoritas greeting the wanderer after his thirty days, when he returns home with the fishy explanation that he has been to Mexico.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

John Mason, who is unquestionably one of the strongest Boston favorites who visit here annually, comes to the Hollis Street Theatre for a limited engagement of two weeks only, beginning December 23. Mr. Mason, or "Jack" as he is affectionately known by all playgoers who recall his series of splendid triumphs at the Boston Museum in the halcyon days of that celebrated stock organization, returns to Boston this season under Charles Frohman's direction He appears in a new play, "The Attack," from the masterly pen of Henri Bernstern, the foremost Parisian playwright of today. The English adaption was especially made for John Mason by the well-known novelist, George Egerton and enjoyed a prosperous three months' run at the Garrick Theatre, New York, where Mr. Mason in the dominant role scored the most emphatic triumph of his career.

"The Attack" tells a romantic story in which politics and love are blended in a way that holds the sustained interest of every spectator. Mr. Mason appears as Merital, a political leader of the Social party. He is a man of fifty-three, with a fine career before him. Renee, the chum of his only daughter who has spent four summers in the great man's house, has fallen in love with him and tells him so in a naive trusting way. At first he tries to laugh at her because of the difference in age, but as he realizes her devotion is deep and true, he, too, avows his love. Their romance is interrupted by a conspiracy to ruin Merital's political career by unearthing a theft which he had committed in his earliest youth. Merital runs his real enemy to earth, vindicates himself in the eyes of the world, and returning to Renee confesses to her his guilt. She remains loyal to him, and after having won his case and driven his accuser out of court, Merital after confessing his early fall from grace to the young woman who loves and trusts him, finds that her devotion is still unshaken.

There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees during Mr. Mason's engagement and the curtain falls at the night performances in ample time for suburban playgoers to reach their trains.

Makes The Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. Its the quick healer of boils, ulcers, exzema, sore lips or piles. 25c at All Druggists.

Advertisement.

Two Poor Ones.

During one of Edwin Forrest's engagements in Boston a poor artist called several times to see the great actor at the old Winthrop House. Each time he brought a picture which he had painted. He finally left it with a note stating that he was in needy circumstances. Forrest read the note and took the wrapping from the picture. It proved to be a painting of himself as Spartacus. Forrest gazed upon it a moment and then ejaculated to the clerk: "Give him $10. If he is as poor as his picture he must be on the point of starvation."

CAN'T AFFORD IT?

Let's figure it out and see

How much would you charge to go the grocers's or the provison dealer's?

How much would you give, on a stormy day, to be able to visit a distant friend?

How much would it be worth, in case your child were taken suddenly ill at night, to be able to summon the doctor at once, and, perhaps, by special instructions from him by wire, to be able to give temporary relief pending his arrival or even to save it's life?

The expense of a telephone is not figured by what it costs for a whole year, but by how much it saves each time it is used. Therefore, with all these things in mind, ask yourself

Can I Afford to be Without a Telephone?

If you need further details as to cost, ask the Local Manager

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New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

WINCHESTER.

The Fortnightly Club has postponed its next meeting from Dec. 23 to Dec. 30.

The Calumet Club will hold its usual Christmas entertainment and tree on Christmas eve this year.

A large and handsome new sign has been placed on the Winchester Highlands station of the Boston & Maine Railroad the past week.

The Men's Club of the Congregational church held their annual supper last evening. Melvin M. Johnson, Esq of Waltham, a noted attorney was the speaker.

The December Ladies' Night of the Calumet Club was held last Tuesday evening. The "Round Up" was repeated. There was bowling and Military Whist and dancing. Refreshments were served.

Mr. George H Carter, Town Clerk, has been confined to his home for the last two weeks with a hard attack of the grip. Miss Mabel Stinson, Assistant Clerk, has been doing the work during his absence.

The following have been elected as officers of the Winchester Highlands Athletic Club for the ensuing year Pres Mr. Burleigh H Cooper, Vice Pres., Roland A. Davies; Sec, Walter McEwen; Treas, E. Langworthy Burwell; Cor. Sec., Edward S Murphy; Purchasing Agent, Walter L. Claflin. Meetings are to be held Friday evenings instead of Saturday in the future and on the first Friday of each month light refreshments will be served.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 18, by Rev. F. M. Estes, Montague C. Irving and Hattie L. (Hill) Porter Crandall both of Woburn.

At Medford, Mass., Dec. 18, by Rev. T. L. Flanagan, Thomas Islip Devaney of Medford, Mass. and Mabel Ethel Humphrey of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 18, by Rev. George H. Tilton, George H. Stimpson of Reading, Mass., and Harriet A. Wood, of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 11, Honor Maguire, aged 53 years.
In this city, Dec. 12, Celia Ward, aged 57 years, 11 months.
In this city, Dec. 11, Sarah I. McDonald, aged 77 years, 9 months, 5 days.

NOTICE

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.
Woburn, Mass.

I, Roderick Foss of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book number 35,557 issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

RODERICK FOSS.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treas.

Dec. 11, 1912. 13-20-27

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the State Board of Insanity, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John C. Nichols of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward for his maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of December, A.D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy thereof to the State Board of Insanity seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Bethia Whitford, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Alfred H. Whitford and Mary E. Fowle who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of January, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

20 27-3 F. M. ESTY, Asst Register.

NOTICE.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:
Woburn, Mass.:

The A. O. H. Div. 3, Woburn, Mass., Contingent Fund hereby gives notice that Deposit Book number 29,990 issued to the above, has been lost or destroyed; and, pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

JAMES H. CONNOLLY, Treasurer.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Dec. 14, 1912. 20-27-3

CITY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN LOCATED 1640 INCORPORATED 1642 A CITY 1888

All persons or firms having bills against the City of Woburn must present the same at City Hall by THURSDAY, Dec. 26th, at 12 o'clock noon, to be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

ROBERT J. CORRY,
City Auditor.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan Henshaw, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Henry A. Henshaw, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of January, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of James N. Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Curtis, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of December, A.D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusets.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frances A. Hurd late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil of said deceased havebeen presented to said Court for Probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

6-13-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Woburn National Bank,

WOBURN, MASS.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at its Banking Rooms, 397 Main Street, Woburn, on Tuesday, January 14, 1913, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 18, 1912.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Emma Owen, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

MABEL O. BLODGETT, Adm.

(Address)
4 Mishawum Road, Woburn, Mass.
Dec. 17, 1912. 20-27-3

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Christmas Candy, 2 lb. boxes	25c. box
Golden Dates	10c. package
Best Figs,	22c
Table Raisins, Fancy	30c. lb.
Seeded Raisins	8c. package
Victoria Seeded Raisins,	10c. "
Victoria Seedless Raisins,	14c. "
Victoria Currants, Fancy	14c. "
Best Citron	20c. lb.
Orange and Lemon Peel	18c. lb.
Allredie Plum Pudding	12c. package
R & R " "	25c. can.
None Such and Armour's Mince Meat	10c packge 3 for 25
Poultry Dressing	10 & 18c. box
Pop Corn 7c. lb. Pop Corn	10c. package.
New Nuts of all kinds	

Granulated Sugar 5 1-2 cents pound

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has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—$20.

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PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M, SUNDAY at 8 15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Centre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

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NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

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per set of old false teeth which are of no value to you. Highest cash prices paid for old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and precious stones.
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PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
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Constipation
"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful
DR. KING'S New Life Pills
Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N. Y.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Christmas Thoughts.

The years roll on and the days go swiftly by, and bring us again to the glad Holiday Season. The Merry Month of December, the Rosy, Jolly St. Nicholas, the Children around the Glittering Christmas Tree, the Full Stockings and the Festive Board, the Home-comings and the Yuletide Carols, the Bringing of Gifts and the Renewal of Love.

And best of all is the Renewal of Love: Long, long years ago a Baby was born under the blue Judean sky, and was cradled in a manger; a little Child, unsought for and unwelcomed in the hearts of men, but for whose coming a wonderful radiance spanned the heavens; the Gates of the Celestial City opened wide and Angels from their Realms of Light blended their voices in the anthem "Glory to God in the Highest."

This was the birth of Incarnate Love, the bodily manifestation; and in the little Child in the stable was the beginning of hope, of joy, of goodwill to men, the peace on earth that must surely come. "And the star hung low over the shadowy place where slept on His mother's bosom the Light of the World."

And best of all is the Renewal of Love. Let us renew our love, not alone in deed and word towards those whom we hold dear, but with charity for those we distrust, forgiveness for all who have wronged us, and great tenderness for the wayward. Are we sorrowful, weary, troubled or lonely. It is the birthday of One who shares our burdens, our True and Tried Friend. Let us keep then in our hearts a Holy of Holies, a pure sacred dwelling place for the King of Kings.

And best of all is the Renewal of Love, that shall not be alone for Christmas, but for all time; remembering His own words that the "Greatest of All is Love."

DEC. 20, 1912. RUBY G. WAUGHN.

EDDIE FOY in "Over the River" at Boston Theatre.

Ends Hunt For Rich Girl.

Often the hunt for a rich wife ends when the man meets a woman that uses Electric Bitters. Her strong nerves tell in a bright brain and even temper. Her peach-bloom complexion and ruby lips result from her pure blood; her bright eyes from restful sleep; her elastic step from firm, free muscles, all telling of the health and strength Electric Bitters give a woman, and the freedom from indigestion, backache, headache, fainting and dizzy spells they promote. Everywhere they are woman's favorite remedy. If weak or ailing try them. 50c at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

THE PRESIDENT'S MAIL.

How the Great Mass of Correspondence Is Handled Daily.

The president's mail is of such proportions that he cannot, like the business man, read all his letters as a part of the morning's routine. By a carefully developed system, however, the contents of the White House mail are in substance laid before him each day.

The work of doing this falls upon a corps of confidential clerks, who open the letters and give them a first reading. Then they are carefully sorted. Many of them, of course, need not go to the president at all, since they are simply recommendations for office. These, after courteous acknowledgment, are referred to the proper departments and placed on file until they may be taken up for consideration.

Many of the president's letters are purely formal or contain requests for something which cannot be granted. These the clerks answer and the president's secretary signs. The requests for charity are so many that a special "form" has been drawn up for answering them.

Such communications as the president ought to see are carefully brief—that is, a slip is pinned at the top of each letter, and on this is a typewritten synopsis of its contents, telling who the writer is and what he has to present. Frequently the president is sufficiently interested by the brief to cause him to read the whole letter. Sometimes the communication is referred to a cabinet officer, in which case the slip is retained at the White House and filed.

When a large number of persons write on the same subject the letters are bunched and the brief at the top gives the names of those who present one argument and in another list the persons who offer a different view.—New York Press.

Mistaken Identity.

Mrs. Henpeck (to her pet dog)—Go and lie down there! Her Husband (coming hastily)—What did you wish, my sweet little wife?—Fliegende Blatter.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. *They never fail.* At all Druggists 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

AN ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

Nansen's Daring and Perilous Swim For His Drifting Boats.

Among the perilous adventures of the Nansen arctic expedition was the narrow escape of Nansen and Johansen on their return trip to the Fram after their unsuccessful dash for the pole. After many months of hardship a narrow channel opened in the ice, and they launched the two light kaiaks that they had carried on their sledges for more than a year. A few days afterward disaster nearly put an end to the expedition. The incident is related in "The Siege and Conquest of the North Pole," by Mr. George Bryce.

In the evening their legs felt stiff with sitting in the kaiaks all day, and they landed on the edge of the ice so that they might stretch them a little. After the kaiaks, which were lashed together, had been moored by means of one of the braces they ascended a hummock close by and had been standing there only a moment when Johansen raised the cry that the kaiaks were adrift.

They ran to the edge of the ice, but the boats were already a little way off and were drifting quickly. The position was a terrible one, for all they possessed was on board. Nansen at once threw off some of his clothing, handed his watch to Johansen and sprang into the icy water. He knew that if the boats were lost it meant death to him and his companion. At first it seemed more than doubtful whether he could manage to regain them. When he got tired he turned over and swam on his back. At length he gained a little and redoubled his exertions.

By this time Nansen felt his limbs stiffening and losing all feeling. His strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance from the kaiaks became shorter, and at last he was able to grasp a snowshoe that lay across the sterns. He now tried to pull himself up, but his body was so stiff with cold that he could not do so. After a little he managed to swing one leg up to the edge of the sledge that was lashed to the deck and then raised the rest of his body. They were saved!

With some difficulty he paddled the kaiaks back to Johansen, who admitted that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. Johansen now pulled off Nansen's wet clothes, put on the few dry ones they had in reserve, spread the sleeping bag upon the ice and covered Nansen with the sail and everything he could find to keep out the cold. The next day Nansen was all right again, and in the evening they pressed forward once more on the march that finally brought them out of the arctic.

A Chilly Forecast.

The earth is growing in bulk on account of the meteoric dust that falls on it. It has recently been estimated that 100 tons fall daily over the surface of the globe, and that millions of years hence this will have increased the thickness of the earth considerably. This would have a tendency to bring us closer to the sun. But centrifugal force is augmented at the same time in greater proportion and counteracts this tendency; consequently the earth would be swept away from the sun, with the result that its distance from that body would be considerably augmented. This is spoken of as having possibly happened to some of the larger outer planets, notably Jupiter, in the remote past.—Harper's.

Milk and Ministers.

Milk became a very important part of the food of families in the colonial days of the eighteenth century. In 1728 a discussion took place in the Boston newspapers as to the expense of keeping a family of "middling figure." These writers all named only bread and milk for breakfast and supper. As cows increased in number, milk, of course, became more frequently used. Rev. Mr. Higginson in 1630 wrote that milk cost in Salem but a penny a quart, while another minister, John Cotton, said that milk and ministers were the only things cheap in New England.—American Cultivator.

Rev. Irl R Hicks 1913 Almanac.

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ABOUT THE HOUSE

Little Romances That Are Linked With Its Furnishings.

EVOLUTION OF THE CHAIR.

The Leisurely Progress From the Three [illegible] Stool to the Luxurious Rocker—[illegible] of the Table Drawer—The First Picture Frames.

If you only knew it, queer little romances are peeping out at you all over your house, from attic to cellar. They are well worth looking for.

Framed pictures had to have a beginning. They date back to about 500 years ago, when peaceful monks painted the walls of their living rooms with Scriptural subjects. Then one day some one conceived the bright idea of nailing wood around these frescoes so as to separate the subjects. A little later came gilding—and the evolution of the modern picture frame was simply a matter of time.

The drawing room is a perfect mine of history. As most people know, this is, strictly, the "withdrawing room," to which one withdraws after dinner, as the name implies.

The antimacassars over the backs of the chairs similarly carry their object in life in their name. These more or less artistic things had their beginnings some 150 years ago, when every one used macassar oil for the hair. The mistress of the household then would no more permit greasy polls to spoil her fine chairs than would the modern mistress. And, lo, the antimacassar!

Of chairs themselves, perhaps the most interesting feature is the familiar crossbar—technically known as the stretcher—which joins the front legs. Nowadays its purpose is usually for ornamentation, sometimes strength, though often it is absent altogether.

It harks back to the days of the first chairs, when knights and dames wanted to keep their feet off the cold, drafty, rush littered floors; hence the stretcher. Originally the stretcher was only a few inches above the ground, but when, later on, rugs and carpets came into more general use and rooms became more comfortable, the stretcher gradually lost its importance.

It is curious to note that the cozy armchair was the last stage of all. Cushions and padding were the first additions to the plain seat. Then came painted chairs and afterward carved legs, and finally—a leisurely last—came backs and arms and with them the luxurious rocker.

In point of fact the chair is easily the most important piece of furniture you have, historically speaking. To this day, "taking the chair" denotes taking the head of affairs, reminiscent of the time when there was only one chair in a room, three legged stools at the most being provided for less important folk.

Window curtains, again, have their little romance. Originally all windows were in the roof, but in time came open windows in the wall. In the middle ages some one brought from China the idea of using cloth to cover the windows, and there is the origin of your curtain, with its frills and loops.

The glass chandelier, if you have one—they are out of fashion now—can be put down to the workmen refugees from France driven from their homes by Louis XIV. by the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685.

Even the drawer in the kitchen table—any table drawer, for the matter of that—had to be thought of, but nobody did manage to think of fixing a drawer to a table until some inveterate card player—his name is forgotten—wanted a handy place for the cards when they were not in use. The very thing! And table drawers were invented.

"Kitchen," by the way, is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "to cook," while "scullery"—which positively has nothing to do with "scullion"—comes from a word meaning "a bowl."

Some of your furniture may well have an English political bias! It certainly is so if it bears that familiar design based upon the Prince of Wales' feathers. Hepplewhite, the famous furniture designer, began it. In his time there was a strong Tory party supporting George III., while the Whig party was headed by the Prince of Wales. Hepplewhite was an ardent Whig and accordingly introduced Prince of Wales' feathers into his furniture designs on every possible occasion. Incidentally the sofa is an importation from the ease loving Arabs, whose "suffah" was a long bench outside the house.

And, finally, "hall" simply means a place which is covered in, and the word comes from exactly the same root as—the infernal regions! — Philadelphia Ledger.

Amenities of the Table.

"I waited ten minutes for a car today," the landlady was saying, "and then it passed me without stopping."

It was afterward recalled that the habitually silent man had been having unusual difficulty with his chops.

"Perhaps," he remarked, "the conductor didn't care to have you board his car."—Exchange.

Let's Do Some Work.

"I guess their honeymoon is about over."

"Why?"

"She's quit telephoning to him during office hours."—Detroit Free Press.

Laws can discover sin, but not remove it.—Milton.

Bound to Hit Something.

There is a cross eyed man in Cleveland who is an enthusiastic trap shooter; furthermore, he is an expert. His record is a thing to be proud of. One day last autumn a nervy friend ventured to question him thus:

"You are so horribly cross eyed that I don't see how you are able to shoot straight."

"I'll tell you my secret. I squint along the left barrel with my right eye, and I squint along the right barrel with my left eye"—

"Yes?"

"And then I fire both barrels."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Courts of Love.

"Courts of love" were established in the middle ages, when chivalry was at its height and love the serious occupation of life among the higher class of society. The first "court of love" was established in the south of France in the twelfth century and was composed of knights, poets and ladies, and their decisions on subtle questions connected with affairs of the heart were given with great formality.

MISSING A CARIBOU.

An Attack of "Buck Ague" Made a Fool of the Hunter.

What the "buck ague" is like is described in "The Journal of a Sporting Nomad," by J. T. Studley. The author's first attempt against the caribou resulted in humiliation. He tells that Johnny, his Indian guide, suddenly dropped like a stone into the wet grass and muttered "Stag," and there, sure enough, strolling along the front was a fine caribou. "I sat down, resting my elbow on my knee, waiting until he should put in an appearance my side of the rock. I had the rifle to my shoulder, and at last the grand beast walked into view, not more than 100 yards away. He stopped, looking about him, and I drew a bead on his shoulder. Useless! The rifle wabbled all over the place, and for the life of me I could not keep it still nor hold my breath. My heart was in my mouth, and all the time the rifle trembled and shook. The caribou moved on a few paces, and I determined that if I meant to shoot at all I must obtain better control of my nerves. I still covered him with the sights, or thought I was doing so, as I pulled the trigger on the beast that was standing broadside on with his head turned from me.

"I was using a fine rifle, and it was the work of an instant to pump another cartridge into the chamber and fire again. Still no move on the part of my target. He faced the other way nonchalantly, listening with interest to the echo of the rifle in the distant canyons. I was getting desperate now and could hear the Micmac muttering all sorts of imprecations behind my back, which only made things worse. I fired five more shots at that caribou as he stood as though carved in wood, persevering until he turned off calmly into a belt of timber.

"This story is an absolute fact. I would not have credited it had I not been the one to make such a fool of myself. My feelings can be more readily imagined than described. I could have cried with vexation and shame. Johnny took the rifle, looked it over, patted it as though he would demand of it whether the fault lay with it or the user, and I tried to make excuses to myself for myself."

BLACK LETTERS AND WHITE.

The Former More Distinct at a Distance Than the Latter.

There is a tendency on the part of railroads to adopt signs with white letters on a black background, not realizing that the black letter on a white background is easier to read and can be seen at a greater distance. This follows in an interesting way from the structure of the retina of the eye.

The impression of a letter at the limit of vision is received on the ends of a small bundle of nerves which convey to the brain a sort of mosaic impression. A nerve can only transmit to the brain information as to whether or not a ray of light is falling upon it, and when a nerve is partly in the light and partly in darkness the sensation is the same as though all of it was in the light.

It follows, therefore, according to the Scientific American, that all nerves on the dividing edge between any black and white area transmit the sensation of light so that all white lines and white areas appear wider and all black lines and black areas appear narrower than they really are.

Black letters grow thinner at the limit of vision and are still recognizable, while at the same distance white letters grow thicker and cannot be distinguished. There are circumstances when it is necessary to use white letters, but in such cases legibility will be improved if they are made with a thin stroke and strongly lighted. Black letters are more distinct if made with a heavy stroke.

"Doing the Trick."

Kean played Brutus to his son's Titus in "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin." As may be imagined, the benefit was a bumper. There was over £300 in the house. Kean, invigorated and strengthened by his holiday, played magnificently. Charles supported him extremely well, and Kean's delivery on his son's neck of the lines, "Pity thy wretched father," stirred the audience to their very depths. There was not a dry eye in the house, the applause was frantic and Kean whispered to his son, "We are doing the trick, Charles!"—Armstrong's "Century of Actors."

POETICAL FEATS.

Difficult Rimes Had No Terrors For Browning or Byron.

Poets may be baffled in their search for rimes, but it takes a great deal to baffle the doggerel rimester. Charles II. offered a reward for a rime to "porringer." The reward was claimed with the following marriage announcement:

The Duke of York a daughter had.
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
So now your majesty will see
I've found a rime for porringer.

Browning's perpetrations in rime are probably unique in English poetry. Here is a couplet from "Sordello" which no minor poet would dare to print for fear of blasting his reputation:

Chirrups the contumacious grasshopper;
Rustles the lizard and the cushats chirre.

In the same poem he rimes "sulked" with "mulct," "flag" with "quag," "abhors" with "valvassors." But he reached the climax surely in the couplet:

You trample our beds of ranunculus,
And you "Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle" us.

The worthy and reverend author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" was fond of such rimes as:

A long yellow pinafore
Hangs down each chin afore,

or such riming gymnastics as:

At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,
But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here.

Yet in these enormities he was only parodying Byron, who wrote:

Ye lords of ladies intellectual
Confess if they had not henpecked you all.

Some Satisfaction.

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton in her biography of her father, the late Lord Wolverhampton, says that in his home his orders were always stern and peremptory, but no one was more surprised than he was when they were obeyed.

One day he detected one of his daughters making a statement in which she rather exaggerated the facts.

"You are one of the most inaccurate women that was ever created," he told her.

"Well," was the cheerful reply, "I am glad to be a masterpiece in some department of creation."

NAVAL GUN TELESCOPES.

Device That Made Possible Accurate Long Range Firing.

It was about the year 1885 that the telescope was first tested in conjunction with the firing of a modern gun. The tremendous concussion broke the lens, however, so that in order to use it at all the telescope had to be detached from the gun before firing, thereby entailing a loss of several seconds in time after aim had been taken.

Later, to obviate this defect, the telescope was adjusted to the axis of the gun by a system of parallel arms moving up and down in unison with the gun, though detached from it. This of course was a great improvement, but there were still grave practical defects.

Well, along in the early nineties Henry C. Mustin, a young midshipman at Annapolis, lean faced and square of jaw, built like a medium sized Hercules, quiet mannered, but a bulldog in the football field, interested himself in the study of optics. Naturally enough, his thoughts were directed to the defective lenses of the gun telescopes. The lenses broke when the guns were fired; therefore it was necessary to invent a nonbreakable lens.

One day years later, while stationed in Washington, Mustin called a few of his brother officers to the window near his desk on the second floor of a building in the navy yards. He showed them a lens with a metal band "shrunk" around its circumference. Then he opened the window and deliberately threw the lens with all his might upon the brick pavement below. The others knew of his pet hobby and thought he had given it up in disgust and had taken this way of telling them so. But he put on his hat, lit a cigarette and bade them follow him. He led them down the stairs amid considerable joking and out to the spot where the lens lay on the pavement. The glass was unbroken. The one great defect of the telescope sight had been overcome, and Mustin had made possible the long range gunnery of the modern navy. The thud of the little glass disk with its metal collar upon the brick pavement was the signal for the nations to begin to build their Dreadnoughts.—American Magazine.

LONG HAIRED MEN.

They Caused a Vigorous Protest In Massachusetts In 1649.

The following protest signed by Joseph Endicott, governor; Thomas Dudley, deputy governor; Richard Bellingham, Richard Saltonstall, Increase Nowell, William Hibbins, Thomas Flint, Robert Bridges and Simon Bradstreet was published in Massachusetts in 1649:

"Protest, against wearing long hair, of the governor, etc., of Massachusetts:

"Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of Russians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally of all the godly of all our nation, until within these few years:

"We, the magistrates, who have signed this paper, for the shewing of our own innocency in this behalf, do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men doe deforme themselves and offend sober and modest men and doe corrupt good manners. We doe therefore earnestly intreat all the elders of this jurisdiction, as often as they shall see cause, to manifest their zeal against it in their public administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith; that so, such as prove obstinate, and will not reforme themselves, may have God and man to witness against them. The third month 10th day, 1649."

The Stranger.

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"Um!" said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger; "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days!"

"Um!" said the man. "And who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Um!" said the man. "You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like hard work to me."

And he slammed the door.—Pittsburgh Post.

Frenzied Arithmetic.

Three-year-old Amy, who had a very lively little brother, was being put through a lesson in arithmetic by her uncle. She had successfully added one and one, but stuck at two and one.

"Your mamma," said her uncle, "has two children. If she had one more what would that make?"

"Oh," cried Amy, "that would make my mamma cwazy!"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Gentle Hint.

"I'm hungry," said the out of a job tragedian.

"Well," said the kind hearted (?) manager, "can't I give you something to appease your hunger?"

"Surely," said the actor. "I believe I'd prefer a few dates." — St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.

Crude Mud Houses, the Roofs of Which Are Garbage Dumps.

Egyptian village life is quaint and interesting, says the Wide World Magazine. The houses are crude, one storied structures of sun baked mud, with possibly a couple of tiny square holes cut in the wall for ventilation.

Each home consists of a single room, absolutely devoid of furniture, one or two drinking jars and cooking utensils being usually the only articles to be seen. The roofs of these hovels are thatched with cornstalks, and for some unaccountable reason all the household rubbish is dumped on the roof! For this purpose a ladder may frequently be seen reclining against the side of the house. From a distance a village is apt to look like an immense rubbish heap. These primitive erections are inhabited solely by the fellahin, as Egyptian peasants are called.

In some of the Arab villages the arrangements for sleeping are even more unconventional. Huge cuplike structures made of mud are built out in the open, away from the houses, and into these the babies are frequently placed during the day, and often the entire family sleep in them at night. The idea is to escape the numerous snakes and scorpions which abound during the great heat of the summer.

BRITISH AMAZONS

Women Who Could Pull an Oar With the Best of Men.

WON FAME ALL OVER EUROPE.

Ann Glanville and Her Champions Not Only Beat Their Own Countrymen, but Went to Havre and Outrowed Half a Dozen Crack French Crews.

In the boat races that have from time immemorial been rowed on the Hamoaze, the estuary of the Tamar and the Tavy that forms part of the harbor of Plymouth, the women of Saltash have often distinguished themselves. In "Around and About Saltash" P. E. B. Porter writes of Ann Glanville, whose amazonian feats of oarsmanship made her famous all over Europe:

"Some sixty or seventy years ago the crew of Saltash women was often seen not only on the Hamoaze, but wherever aquatic sports were held. It was not often that Ann and the crew that she stroked were beaten in a match—never by other women.

"They competed for prizes at Hull, Liverpool, Portsmouth and Dartmouth, and it must not be supposed that a crew of men ever yielded the palm out of masculine courtesy, for, as a matter of fact, the men did not at all relish being beaten by a 'parcel of females.'

"In some of these contests Mrs. Harriet Screech, a daughter of Ann Glanville, who had fourteen children, rowed with her mother. As she was the youngest member of the crew she pulled bow oar, the least arduous post in the boat.

"Once this crew, rowing a match at Fleetwood in the presence of Queen Victoria, gave the men so sound a beating that her majesty asked to have Ann presented to her.

"However, the most famous event of Ann's life took place in 1850, when Captain Russell of H. M. S. Brunswick suggested to her that she and her crew should go to Havre to the regatta there and challenge the Frenchmen, a proposal to which she readily assented.

"When the Frenchmen heard of the challenge from les Anglaises de Saltashe they shrugged their shoulders, for they scarcely regarded it as serious. And when the women appeared in their white frilled caps prinked out with blue ribbons, in their short petticoats and white dresses, with blue neckerchiefs tied over the shoulders and crossed behind the back, they looked puzzled.

"The challenge of the Englishwomen created a stir not only in Havre, but for miles along the French coast and for many leagues inland too. And in England the greatest interest was aroused.

"When the day of the regatta came there was a vast concourse of people to witness the contest. Every quay, hilltop and housetop from which a view of the course could be had was crowded. Every one was on tiptoe of expectation. Before the start the Saltash crew had a pull round 'to show themselves.' Their steady stroke, the way in which they bent their backs to their work and the perfect ease and grace with which they pulled made the French open their eyes.

"Ann and her crew had not the best start possible, nor at first did they have the advantage. Five minutes after the start six boats were ahead of them. But they soon tested their opponents' nerve. Ann, who had the stroke oar, gave the word:

"'Bend your backs to it, maidens, and hurrah for old England!'

"One by one, with a cheer from old Ann, they passed the six boats. At last they drove their boat, with the British color flying gayly at the fore, into the lead. It was a long course and a hard pull, but they soundly thrashed the Frenchmen. Ann and her 'maidens' beat them by 100 yards. The members of this famous crew were Ann Glanville, Harriet Hosking, Jane House and Amelia Lee. A man acted as coxswain.

"Mrs. House was so elated at the victory that on reaching the committee boat she plunged into the water, dived under the vessel and came up with a dripping and drooping cap on the opposite side.

"Ann Glanville died in 1880, at the age of eighty-five, dignified, vigorous and handsome to the last. Her character was summed up by a neighbor in these words:

"'Her was honest to a farthing, clean as a smelt and kind hearted as a queen.'"

Rose to the Occasion.

"Do you know, Miss Dootles," asks the earnest young man, "that if one were on Sirius the orbit of the earth would look just about the size of a finger ring?"

"I beg your pardon, Harold," she flutters. "I was musing for the moment and did not catch everything you said, but I heard you say something about 'serious' and a ring."—Chicago Post.

The Steering Committee.

Registry Clerk—It is necessary for me to ask the mother of the bride if she has nothing to say before I proceed with the ceremony. Voice of Mother (in background)—All I have to say is that if I hadn't had a good deal to say already they never would have landed here.

If it were possible to heal sorrow by weeping gold were less prized than grief.—Sophocles.

The German I and You.

It is surprising when any one takes the trouble to notice how many letters begin with the pronoun "I." To Germans this is egotistical, and their etiquette in letter writing forbids it. It is probably on the same principle that they write I (ich) always with a small letter and you (Sie) with a capital, reversing the English custom.

She Agreed.

Will—The sight of an old schoolmate is—er—well, it might be called both meat and drink.

Bertha—Yes; that's what you men usually do in the circumstances.

"Eh?"

"Meet and drink."

Purpose and Success.

It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness undaunted by difficulties and then success.—W. M. Punshon.

It is seldom that punishment, though lame of foot, has failed to overtake a villain.—Horace.

Another Bracelet

A Romance of the Neptune

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Home again," sighed Madeline Trayle as the tourist ship Neptune sighted New York's jagged sky line once more.

"It has been a wonderful trip," observed her father, smiling down at the girl. "I believe Alex will testify to that."

Alexander Felton's contented face beamed happily upon the girl whom he had wooed and won on this Mediterranean trip. Each member of the party of seven, who had been drawn together by mutual interests, had enjoyed some unique experience or participated in an adventure to be related on those long evenings spent on the moonlit deck of the steamer. At their last port a newcomer had joined the ship, a charming girl, who proved to be a dear friend of Madeline Trayle's, and with this arrival of Emily Drake there was solved the mystery of Arthur Clayton's adventure of a broken scent bottle, for she proved to be the owner of the toy, which had dropped from a latticed window in Beirut and been shattered on the stones at his feet. Young Clayton's devotion to Emily Drake during the homeward voyage had been marked, and the older people of the party smiled upon what appeared to be another romance.

Madeline Trayle's especial adventure had been connected with a filagree bracelet which her father had purchased from a peddler in Constantinople. She had been wearing the bit of Byzantine jewelry when, standing in the Suleiman mosque, a melancholy Turk had haughtily demanded to examine it, declaring that once it had belonged to his daughter, who had disappeared. After examining it closely he had returned it sadly, apologizing for his presumption in addressing the young American lady.

In relating this story to her companions on board the Neptune Madeline

THE THREE EXAMINED THE BRACELET IN TURN.

had declared that a friend of hers in New York possessed the duplicate of her filigree bracelet (which upon examination had proved to have been "made in Germany" and was no doubt copied from the original trinket), and this friend proved to be none other than Emily Drake.

Emily said that her bracelet was in New York, and such was her interest in the incident of the melancholy Turk who had lost a daughter that she declared she would unearth the trinket as soon as she reached home and examine it for some secret mark.

"Perhaps we may be able to reunite father and daughter—if she is still living," ventured Emily, smiling.

It was several days after their landing that Emily Drake found an opportunty to call upon Madeline Trayle.

"Dear," she cried eagerly, "I've unearthed the filigree bracelet and cleaned it up, and I do believe there is some writing on the inside! Has your father got a strong magnifying glass?"

Professor Trayle produced the necessary instrument, and the three examined the bracelet in turn. At last the professor laid down the glass. "Emily, it looks to me as though you really owned the original filigree bracelet," he said.

"How lovely!" cried Emily.

"Isn't it wonderful?" breathed Madeline. "What does it say inside, father? I know there must be something written there or some secret mark, for the Turk looked inside and then said it was not the bracelet of his daughter."

"Just think of how many imitations he must have looked at, hoping to find the right one," murmured Emily. "But do tell us what it says, Professor Trayle."

"Look inside once more," he said, giving her the glass. "Do you not see some queer marks engraved there?"

"Yes, yes! They look like shorthand characters."

"It's Arabic. It reads 'To my daughter, Zerah.'"

"Zerah—what a lovely name! I can see her now—a languorous eyed beauty," cried Emily.

"Now we have a clew to work upon. I have such a splendid plan," said Madeline, her cheeks pink with excitement.

"Tell it to us."

"Let us each wear our bracelets and go from one Turkish shop to another, apparently looking for rugs or trinkets, and perhaps some woman, some shopkeeper's wife, may recognize the filigree bracelet, and thus we may find the owner and tell her that her father is waiting for her!"

"A wild goose chase," smiled the professor indulgently. "My dears, the chances are that Zerah is now and has been in Constantinople, perhaps hidden from her father's seeking eyes."

"No, I am sure that is not the case," protested Madeline warmly. "It's this way, father"—

"There, there, my dear; I should not try to discourage you," he smiled. "Run along on your pretty romantic errand. Only be careful that you do not go afoot, and beware of unsavory parts of the city without a proper escort. Perhaps Alexander will go along. You know he is a linguist and"—

"This is a matter for fathers and daughters, so we will ask you to escort us," said Madeline, and in the end Professor Trayle laughingly assented. Secretly he was attracted by the possibilities of the search.

"If you find Zerah—whether she is young and lovely or has become fat and hideous, as is often the unfortunate fate of oriental women, and she wants to return to her father, remember I will send her home again," he promised and was rewarded by the gratitude of the two girls, who had come to look upon the lost Zerah as a real person who would be found in the foreign quarter of New York, that clearing house of many nationalities.

The next day they started out on their strange search. As the limousine threaded its way among the narrow streets of the Syrian quarter—for they had decided to begin their search there—the two girls chattered about the bracelet and examined again and again the one Emily wore on her wrist outside her black glove.

Their first experience was disappointing. A Turkish shop, attended by two slender young men, who urged them to buy rugs, did not offer any hope of finding the lost Zerah, although Emily displayed her bracelet carelessly to their view.

It proved to be a disappointing quest. In and out of little dark, odorous shops they went. They interviewed Turkish women and men and children, but all stared stolidly at the filigree bracelet and shook their heads.

They were interested in selling goods to the rich Americans, not in tracing some mythical person named Zerah.

As the limousine drew up at the curb in front of Emily Drake's home and she stepped to the pavement Madeline leaned forward and pointed a finger at the flight of stone steps leading to the front door of the Drake home.

"Oh, Emily, we've been interviewing Byzantine women all day, and here is another one sitting on your doorstep!"

Emily turned and looked.

There on the bottom step of the brown stone flight sat a lace peddler, a slender, worn looking woman with pathetic dark eyes and sad mouth. On her lap there rested a basket filled with laces and lace trimmed linens.

Professor Trayle and his daughter leaned from the motor and watched Emily as she approached the woman and picked up some laces with the hand that wore the filigree bracelet.

Instantly the woman's eyes flashed eagerly, and she laid a brown hand on Emily's wrist and muttered some foreign words.

"Professor Trayle, do come! I believe I've found her! Come and talk to her!" cried Emily in excitement. And the professor and his daughter obeyed at once.

The woman was holding Emily's hand, and tears were running down her cheeks as her fingers touched the silver bracelet.

"Zerah!" said the professor distinctly, and at sound of the name the woman started to her feet and stared wildly at him.

Then, speaking in her own language, he quieted her fears and asked her a few questions. He took the bracelet from Emily's wrist and showed it to her.

The two girls watched with delight mingled with awe the changing emotions on her face as she listened to the story Professor Trayle had to tell, and she nodded smilingly at last, and then, clutching the filigree bracelet to her bosom, she spoke in the same tongue, softly, melodiously, ending her narrative with a little despairing gesture.

"It is Zerah," said Professor Trayle at last. "Finding her here on Emily's doorstep is such a curious coincidence that I confess I am thrilled through. The bracelet is hers, and she prized it highly as her father's gift, but she learned to love a rascal, and she sold the bracelet in the bazaar in Constantinople and with the proceeds eloped to America with her lover, who has long since deserted her. Fearful of her father's anger, she has never dared communicate with him, although her heart is breaking for her old home."

"Of course she can go back again?" ventured Emily.

"Certainly. My promise holds good, and I shall send word to her father to meet her."

"Isn't this a perfectly lovely ending to the voyage of the Neptune?" asked Emily after they had seen Zerah cared for by the servants.

"Who dares say that romance is dead in the world?" demanded Madeline, laughing happily.

"I don't for one," confessed Professor Trayle.

Sinister.

A nonconformist clergyman in Manchester is chuckling over a letter he recently received from the vicar of a certain parish church. He had written to the vicar asking for permission to conduct a funeral in the churchyard.

"He immediately sent me a most courteous note," the nonconformist clergyman said, "but I could not help noticing that it would be possible to give to his words a sinister meaning. The note ran: 'You will, both tomorrow and at any other time, be most welcome in our churchyard.'"—London Answers.

Getting Even.

"Oh, George, dear," she whispered when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others was ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered, but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You overrate me. This is the one I've always used."—London Stray Stories.

Eccentric.

"Snaggs is a most eccentric chap."

"Yes?"

"Sure! He has named his place Pine Terrace."

"Well, what of it?"

"Well, he has pine trees and a terrace."—Judge's Library.

Preaching and Practice.

"Isn't it horrid," remarked Miss Swyftly to her friend—"isn't it horrid that men will put these nasty old pipes into their mouths?"

"Yes," said her friend emphatically as she stooped and tenderly kissed the black face of her pet pug—"yes, indeed it is."—Pearson's.

A Suggestion.

"John," said Mrs. Slithers, "where can I get a set of resolutions passed by our Civic Sorority yesterday engrossed?"

"I really don't know, my dear," said Slithers. "Why don't you have them embroidered?"—Judge.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty.—Simmons.

GORDON'S BLUNDER.

Grave Tactical Mistake of a Budding English General.

When General Gordon was a lad at school he was as mischievous as most boys. When the boys had done anything wrong they were shut up in a large, barely furnished room and set to write lines from a Latin author.

Gordon was one of the most frequent prisoners in this room, and he used to be annoyed by the boys who were free coming to the door and jeering at him through the keyhole. Resolving to get even, he procured a large syringe, and, taking it with him the next time he went to write lines, he went round to the various desks and sucked up the ink into the syringe.

By and by he heard stealthy footsteps coming down the passage. Nearer and nearer they came and at last halted outside the door. "They are peeping through the keyhole," whispered the future general, and, placing the syringe to the keyhole, he squirted the contents through with all the energy he could muster.

There was a smothered exclamation of disgust, and then some one fumbled with the handle of the door. It opened, and in stalked the head master, his face black with wrath and his once snowy shirt front black with ink. We must draw a veil over the painful scene which followed.—London Globe.

HART'S EASY JOB.

Slept For a Week and Made Enough to Live on For a Year.

To sleep for one's living, says the London Chronicle, may appeal to some as a more attractive alternative than to work for one's living. But the feat has been achieved. In the Daily Courant of Aug. 9, 1711, the following advertisement appears: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little Britain." Some further particulars of this professional somnolist are to be found in the Spectator for Oct. 1 of that year. It appears that Hart was every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which began on Aug. 5 and ended on the 11th. Its various stages are thus described:

"On the 1st of that month he grew dull; on the 2d, appeared drowsy; on the 3d, fell a-yawning; on the 4th, began to nod; on the 5th, dropped asleep; on the 6th, was heard to snore; on the 7th, turned himself in his bed; on the 8th, recovered his former posture; on the 9th, fell a-stretching; on the 10th, about midnight, awaked; on the 11th, in the morning, called for a little small beer." This performance, it is asserted, gained for Hart "enough to support himself for a twelvemonth."

Polished and Vigorous.

Observing a passenger with the unlighted butt of a cigar in his fingers, the street car conductor requested him to put it out.

"It is out, you chump," responded the passenger.

"Pardon me," resumed the conductor, "if I have failed to make myself clear. The condition to which I had reference was not one of mere temporary noncombustion, but of elimination, the eradication, I might say, of the physical presence of your nicotine laden remnant, this process followed necessarily by cessation of the odor now permeating an atmosphere already somewhat deficient, I fear, in the essential element of ozone. I'm a humble conductor, and my aim is to please; but, you big porcine stiff, you throw that cigar through the door or I'll throw you and it both. See?"

"Excuse me, professor," replied the passenger meekly, and the incident was closed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Running as Exercise.

The fact that a person is capable of doing the best running and speed walking before the thirtieth year need not lead those who have passed the third decade to think that they are on the down grade of life, says an authority. These exercises call for elasticity of the arteries, and that lessens soon after the thirtieth year, but powers of endurance increase in the well preserved man or woman up to fifty or fifty-five or even later. Soldiers of fifty are like leather and can perform feats of endurance that would kill the stripling, and the same is true of women.

Dame Fortune.

"Pa, why do they call it 'Dame' Fortune?"

"Because Dame is feminine. Fortune is symbolized as a woman."

"Why do they symbolize Fortune as a woman?"

"Because she's nearly always late when you have an engagement with her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Took Wind Out of Their Sails.

Addressing one of his southern audiences, Sam Jones once requested all the husbands present who had not spoken a harsh word to their wives for a month to stand up. He shook hands with those who arose and then introduced them to the rest of the audience as the "twenty-seven biggest liars in Tennessee."

Realistic.

"How did the moving pictures of the wedding turn out?"

"Oh, splendidly. They caught the bride when she was knocked senseless by being hit with an old shoe, so that it is just as natural as life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

All who have meant good work with their whole heart have done good work, although they may die before they have signed it.—R. L. Stevenson.

The Two Garricks.

George Garrick, brother of the celebrated David, was the latter's most devoted slave and laborious pack horse. On coming behind the scene he usually inquired, "Has David wanted me?" It being asked once how George came to die so soon after the demise of his famous brother, a wag replied, "David wanted him."

Diplomatic.

"Am I all the world to you, Jack, dear?" she cooed.

"You are certainly a fair portion of it," he told her and so made the classy double play of pleasing her and keeping to the exact truth.—Boston Transcript.

Resigned.

"Mrs. Dibble wears a resigned look."

"Yes. After she married Dibble she realized that nothing worse could ever happen to her."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Our own heart and not other men's opinions forms our true honor.—Coleridge.

CUSTOMS OF WAR

Rules That Contending Armies Are Expected to Obey.

A GRIM CODE OF ETIQUETTE.

The Enemy May Be Starved to Death or Into Yielding by Stopping His Supplies, but His Food Must Not Be Poisoned—Prisoners of War.

War—that is, warfare between civilized nations—has its code of etiquette known as the customs of war, some of which are written, others tacitly agreed to, and these rules and regulations contending armies are supposed to regard as sacred and to obey them rigidly.

Obvious examples of fighting etiquette are the rules which protect the Red Cross flag of the ambulance and forbid the use of explosive or, within limits, expanding bullets.

Nominally a general may use any means in his power to bring his foe to subjection, but there is a well defined boundary line. A leader may cut off his enemy's food and water supplies. He may subject him to all the horrors of famine and thirst, but he must not poison his food or water.

Suppose a place is besieged and that outside the walls are wells which the besiegers cannot effectively hold and which the besieged can reach under cover of night. The besieger would be justified in sending parties to fill up the wells with earth and stones or to destroy them with dynamite. On the other hand, to pollute the wells with poison or to throw dead animals into them would be an infamy.

A "prisoner of war" has his rights. He may be asked to give his parole—i. e., to promise not to escape—but he must not be forced to give his parole and is not to be punished for refusing to do so. A prisoner on parole who attempts to escape is liable to be shot, either when escaping or if retaken alive.

An unparoled prisoner may also be shot while in the act of escaping, but if recaptured it would be murder to shoot him, and he should not be punished for his attempt, though he may be placed in more rigorous confinement.

A prisoner may be compelled to earn his "keep" by working at his trade, if he has one, or by doing work for his captors not of a purely military nature. Thus he may be ordered to assist in draining the camp in which he is a prisoner, but it would not be fair to put him to building fortifications.

The customs of war justify the employment of spies, but under certain rules. If a soldier voluntarily turns traitor the other side is entitled to make use of him, but it is not honorable to tempt a soldier to betray his own side.

If thus tempted a man may pretend to turn traitor and deceive the enemy with false information. On the other hand, voluntarily to go over to the enemy, pretending to be a traitor or deserter, would be dishonorable conduct—that is, if the pretended traitor is an officer or soldier.

A spy, of course, comprehends the hazardous nature of the mission he undertakes and is painfully aware of the fact that he carries his life in his hands, so to speak. Courageous and daring though he may be, the spy has no rights and is at all times liable to be shot or hanged at sight. Nowadays, though, he is usually given the benefit of a trial by court martial.

An officer or soldier, however, caught in the enemy's camp must not be treated as a spy, but as a prisoner of war, provided he is not disguised.

If a commander takes part in a charge or persistently exposes himself to fire he must take his chance of being shot, but in big affairs it is not the "game" to detail marksmen to try to pick off your opponent's general, though every effort may be made to capture him.

When a city or town is bombarded public buildings—unless used for defensive purposes—should be spared as far as possible. When a place is captured the victorious foe is entitled to seize art treasures, and so on, and to hold them to ransom. To injure or destroy them would be the act of a vandal.

When a country is invaded the invader can compel the inhabitants to supply him with food and other supplies and to act as guides, workmen and drivers.

A person who, not belonging to any recognized military force, takes up arms against an invader is liable to be shot like a dog when captured. Retaliation is sanctioned by the customs of war. It is military vengeance and takes place when an outrage committed on one side is avenged by the commission of a similar act on the other.

Thus an unjust execution of prisoners by the enemy may be followed by the execution of an equal number of prisoners held by the opponents, and this act of retaliation has been frequently enforced, even in recent years. —London Answers.

Doctoring a Doctor.

"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, tell me this. Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"—Kansas City Journal.

STEVENSON'S GRAVE.

Its Romantic Site, In Samoa, Atop the Forest Clad Vaila.

No English novelist rests in a more eccentric spot than that chosen by Robert Louis Stevenson, who is buried on the summit of the forest clad Vaila, in the island of Samoa, that genial spot in the south Pacific that the gifted writer loved so well.

The day after his death at Vailima, in 1894, his remains were carried to the top of this precipitous and picturesque peak by sixty sturdy Samoans, who had loved and now mourned their dead chief, Tusitula.

A party of forty had previously cut a pathway through the thick, tangled wood with knives and axes, while another party had prepared the grave. With infinite care and trouble they bore him shoulder high over the rough ground to his last long home, and there, under the starry sky, they left him to sleep forever, with the Pacific at his feet.

On either side of his tombstone is a bronze plate. One bears the words "The Tomb of Tusitula," while the other is inscribed with his own requiem, beginning:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 22, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. ix, 1-7—Memory Verses, 6, 7—Golden Text, Isa. ix, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The regular lesson for the day is entitled "For and against Him," and in it we see that even James and John did not know Him very well and were inclined to act in judgment instead of grace, and those who talked of following Him did not know what it meant to follow Him, but He, knowing all that lay before Him, steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem (Luke ix, 49-62). It seems fitting to turn aside for our Christmas lesson to the prophetic portion assigned as an optional lesson, that we may know the mind of the Lord, for He will do nothing that He has not revealed to His servants, the prophets, and He said Himself, "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the psalms concerning me" (Amos iii, 7; Lev. xxiv, 44). Isaiah has already told us that "His glory is the fullness of the whole earth;" that all lofty looks and haughtiness of men shall be brought down and the Lord alone exalted in that day when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Isa. vi, 3, margin; ii, 4, 11, 17).

The great sign would be that a virgin should conceive and bear a son and call His name Immanuel. Nations would be arrayed against Him and even His own people seek familiar spirits instead of Himself, and there would be trouble and darkness, but He would come, and in due time His kingdom (Isa. vii, 14; viii, 9, 10, 19, 20, 22; ix, 1, 2).

Both His first coming in humiliation and His second coming in glory are so closely associated in prophecy that one is apt to confuse them as one event. The prophets themselves looked into these matters, but were not always able to distinguish (I Pet. i, 10-12). We know from Matt. iv, 15, 16, that verse 2 of our lesson had a fulfillment in the days of His sojourn in humiliation in Galilee, and we also know from Isa. ix, 1-3, and the rest of that chapter that there will be a greater darkness and a greater light at His second coming in glory. Then there is a present application of that verse day by day everywhere that His redeemed ones are found, for there is more or less darkness in all places, and the lives of His people should be a constant light (II Cor. iv, 10, 11; Matt. v, 14-16; John i, 4). Lesson verses 3 to 5 look back to the deliverance by Gideon (Judg. vi, and vii) when the Spirit of the Lord clothed Himself with Gideon (Judg. vi, 34, R. V., margin) and the Lord wrought a great deliverance and victory.

I believe that in Ps. cx, 7, that wonderful kingdom psalm, there is also a reference to the zeal of Gideon and his 300. The words in verse 6, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," are unmistakably plain concerning His birth and manhood, as are the words concerning the place of His birth in Mic. v, 2, and the words of the angel in Luke ii, 10-12, concerning His actual birth. Why are not the rest of the words in lesson verses 6, 7, just as plain? Also the words in Mic. v, 2, "Out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity?" Also the words of Gabriel in Luke i, 32, 33, "The Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end?" Why are we told that these words must be taken spiritually, that His kingdom is only in people's hearts, that He is on the throne of David now and that the church is Israel?

The world of God and the purpose of God will never be understood by those who thus pervert the Scriptures. He did truly and literally appear in ages past to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Manoah, Solomon and others. He was truly and literally born of a virgin at Bethlehem, rode on an ass' colt into Jerusalem; His hands and His feet were pierced.

He died, was buried, rose from the dead, ascended to heaven and is at the right hand of the Majesty on high. He will just as literally come again to rule over a literal Israel from the throne of David, and He will be not only King of the Jews, but King of kings and Lord of lords, speaking peace to all nations and restoring all things of which the prophets have spoken (Zech. ix, 10; xiv, 9; Acts iii, 19-21). He will then be seen in fullness as Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. He is all that now, but it will be recognized by all when He shall come in glory.

Now, since He is and is to be and do all that is written of Him, surely we can with the utmost confidence let the government of all our affairs, personal, home, business, church and all else, lie upon His shoulders, for He is able easily to carry us and all our affairs (Deut. xxxiii, 12; Col. iii, 15; Phil. iv, 6, 7). In reading the Bible let us be governed by this principle: Literal, if possible, all the way through, and, if the plain, obvious sense makes good sense, seek no other sense. I thank God that such a simple way came to me through the late John Wilkinson, and it has greatly helped me.

Unnecessary Instructions.

"Now, Tommy," said his mother, giving her final instructions before he left for the party, "remember, if you're asked to have something you want you must say, 'Yes, thank you,' and if you don't want it"—

Tommy raised his hand. "That's all right, ma," he said; "you needn't bother about that part of it."

Evolution of the Mortgage.

"Farming methods have changed, haven't they?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Now a man thinks he's unlucky if he has to borrow money on his place. He used to think he was lucky if he was able to."—Washington Star.

Well Schooled.

Captain — Supposing the barracks were to catch fire, what call would you sound? Trumpeter (newly joined) —Sure, sorr, I'd sound the "cease fire." —London Punch.

Who rises every time he falls will sometimes rise to stay.—Morris.

They Would Fight "Awful"

A Daughter Objects to Her Mother's Second Marriage

By ELLEN OGILVIE

I was twelve years old when paw died—old enough to know that his death was a double calamity to me. I had lost him, and I stood in danger of a stepfather. I could not recall him, but I vowed that if any man came into the house to take his place he would have to walk in over my dead body. I drew mental pictures of puttin' a fork into his vitals, scaldin' him or servin' him as Jack served the giant—by diggin' a pit for him.

When the danger really came I was seventeen years old. Josiah Shadwell, owner of the adjoinin' farm, lost his wife. He and maw had always been very friendly, and I no sooner heard that Mrs. Shadwell was dead than I began to tremble. Maw, she just took charge of the Shodwell home till after the funeral. The Shadwells had only one child, a son, Jim, twenty years old, and he wasn't home when his mother died. When he came his father persuaded him to stay and relieve him of some of the responsibility of workin' the farm.

Jim consented, partly because I persuaded him to stay, for we had played together as children, and I liked Jim first rate. But as to assumin' the responsibility of the farm, my experience is that when an elderly man talks about throwin' off his responsibilities it means he's bent on takin' a tighter grip on 'em; just as a woman in housekeepin'—the older she grows the less willin' she is to let any one else do anything.

It wasn't three months after Mrs. Shadwell's death that I began to observe indications that the widower had intentions on maw. Nobody but me noticed any change in his bearin' to-

"MANDY 'D BETTER MOVE IT BACK AGAIN."

ward her, and there didn't seem to be. But there was—that is, I knew it by that womanly intuition that knows things that ain't so which nevertheless are so. Not very long after this Jim and his paw got to comin' over evenin's to sit by the open fireplace with me and maw.

Then I knew somep'n else that Jim didn't see at all. How could he, bein' a man with a man's stupidity about such things? Mr. Shadwell saw through me as I saw through him. But it wasn't any credit for him to see through me, for I made it as plain as a barn with the doors wide open. He knew that in his designs on maw he had to down me and I wouldn't be easy to down.

Well, do you know the old feller went about to circumvent me. To think of a man's tryin' to circumvent a woman! I guess not! And he didn't suspect that I'd see through his designs. What he was after was to come over to our house with Jim, intendin' Jim to distract my attention from him and maw. When we was settin' around the fire, eatin' doughnuts and drinkin' cider, after we was through with the eatin' and drinkin' Mr. Shadwell would make some excuse to git maw into the settin' room, lookin' at Jim and me as much as to say: "Young folks haven't any use for old folks. Let's give 'em a chance."

If I hadn't been so riled I'd 'a' laughed, and if I hadn't been as bent on circumventin' him as he was on circumventin' me I'd said: "You old fool! You're speakin' one word for me to two for yourself."

One Sunday evenin' Jim he come over alone. Maw got out some nuts and things for him and me and left us, sayin' she'd got a headache and was goin' to bed early. Jim wasn't long doin' somep'n he had never done before. He sidled up to me and put his arm around my waist.

"What you doin' that for, Jim?" I asked.

"Because I like you."

"That's not the only reason, Jim."

"What's the other one?" he asked.

"Your paw is anglin' for my maw. He sent you over here to make up to me, hopin' to put me where I wouldn't have any objection."

Jim just drew off a bit and looked at me kind o' surprised.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

"'Cause it's as plain as a yeller pumpkin," I answered.

"I didn't know it myself till you told me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, dad, t'other day he said to me, 'Jim, Mandy Barnes is a nice girl, isn't she?' 'You bet,' I says. 'Why don't you try to git her?' says he. 'I been thinkin' that for some time,' says I. That was a week ago Monday. This evenin' dad said he thort he'd stay home and read his farmer's journals. I wonder if he didn't do it to give me a chance to do some sparkin'?"

"That's plain enough," said I. "And I wonder whether maw and he understand each other? I can see through a man, but when one woman sets herself to hoodwink another it's a differ-ent matter."

I give Jim just enough encouragement to keep him where I wanted him, and no more. If I couldn't have him for a husband without his paw for a stepfather I wouldn't have either of 'em. Before I listened to Jim I had a mind to settle matters between Mr. Shadwell and maw. We kept a few pigs just to eat up the leavin's from our table and to sell when they got big enough. First thing I did was to complain to mother that the sty was too near our house. It smelt bad. And I kept dingin' at her to let me move it till she give in. Then one day when she went to the county fair I stayed home and had the sty moved close up to Mr. Shadwell's fence.

Nobody made any objection till one night I got out of bed, went to the sty, let out the pigs, scraped a hole under the fence between our yard and the Shadwells' potato patch big enough for the pigs to git through and put 'em all in the patch.

The next mornin' I looked out of my window and saw Mr. Shadwell standin' over his potatoes—those that the pigs hadn't eaten—swearin' like a pirate. Maw, she happened to take the swill to the sty at that time, which was mighty lucky for me and unlucky for them.

"What's the matter, Mr. Shadwell?" she asked, kind o' soothin'.

"Matter, ma'am! Why, the movin' o' your sty up here has cost me most o' my potatoes!"

"I'm sorry."

"What did you move it for?"

"Mandy did it."

"All I've got to say is Mandy better move it back again. Mandy seems to be boss in your house anyway!"

This made maw mad, and without answerin' she dumped the swill into the trough and come back into the house.

Jim come over that night and told me his father was mighty sorry he'd lost his temper. I said to Jim that his father better come the next Sunday night and not say anything about any unpleasantness and all would go smooth again. He said he'd give his father my recommend and went away early to make the old man feel more comfortable.

I'd been lookin' for a weak spot in the fence between the two farms and had one in mind. That night I pulled away enough of it to let our cows into the Shadwell cornfield. You ought to seen that cornfield the next mornin'. I almost felt ashamed of myself. When maw saw the damage that had been done she went over to pacify Mr. Shadwell, and it ended in their gittin' into a regular fight. He said some one must 'a' done it a-purpose. This riled maw a little, but she kept steady. She said she'd been wonderin' for some time why he didn't mend the weak spots in his fence, and he said there wasn't any weak spots, except what had been made a-purpose. Maw asked if he was referrin' to her, but she wouldn't give him time to answer. She just let out on him.

Mr. Shadwell he didn't come over the next Sunday night; no more did Jim. I thought mebbe Jim had begun to see through a milestone, and he had. The next day, after the cow destroyed the corn, he and his father was hammerin' at the fence all day. I didn't go near 'em. I just waited. Next day when I was goin' to the store I met Jim in the road. He hardly spoke to me. I asked him what was the matter, and he said I'd spoiled everything between us. His father had taken a great dislike to me and had forbid his comin' over to our house evenin's any more.

"What's he got against me?" I asked in a voice smooth, like peaches and cream.

"He'd have more against you than he has," said Jim, "if he'd seen you the other night, as I did, turnin' the cow into our cornfield."

I knew his paw and my maw had done too much fightin' to be likely to make it up, so I said to Jim: "There's nothin' mean about me. If the old folks love each other as we do I wouldn't stand in their way to bein' happy." Jim said that was just like me—always givin' way for other people's benefit.

When the trouble had blown over Jim and I was married, his paw makin' no objections after Jim told him my "noble words," as Jim called 'em, about not standin' in the old folks' way. But the spell between 'em wasn't so thick as if they'd been younger, and it was broke clean through. Mr. Shadwell treats me fairly well, but he hasn't the confidence in me Jim has or had when we was married. I expect the father's nearer right than the son. I do think a man in love can make the biggest fool of himself. He always seems to me to have taken leave of his senses.

Maw and Mr. Shadwell are pretty good friends; but, laws, they don't want to get hitched! They'd fight awful!

A. GRANT

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BRAILE'S BIG WELL.

It Would Have Worked Wonders Only It Was Never Dug.

Perhaps the most idiotic of all the many idiotic schemes with which Britons have been enamored in days gone by was that which was known at the time as Braile's big well. M. Braile was a Belgian engineer, residing temporarily in England, who, in 1848, approached the then prime minister (Lord John Russell) with a scheme for sinking a huge shaft, a mile in diameter and twenty miles in depth, that should tap the earth's internal heat and thereby render England independent of her coal supply when this gave out.

Lord Russell, always rather attracted by visionary projects, attentively considered the scheme and caused plans and estimates to be drawn up. The first difficulty was the inrush of water, which would have been certain to occur sooner or later. This it was proposed to keep under by pumping, caissons being used for the purpose of further excavation, while the finished portion of the shaft was to be rendered watertight by a "jacket" of granite set in Portland cement.

Mad as the scheme was, it found plenty of advocates, and a provisional bill had been, it was said, actually drafted, when the overthrow of the government on the franchise question was announced, and the whole business was thenceforth consigned to a well merited oblivion. — Pearson's Weekly.

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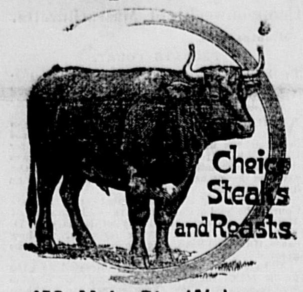

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34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
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39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
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Another Bracelet

A Romance of the Neptune

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Home again," sighed Madeline Trayle as the tourist ship Neptune sighted New York's jagged sky line once more.

"It has been a wonderful trip," observed her father, smiling down at the girl. "I believe Alex will testify to that."

Alexander Felton's contented face beamed happily upon the girl whom he had wooed and won on this Mediterranean trip. Each member of the party of seven, who had been drawn together by mutual interests, had enjoyed some unique experience or participated in an adventure to be related on those long evenings spent on the moonlit deck of the steamer. At their last port a newcomer had joined the ship, a charming girl, who proved to be a dear friend of Madeline Trayle's, and with this arrival of Emily Drake there was solved the mystery of Arthur Clayton's adventure of a broken scent bottle, for she proved to be the owner of the toy, which had dropped from a latticed window in Beirut and been shattered on the stones at his feet. Young Clayton's devotion to Emily Drake during the homeward voyage had been marked, and the older people of the party smiled upon what appeared to be another romance.

Madeline Trayle's especial adventure had been connected with a filagree bracelet which her father had purchased from a peddler in Constantinople. She had been wearing the bit of Byzantine jewelry when, standing in the Suleiman mosque, a melancholy Turk had haughtily demanded to examine it, declaring that once it had belonged to his daughter, who had disappeared. After examining it closely he had returned it sadly, apologizing for his presumption in addressing the young American lady.

In relating this story to her companions on board the Neptune Madeline

THE THREE EXAMINED THE BRACELET IN TURN.

had declared that a friend of hers in New York possessed the duplicate of her filigree bracelet (which upon examination had proved to have been "made in Germany" and was no doubt copied from the original trinket), and this friend proved to be none other than Emily Drake.

Emily said that her bracelet was in New York, and such was her interest in the incident of the melancholy Turk who had lost a daughter that she declared she would unearth the trinket as soon as she reached home and examine it for some secret mark.

"Perhaps we may be able to reunite father and daughter—if she is still living," ventured Emily, smiling.

It was several days after their landing that Emily Drake found an opportunty to call upon Madeline Trayle.

"Dear," she cried eagerly, "I've unearthed the filigree bracelet and cleaned it up, and I do believe there is some writing on the inside! Has your father got a strong magnifying glass?"

Professor Trayle produced the necessary instrument, and the three examined the bracelet in turn. At last the professor laid down the glass. "Emily, it looks to me as though you really owned the original filigree bracelet," he said.

"How lovely!" cried Emily.

"Isn't it wonderful?" breathed Madeline. "What does it say inside, father? I know there must be something written there or some secret mark, for the Turk looked inside and then said it was not the bracelet of his daughter."

"Just think of how many imitations he must have looked at, hoping to find the right one," murmured Emily. "But do tell us what it says, Professor Trayle."

"Look inside once more," he said, giving her the glass. "Do you not see some queer marks engraved there?"

"Yes, yes! They look like shorthand characters."

"It's Arabic. It reads 'To my daughter, Zerah.'"

"Zerah—what a lovely name! I can see her now—a languorous eyed beauty," cried Emily.

"Now we have a clew to work upon. I have such a splendid plan," said Madeline, her cheeks pink with excitement.

"Tell it to us."

"Let us each wear our bracelets and go from one Turkish shop to another, apparently looking for rugs or trinkets, and perhaps some woman, some shopkeeper's wife, may recognize the filigree bracelet, and thus we may find the owner and tell her that her father is waiting for her!"

"A wild goose chase," smiled the professor indulgently. "My dears, the chances are that Zerah is now and has been in Constantinople, perhaps hidden from her father's seeking eyes."

"No, I am sure that is not the case," protested Madeline warmly. "It's this way, father"—

"There, there, my dear; I should not try to discourage you," he smiled. "Run along on your pretty romantic errand. Only be careful that you do not go afoot, and beware of unsavory parts of the city without a proper escort. Perhaps Alexander will go along. You know he is a linguist and"—

"This is a matter for fathers and daughters, so we will ask you to escort us," said Madeline, and in the end Professor Trayle laughingly assented. Secretly he was attracted by the possibilities of the search.

"If you find Zerah—whether she is young and lovely or has become fat and hideous, as is often the unfortunate fate of oriental women, and she wants to return to her father, remember I will send her home again," he promised and was rewarded by the gratitude of the two girls, who had come to look upon the lost Zerah as a real person who would be found in the foreign quarter of New York, that clearing house of many nationalities.

The next day they started out on their strange search. As the limousine threaded its way among the narrow streets of the Syrian quarter—for they had decided to begin their search there—the two girls chattered about the bracelet and examined again and again the one Emily wore on her wrist outside her black glove.

Their first experience was disappointing. A Turkish shop, attended by two slender young men, who urged them to buy rugs, did not offer any hope of finding the lost Zerah, although Emily displayed her bracelet carelessly to their view.

It proved to be a disappointing quest In and out of little dark, odorous shops they went. They interviewed Turkish women and men and children, but all stared stolidly at the filigree bracelet and shook their heads.

They were interested in selling goods to the rich Americans, not in tracing some mythical person named Zerah.

As the limousine drew up at the curb in front of Emily Drake's home and she stepped to the pavement Madeline leaned forward and pointed a finger at the flight of stone steps leading to the front door of the Drake home.

"Oh, Emily, we've been interviewing Byzantine women all day, and here is another one sitting on your doorstep!"

Emily turned and looked.

There on the bottom step of the brown stone flight sat a lace peddler, a slender, worn looking woman with pathetic dark eyes and sad mouth. On her lap there rested a basket filled with laces and lace trimmed linens.

Professor Trayle and his daughter leaned from the motor and watched Emily as she approached the woman and picked up some laces with the hand that wore the filigree bracelet.

Instantly the woman's eyes flashed eagerly, and she laid a brown hand on Emily's wrist and muttered some foreign words.

"Professor Trayle, do come! I believe I've found her! Come and talk to her!" cried Emily in excitement. And the professor and his daughter obeyed at once.

The woman was holding Emily's hand, and tears were running down her cheeks as her fingers touched the silver bracelet.

"Zerah!" said the professor distinctly, and at sound of the name the woman started to her feet and stared wildly at him.

Then, speaking in her own language, he quieted her fears and asked her a few questions. He took the bracelet from Emily's wrist and showed it to her.

The two girls watched with delight mingled with awe the changing emotions on her face as she listened to the story Professor Trayle had to tell, and she nodded smilingly at last, and then, clutching the filigree bracelet to her bosom, she spoke in the same tongue, softly, melodiously, ending her narrative with a little despairing gesture.

"It is Zerah," said Professor Trayle at last. "Finding her here on Emily's doorstep is such a curious coincidence that I confess I am thrilled through. The bracelet is hers, and she prized it highly as her father's gift, but she learned to love a rascal, and she sold the bracelet in the bazaar in Constantinople and with the proceeds eloped to America with her lover, who has long since deserted her. Fearful of her father's anger, she has never dared communicate with him, although her heart is breaking for her old home."

"Of course she can go back again?" ventured Emily.

"Certainly. My promise holds good, and I shall send word to her father to meet her."

"Isn't this a perfectly lovely ending to the voyage of the Neptune?" asked Emily after they had seen Zerah cared for by the servants.

"Who dares say that romance is dead in the world?" demanded Madeline, laughing happily.

"I don't for one," confessed Professor Trayle.

Like the Mythical Dragon.

In the Malay archipelago is a reptile much like the mythical dragon. It has false ribs that extend the loose skin and form its wings. There is also a frog with spreading feet that makes a parachute which enables it to flit from tree to tree, and a flying lemur that can spread out its whole body like an umbrella and leap and fly a hundred feet at a time, from the top of one tree to another.

A COLD BLOODED DUEL.

Instant Death Was Assured For One of the Contestants.

An extraordinary duel, which at the time created an immense sensation, was one in which the decision was arrived at not by swords or pistols, but by means of a deadly poison.

The men—who, it is hardly necessary to say, had fallen out over a lady—had left the arrangement of details to their seconds, and until they faced each other they did not know by what method they were to settle their differences.

One of the seconds was a doctor, and he had made up for the occasion four black pellets, all identical in size and shape.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. We will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you will alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects."

Two of the pellets were then taken as the toss had decided, but without affect in either case.

"This time," said the doctor, speaking of the two pellets remaining, "you must both swallow the pill at the same instant."

The choice was again made, and in a few seconds one of the men lay dead on the grass.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CANARIES ARE NERVOUS.

And They Dread Mice That Like to Steal Their Bird Seed.

One of the common troubles with canaries and one that few bird owners realize is that of nervousness. The nervous system of a canary is as highly sensitive as that of a delicate woman. Any sudden shock to their senses, whether of sight or sound, is liable to throw them into convulsions, that often result in death. An old bird dealer mentions a frequent but rarely known cause of sickness and even death among the little creatures.

"I had two canaries," he said, "that for some reason I could not discover fell into a frightfully nervous state and started to pine away. I doctored them with all the remedies known to bird lore, but the poor creatures continued to droop in dismal decline. At last I discovered the trouble. It was mice.

"Mice are as fond of bird seeds as canaries themselves. In the darkness of the night the mice would creep through the bars of the cage and devour the seeds, while the poor little canaries sat above shivering themselves into a state of nervous prostration from the very terror of the monsters below. I removed the cage to a position where the mice could not get at it, and my pets rapidly recovered."—New Orleans States.

One Sin of Housekeeping.

The ultimate sin of the housekeeping code is straightening things out in a desk or on a table. When I depart from my quarters in the morning my sitting room table looks self possessed and homelike, bearing three ash trays, four or five books, matches, a pipe, a can of tobacco, papers, magazines, pencils, pens, a letter or two, a bottle of ink and maybe a necktie or so. A place for everything and everything just where it ought to be easy to reach or thereabouts. But, alas, on return what a state that table is in. The books have been put back on the shelves, the ash trays mobilized, pen and pencils arranged in orderly lines, neckties stuck away in a dresser and the letters planted in the most conspicuous place with those containing bills uppermost. —Toledo Blade.

Pliny's Jewel Stories.

Pliny declared that a diamond was so hard that if placed on an anvil and struck with a sledge hammer it would give back a blow of such force as to shiver both anvil and hammer to pieces. Another of his wonderful tales states that "on the shore of the island of Cyprus there was a stone lion having eyes formed of emeralds, which shone so brightly that all the fishes were ingloriously frightened away. The fishermen accordingly pulled the emeralds out and put in glass eyes instead, whereupon the wise fishes became bolder and returned to their accustomed nets."

His Income.

"They say you get 250 marks a month. I can't believe it. Tell me how."

"I get 110 marks salary; then I don't pay my rent, 40 marks; that's 150 marks; I owe the milkman 30 marks, that's 180 marks; my butcher 40 marks, 220 marks, and every month I raise 30 marks out of my friends, making an income of 250 marks a month!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Strychnine?

"Say, Maria, have you noticed how this infernal cat jumps in my lap every time I sit down to read?"

"Yes. Well, I suppose the poor thing is tired."

"Well, the next time I go to the drug store I'll get something (biff!) for that tired feline."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Ancient Inspiration.

Artist—Here's a cute little inspiration that I thought worthy of preservation in crayon.

Editor (after a hasty glance at the sketch)—Why, I've always supposed that little inspiration was preserved in oil.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Riddle.

His Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her? Her Father—Just between you and me, my dear, I don't know her yet.—Chicago News.

Knew the Symptoms.

"Doctor, my husband is losing his mind, I fear. He continually mumbles and mutters to himself."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; he mutters to himself, and when you speak to him he stares at you blankly."

"I know what the trouble is," said the doctor, smiling. "He is memorizing some lodge work. I belong to the same lodge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HEAT OF THE SUN

Old Sol Has a Strong Pull at the Capitol In Washington.

SWAYS THE MAMMOTH DOME.

On a Hot Day His Torrid Rays Will Drag the Massive Iron Structure Way Out of Plumb—Turns the Same Trick With Washington Monument.

Not many people have any idea as to the enormous amount of heat that the sun sends off into space. The earth gets only a very small portion of it. The head of a pin placed twenty feet away from an electric light gets in proportion to the light on the surrounding walls of a room about what the earth gets of the sun's light and heat radiated into space. Yet that portion the earth does get is great enough to cause great structures to move.

In fact, all stone or metal buildings are constantly changing their positions under the hot rays of the sun. The great dome of the capitol building at Washington is the largest surface of cast iron in the world, and the effect of the continuous heat of a hot summer day can best be appreciated, says Harper's Weekly, when it is known that this mammoth mass really sways back and forth under the scorching rays until the top feather in the cap of the statue of Freedom describes an ellipse the diameter of which on a hot day varies from four to eight inches.

The giant plinth base of the dome, resting on the roof of the old sandstone building, measures 136 feet on a side. The greatest diameter of the round dome is 125 feet, while the whole iron structure is 218 feet high from the old capitol's roof to the base of Freedom on the apex. The cast iron covering this surface is made in thin sheets, offering a good conductor for the heat, which swells even the bolts and beams of the inside before the sun has made its circuit.

The southern side of the dome suffers most from the heat, being exposed longer to the sun, which passes south of the zenith while on its journey from the east to the west. If the metal were exposed to a constant heating the result of the continuation of such expansion as that received on very hot days might prove disastrous, but as it is little if any permanent injury is done, since the iron returns regularly to its normal position as the cool night comes on.

But what seems more remarkable is the fact that marble is also changed in volume so perceptibly by the sunlight that the mammoth shaft of the Washington monument sways back and forth in the sun on a hot day. The outer surface being of hard marble the expansion is much greater than it would be had granite instead of marble been used. On a hot summer day the sharp aluminium apex that crowns the obelisk points to a position at least four inches north of normal, but always returns to its proper position in the cool of the night.

From the extreme top of the monument inside a long pipe line runs perpendicularly to the bottom, leading to a small closet behind the elevator. This contains a long pendulum, whose bob hangs in a vessel of mercury, which prevents its oscillation. Two stationary transits with highly magnifying lenses are focussed directly upon the suspended wire, and through these each quiver of the monument is detected, being magnified on a fine scale graduated to thousandths of an inch.

Every morning at 10 o'clock a statement of this plummet line is taken and reported to the war department, and it was by this means that the effect which the sun's rays have on the huge white shaft was discovered. This plumb bob, of course, was placed in the monument for the purpose of detecting any settling it might undergo, and, although the great weight of its mass has pressed the ground for many decades, it has settled only a slight fraction of an inch in one corner.

This seems extraordinary when it is realized that its weight of 81,720 tons rests on a foundation only 126½ feet square and 38 feet deep from a height almost fifteen times that of the depth. The whole rests on the sandy bank of the Potomac river, with the enormous pressure of five tons to the square foot. Not only does the sun's heat sway the big obelisk, but at times, when a stiff winter gale was blowing, it has been reported as much as two inches out of plumb.

Misery Ahead.

"More tough luck," whispered his wife.

"Well, what now?" he muttered.

"You know Miss Green never sings without her music?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's brought her music."—Detroit Free Press.

The Point of View.

"Say, pa, what is the difference between a visit and a visitation?" Fond Parent—A visit, my boy, is when you go to see your Grandmother Jones, and a visitation is when your Grandmother Jones comes to see us.—New York Times.

These Boys.

Howard — Hasn't Bachelor waited rather long before choosing a wife? Coward—Bless you, no! He's only had a marrying income since he was sixty. —Life.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men. Mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

Dead or Alive.

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called, "Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"Oi'm alive," said Mike feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to belave yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor aloive."—Philadelphia Record.

ALASKA'S "SILENT CITY."

Wonderful Mirage That Is Said to Have Been Photographed.

One of the best stories regarding a mirage is that told in Alaska concerning the appearance of a city in the sky. This "silent city" is said to have actually been photographed, and, though there are skeptics, enough people claim to have seen it to make the story interesting.

The first account of this "city of silence" was told by a prospector named Willoughby. He was a miner in California and went to Alaska, where he settled in the vicinity of Muir glacier. In fact, it was Willoughby who piloted Professor Muir when he ascended the immense ice field which now bears the scientist's name. Willoughby always told the story of this city which appeared in the sky with much earnestness, and he carried a photograph which he said he took after several visits to the spot whence the vision could be seen.

When Willoughby first went to Alaska natives told him that at certain times of the year when the days were longest and the atmospheric conditions right they saw suspended in the heavens a town with streets, houses and many different kinds of buildings. So impressed was he that he engaged the Indians to take him to the place where the city could be seen, and in their canoes traveled to the spot.

After several attempts Willoughby at length saw this "silent city," as the natives called it. He said that the atmosphere was so clear that mountains many miles away seemed near and that as he gazed the outlines of a city gradually assumed shape, and building after building came to view. He distinctly saw tall office buildings, churches and spires, houses and every indication that the city was inhabited; but, though he saw it several times, he could never detect a human being. A halo of light seemed to cover all. As he gazed the vision faded and gradually receded. So convinced was he that he was looking at the mirage of an actual city that he made records to show that he had been on the exact spot whence the picture in the sky could be seen.

Willoughby's photograph was crude, but enough could be discerned to lead persons to assert that it was a view of Bristol, England, many thousand miles away. Willoughby told his story in 1883 or thereabouts. Since then several persons have said that they saw the mirage. In every instance the mirage was surrounded by a halo of light which poured a soft glow on roof and walls.—New York Sun.

Jenny Lind Hated Us.

Jenny Lind hated the Americans. She abhorred the very name of Barnum, who, she said, "exhibited me just as he did the big giant or any other of his monstrosities."

"But," said I, "you must not forget how you were idolized and appreciated in America. Even as a child I can remember how they worshiped Jenny Lind."

"Worshiped or not," she answered sharply, "I was nothing more than a show in a showman's hands. I can never forget that."—From "The Courts of Memory," by Mme. Lindenerone.

Wholesale Favors.

The young man entered the president's office and stood first on one foot and then on the other. He dropped his hat, handkerchief and umbrella Altogether he was in a highly developed state of nervousness.

"Well, well!" said the employer. "Out with it!"

"I have come, sir," said the young man, and then began to stammer.

"Well, speak up! Have you come to ask for the hand of my daughter or a raise in salary?"

"If you please, sir," stammered the young man, "it's both."—Exchange.

HART'S EASY JOB.

Slept For a Week and Made Enough to Live on For a Year.

To sleep for one's living, says the London Chronicle, may appeal to some as a more attractive alternative than to work for one's living. But the feat has been achieved. In the Daily Courant of Aug. 9, 1711, the following advertisement appears: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little Britain." Some further particulars of this professional somnolist are to be found in the Spectator for Oct. 1 of that year. It appears that Hart was every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which began on Aug. 5 and ended on the 11th. Its various stages are thus described:

"On the 1st of that month he grew dull; on the 2d, appeared drowsy; on the 3d, fell a-yawning; on the 4th, began to nod; on the 5th, dropped asleep; on the 6th, was heard to snore; on the 7th, turned himself in his bed; on the 8th, recovered his former posture; on the 9th, fell a-stretching; on the 10th, about midnight, awaked; on the 11th, in the morning, called for a little small beer." This performance, it is asserted, gained for Hart "enough to support himself for a twelvemonth."

Polished and Vigorous.

Observing a passenger with the unlighted butt of a cigar in his fingers, the street car conductor requested him to put it out.

"It is out, you chump," responded the passenger.

"Pardon me," resumed the conductor, "if I have failed to make myself clear. The condition to which I had reference was not one of mere temporary noncombustion, but of elimination, the eradication, I might say, of the physical presence of your nicotine laden remnant, this process followed necessarily by cessation of the odor now permeating an atmosphere already somewhat deficient, I fear, in the essential element of ozone. I'm a humble conductor, and my aim is to please; but, you big porcine stiff, you throw that cigar through the door or I'll throw you and it both. See?"

"Excuse me, professor," replied the passenger meekly, and the incident was closed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Woburn Journal.
G. H. NEWCOMB, Proprietor.

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1912

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

It was just 50 years ago next Wednesday that President Abraham Lincoln formally issued the most important and most celebrated documeht that has ever been made before or since that time by any President of the United States, the result of which was the granting of freedom to all slaves then held in bondage within the limits of the 38 United States, 10 of which were then in open revolt and rebellion against the lawful authority.

For nearly a year preceding that event the President had exercised all the authority and peaceable persuasion within his power to induce the rebellious States to lay down their arms, submit to the lawful authorities and return to their allegiance to the Constitution of the Union, but without avail, his overtures for peace being met with derision and determined opposition by the Confederate authorities who then contended for a separate and indedendent government.

As a preliminary warning to those in open rebellion as to what would be the result if they persisted in their unlawful acts of war the President on the 22d of September, 1862, issued the first proclamation regarding the emancipation of slaves, offering to the slaveholders pecuniary aid for all slaves by them voluntarily set free before January 1, 1863.

This act was solely a war measure based upon his authority as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy.

But the South relying largely upon their own resources and anticipated assistance which they expected from England and other foreign nations scornfully spurned all the overtures made to them, and as the inevitable result a formal proclamation was promulgated January 1, 1863, by the President declaring all persons then held in bondage within the then rebellious States to be free.

That was a momentous epoch in the history of the United States.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

With the echoes of the Christmas carols "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will to men," still ringing in our ears our thoughts turn to the New Year. The old year has been one of prosperity and blessing, what will the new year bring? It lies largely with ourselves. If we keep the Christmas message and cheer constantly in our hearts no matter what comes it will surely be what we wish our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

☞ Fred P. Greenwood, Representative elect from Everett, has evidently missed his calling to get elected a member of the Great and General Court of this Commonwealth. He has filed a bill for the coming session to prevent women smoking, making it a penal offense to sell or give tobacco to a woman.

☞ Ex-Attorney General Herbert Parker has declared in favor of the candidacy of Congressman Samuel W. McCall for United States Senator. In a public address he lauded Mr. McCall's judgment and courage, his independence in thought and action, and his dignified and sympathetic nature. He closed by saying "The prestige of Massachusetts will not suffer if he be authorized to speak as Senator in her name and behalf. As the representative he will, as the Senators of Massachusetts have in the past, call other States of the Union to follow where she leads in every just cause."

☞ The January *American Boy* is at hand. This first issue of the new year is one that will please every boy who sees it. A new story "Young America in the Frozen Seas," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is begun in this number and will continue for several months. It is a story of adventure which will delight boyish hearts. The *American Boy* is one of the brightest magazines which comes to our table. It is published by the Sprague Publishing Company, American Building, Detroit, Mich.

☞ All of our readers who are in any way interested in the growing of small fruits and berries should send for Bulletin No. 4, of the State Board of Agriculture, entitled "Small Fruits and Berries." Applications should be addressed to J. Lewis Ellsworth, 136 State House, Boston, Mass. The second edition of this publication has just come from the press and it is a very valuable treatise on the subject, consisting of 157 pages, including an index and bibliography of other available literature relative to the subjects treated in the bulletin.

Life is made up of little things, and he that scorns them despises his own real interest.—Barker.

☞ The State Board of Agriculture has just sent out the fourth annual report of State Ornithologist. It contains much valuable information about birds and their habits; how to protect and feed them; their care during the winter months and information concerning Bird Reservations. All bird lovers will be interested in this pamphlet.

LOCAL NEWS.

— Last Sunday Rev. H. B. Williams completed his ninth year as pastor of the First Baptist church.

— The Tusitala Club of the Episcopal church will conduct a dancing party in Music Hall, Jan. 8.

— Mr. Kenneth Parker, a student at Harvard College, is spending the Christmas vacation with his parents.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church held their regular monthly business meeting and supper yesterday.

— The usual Christmas dinner consisting of turkey and all the accompaniments was served at the Almshouse Christmas Day.

— Miss Madeline Taylor, who is physical instructor in a private school in Detroit, Mich. is spending the Christmas vacation at her father's home on Salem street.

— Mr. and Mrs. John Miller of Cambridge street, are entertaining Rev. and Mrs. Adolph Aubert of Wallingford, Vt., this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Crowell and son of Randolph are spending the holiday season with Mr. Crowell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Crowell, 12 Page Place.

— Irving S. Buckler of 11 Brown Place won the turkey which has been on exhibition in Hammond & Son's window the past week, guessing the exact weight, 67 pounds.

— The recent fair held by the ladies of the Unitarian society was one of the most successful they ever had the total net receipts realized from it amounting to over $400 for their treasury.

— Mrs. Louise Green, widow of Reuben Green, died Sunday at her home, 16 School street, North Woburn aged 81. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon from her late home.

— The Knights of the Sacred Heart presented Father Keegan with a chalice and a beautiful Morris chair last Monday evening. The presentation took place in their hall and an entertainment followed.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett gave an informal party and dance at their home on Mishawum Road Saturday evening. Miss Rachel was at home from Wellesley College and had as her guest her cousin Miss Gwendolyn Blodgett.

— Mrs. Susan Wentworth, 62 years old, was found dead in her bed Sunday morning at her home on Harrison avenue. Funeral services were conducted Monday afternoon by Rev. F. M. Estes and the body was taken to Wakefield, N. H. for burial.

— December 20 marked the first of the five shortest days in the year. Christmas Day the days began to lengthen. Now watch the coal bin for the the old proverb "when the days begin to lengthen then the cold begins to strengthen" generally proves true.

— There will be a public installation of the newly-elected officers of the Mount Horeb Lodge A. F. and A. M. next Wednesday evening, Jan. 1. There will be music by the Weber Quartette and a banquet in Lyceum Hall followed by dancing from 10 to 12.

— Mr. Clarence E. Littlefield, who has spent the past month with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Littlefield, 79 Prospect street, started last evening on his return trip to Seattle, where he will spend the winter, returning to Nome, Alaska, in the spring as assistant manager of the Alaska Steamship Comany.

— Mr. Clarence E. Littlefield gave as a Christmas present to the Towanda Club in appreciation of their open handed welcome to him on his late visit home, a finely carved gavel made from antique ivory, which is infrequently found buried beneath the surface where it has remained for untold centuries. Antique ivory is what remains of the mammoths and elephants that existed in the regions of the frozen sea in prehistoric times and is quite as rare as gold.

— Mrs. Henry B. Williams was given a delightful surprise by her Sunday School class at her home Tuesday evening. Twelve of the young ladies of the class entered unceremoniously and took possession, and a general good time ensued. Refreshments had been provided and a dainty collation served. During the evening Miss Esther Stowers, in behalf of the class, presented Mrs. Williams with a gold piece as a token of the love and appreciation of her scholars.

— The S. of V. Auxiliary held their annual election of officers last Friday evening. The following were chosen to serve the ensuing year; Pres., Mrs. Margaret Waters; Vice Pres., Mrs. M. H. Cotton; Past Pres., Mrs. Lena S. Carswell, Chaplain, Mrs. Annie Granger; Treas., Mrs. Lizzie Noyes; Guide, Mrs. Flora Noyes; Ass't. Guide, Miss Sadie A. Page; Inside guard, Miss Estelle Lent; Outside Guard, Mrs. Lydia Green; Color Bearer, Miss Bessie Boutwell; Delegate to National Encampment, Mrs. Margaret Waters, alternate, Mrs. L. Edna Foss; Delegates to Division Encampment, Mrs. Flora Noyes, Mrs. Lizzie Lovering; Alternates, Mrs. Annie Granger and Miss Ida Reade; Three Trustees, Mrs. L. Edna Foss, Mrs. Lena S. Carswell, Mrs. Bertha Stone.

Move On Now!

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows. 25c. at All Druggists.
Advertisement.

Christmas Trees at the Churches

The children of the Episcopal church were given a Christmas entertainment in the Parish House Tuesday evening.

The Montvale Chapel had a Christmas tree and entertainment Tuesday evening. A little play was given by the children and was much enjoyed by all.

The children of the Unitarian Sunday School will have a Christmas tree in the vestry this afternoon. Gifts will be distributed and an entertainment given.

The North Congregational church had a Christmas tree Tuesday evening under the charge of the Christian Endeavor Society. There was an entertainment and singing by the children.

The First Church held its Christmas entertainment for the children Tuesday afternoon. Gifts were distributed from a large tree by Santa Claus and ice cream and cake was served.

The kindergarten and primary children of the Baptist Sunday School were entertained with a Christmas tree in the vestry Tuesday afternoon. Gifts were distributed and ice cream and cake served, after which games were played and a general good time enjoyed by the little tots.

At the Methodist church the adults and children over thirteen years had their Christmas tree exercises in the church vestry Wednesday evening. Readings were given by Misses Blanche Blackburne and Maude West. There were gifts for all, and also a grab bag. The pastor, Rev. F. M. Estes, was given a gas lamp by his Sunday School class. The kindergarten and primary departments were entertained yesterday afternoon by a visit from Santa Claus who distributed gifts from a well laden tree.

Alaska.

It was Alaska night at the Towanda Club Monday evening, when Arthur W. Whitcher gave his lecture of "7,000 miles to the Arctic Circle," illustrated by stereopticon views of that far off country to upwards of 100 members of the club and their invited guests.

It was a very picturesque story of the trials and tribulations of the Blackfoot Mining Co., organized in Woburn in 1898 which left here to seek their fortunes in that wild and romantic region of snow, ice and cold weather.

All but one of the band returned home in less than two years from their departure, poorer in pocket than when they went, but richer in experience and hardship of living in the frozen North.

The five surviving eastern members of the expedition were all present on this occasion which was a complimentary event tendered to Clarence E. Littlefield the only member to remain in the North to the present time and whose abiding place is now at Nome, Alaska. Those survivors present were beside A. W. Whitcher, Clarence E. Littlefield, Edward Banwell, Edward E. Balch of Haverhill and Harry L. Appleton of Malden.

Previous to the lecture Mr. C. Hunttress, president of the club, presented to Mr. C. E. Littlefield a framed picture of a group of the Blackfoot expedition taken on board the steamer Rival in Seattle, May 15, 1898, from which port they sailed the next day for St. Michael's Alaska, where their real hardships and actual experiences of roughing it in the wilds of nature began.

The lecture was replete with humorous incidents of travel, of the life habits and customs of the natives of Alaska and it was told in a very interesting and instructive manner reflecting credit upon the author and showed to advantage that he possessed a good idea of how to obtain useful and valuable information upon an entertaining topic.

During his delivery Mr. Whitcher wore the parka, mukluks and mushing gloves made from skins of animals, tanned by the natives with the hair on, the property of Mr. Littlefield, and which are used only when on the trail; they are so impervious to the cold that a person may sleep in them on top of the snow with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero without any other protection and in comfort. A collation was served to all at the close of the lecture.

Man Coughs And Breaks Ribs.

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonsful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure its a Godsend to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo. "for I believe I would have consumption today, if I had not used this great remedy." Its guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle or 50 cent or $1.00 size at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

Methodist Church.

REV. FRED M. ESTES, PASTOR.

Sunday morning at 10.30 a Patriotic Service will be held in honor of Abraham Lincoln to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation. The various patriotic bodies of the city will be present. These organizations are as follows: Burbank Post, No. 33, G. A. R., Joseph E. Carr, Commander; Woman's Relief Corps, No. 84, Mrs. Arabella Brown, President; Woburn Post, No. 161, G. A. R., Edwin F. Wyer, Commander; Woman's Relief Corps, No 161, Mrs. Abbie French, President; Sons of Veterans, Charles Bowers Winn Camp, No. 66, Walter R. Merchant, Commander; Ladies' Auxiliary, Sons of Veterans, Mrs. Margaret Waters, President; Charles Moloy Camp, No. 42, Spanish War Veterans, Philip J. Shea, Commander; Company G, Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., Capt. J. Edward Graham.

At 6 o'clock the Epworth League will be led by Miss Garda Andres in considering the subject, "The World's Message of Jesus' Loyalty to His Message." Sunday evening at 7 Mr. W. H. Danner, Sec. of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East, will give an address on Lepers and the work being done for them. This sermon-lecture will be illustrated by photographs taken by workers on the field. All who are interested in this form of Christian work are cordially invited to avail themselves of this opportunity to hear Mr. Danner.

The Old "Warren Cadets."

Last week we made some statement regarding a reunion of this organization, to be held the coming spring.

The records are four well kept books. The following extract from one of them is interesting:

"April 9, 1864. The company has been formed one year, during which time there have been 77 members, 46 of whom have been discharged and 7 have reinlisted. Three have joined the army and one the navy. 120 drills have been held during the year, under two military instructors, one captain, and two lieutenants, besides a large number of under-officers. The Trustees of the school have furnished 84 muskets and bayonets, and 48 belts and 48 bayonet scabbards. The members of the Company provided themselves with uniforms, and two exhibitions have been held for their benefit."

The drills were often held during the school recess and late in the afternoon. On Oct. 10, 1864, the company turned out to receive the 22d Mass. Regiment, and marched to the Woburn Common, at 1.30 o'clock, P. M., thence to the railroad station on Fowle street. A minute account is given of the procession, of which A. J. Parker was chief-marshall. John Cummings, Jr., was one of the orators. 36 new members, mostly boys from outside the school, were added to the Company to serve till November, when the return from the front of Company G (Woburn Mechanic Phalanx) 5th Mass. Regt. was expected.

Absence from drill received four demerit marks; late at roll call, one; inattention under arms two.

Nov. 12, 1864 the company marched to West Cambridge, now Arlington. Two members were discharged for dishonorable conduct during that march. Discipline was strictly administered in those days. The experience was valuable for both officers and privates, and we even believed that we had better times than the boys have now a days. The excitement of the day during the Civil War was an inducement to all to be alive and awake, and the many men Woburn had at the front was an inducement for their children to copy their example.

Besides, today, military exercise can do no young person any harm. It is not the teaching them to kill one another, as some think, that does good. But the impersonal character of military discipline, the habit of paying strict attention to the words of a superior when under arms. The learning to know one's proper place. The exercise in the open air, for we drilled much out of-doors, was a means of strengthening our muscles and of adding to our self poise and confidence in our own capability to bear fatigue and ordinary exposure, with the average persons about us. For one, the writer of these words is glad military drill has been added to our High School, under a young, enthusiastic and capable instructor. If I had any word of criticism for the present instruction, I should say that one hour a week is not often enough. That instead of setting apart a set of smart boys to be officers, whose parents are all able to buy expensive uniforms I should turn all such into the ranks, to learn their duty as one would learn a trade from the bottom upwards, and have no expensive uniforms, except such plumes and other paraphernalia, belonging to the city, like the instruments of music, and select such officers for the day from the members of the upper classes, and thus all would get a chance to receive the full benefit of the instruction, as privates and officers.

On Nov. 16, 1864, it was proposed to form the company into a battalion of two companies, and William R. Cutter became Major, Herbert J. Bodwell, Adjutant, L. Wheeler Marion, Captain of the first company, and the late S. Franksford Trull, Captain of the second company.

Makes The Nation Gasp.

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. Its the quick healer of boils, ulcers, exzema, sore lips or piles. 25c at All Druggists.
Advertisement.

Warren Johnson.

Warren Johnson of Winchester, 87 years old, dropped dead on Union street, Boston, Tuesday morning. He was walking toward Hanover street when he was suddenly seen to reel and fall and was dead when aid reached him. He was carrying a turkey, evidently meant for his Christmas dinner, and a package of toys, gifts for some of his young relatives.

Warren Johnson was born in Woburn and was a direct descendant of Edward Johnson, an original settler of the town. In his youth he worked as a tanner and in 1870 started a tannery of his own, retiring from active business ten years ago. He had served as Selectman and Assessor for the town of Winchester for many years. He was one of the oldest members of the Congregational church and one of its principal supporters. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Agnes Wyman and his second Agnes Westcott, who survives him.

City Council.

At the meeting of the Board of Aldermen last night 9 members were present. Richard W. Hall, 45 Merrimac street was drawn as a grand juror for the Superior Court coming in in Janua.. in Boston and Charles E. Tripp, 2 Eastern avenue, Joseph H. Brooks, 331 Main street and Frank H. Murray, Eastern avenue, were drawn as traverse jurors for the January term of court in East Cambridge.

The city solicitor's opinion regarding the new election for an alderman in Ward 1 was read to the effect that the present Board of Aldermen is the proper authority to order a new election and that it be done forthwith.

Do Not Have Sore Feet.

An Allen's Foot-Ease powder in the foot-bath gives instant relief to Chilblains and all foot-aches. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot Ease the antiseptic powder, in your shoes. All Druggists, 25.

A Buttonhole.

Little Bess—How do you make button holes, Nellie? Little Nell—Oh, just take a hole and sew eye winkers all round it.—Chicago News.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

For the first week of the New Year at B. F. Keith's Theatre, a surpassing array of brilliant star attractions has been engaged. Joe Welch, perhaps the most famous Hebrew comedian on the American stage, and without question one of the greatest delineators of the Hebrew character that ever trod the boards, will appear in his latest act, "A Study From Real Life." Mr. Welch does not burlesque the Hebrew, he rather depicts him just as one meets him on the street, and his impersonation is a vivid and realistic picture. Mr. Welch comes to B. F. Keith's Theatre with a brand-new fund of experiences, and all who visit Keith's next week may rest assured of a hearty laugh. Another big star of the week will be Homer Lind, former baritone of the Metropolitan and Henry W. Savage Opera Company, who will appear in a musical playlet in three scenes entitled "The comedy deals with life behind the scenes, and Mr. Lind appears as a broken down operatic singer who has been obliged to play the cheaper theatres to eke out a precarious living. He is supported by a capable company. Ralph Smalley, America's greatest cellist, formerly of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will return after a long absence, and other big features will be Kluting's Animal Entertainers, a wonderful troupe of dogs, cats, rabbits and pigeons: Wood and Wide, two newcomers with something good; Caron and Herbert, comedy acrobats; Warren and Conley in a dainty vaudeville mixture; Lena Pantzer, queen of the wire, and many others.

BOSTON THEATRE

Eddie Foy starts on his last week at the Boston Theatre in his musical comedy offering "Over the River" which is undoubtedly one of the biggest and most pretentious musical offerings of the year. "Over the River" derives its title from the fact that convicts sent to the penitentiary in New York are said to be doing time "over the river." Mr. Foy plays the role of Madison Parke, a wealthy man about town who has had an escapade and is sent to the House of Correction for thirty days. His wife, unable to understand his absence, goes in for charity work and one day with other friends arrived at the penitentiary. How her husband escapes detection and afterwards explains his absence, furnishes the rich comedy material for three acts.

The funniest scene is the one showing the interior of the prison with Eddie Foy doing the lock step. His red hair has been clipped close and a suit of prison stripes envelope his heroic figure. An unthinking man may wonder what becomes of the chorus and ballet during this act, but have no fear. The musical comedy author always finds a way. Beautiful Salvation Army lassie who can sing and dance bring flowers to cheer up the prisoners, and there you are Eddie Foy in stripes with his mournful prison face turned into smiles as the little girls decorate him with flowers and kisses, forms a picture to convulse any audience with laughter. The third act shows a garden decorated in Mexican fashion with the chorus as beautiful senoritas, greeting the wanderer after his thirty days, when he returns home to explain that he has been in Mexico.

THE HOLLIS STREET.

"Jack" Mason has again conquered the Boston theatre-going public and his return to the Hollis Street Theatre with his new play, "The Attack, awakened a demonstrative response from his legion of admirers. Boston has surrendered to "The Attack" as unconditionally as New York did. The play is probably the most powerful drama in which John Mason has ever appeared. Any play from the pen of Henri Bernstein, one of the foremost dramatists of France, is sure to command attention, if only for the hope that once again Bernstein may turn out as splendid and human a drama as "The Thief." It is not too much to say that The Attack equals if not surpasses Bernstein's previous great success. But it was "Jack" Mason that Bostonians wanted to acclaim when they crowded the Hollis Street Theatre on Mr. Mason's opening night. Large audiences representative of fashion and culture have thronged the Hollis on every subsequent night. The farewell performance of his present visit must take place on Saturday, Jan. 4th.

Mr. Mason appears in the character of a man of fame and wealth, a widower of fifty-three, one of the leaders of political France. He is so eminent that envy seeks to pull him down. A scandal-mongering sheet accuses him of having stolen money when a youth. He is compelled to sue the author of the report for libel. He wins his suit. But the story was true, and he confesses this to the young girl who has given him her love. He puts himself on trial before the judgment of this young and trusting creature whose faith in him is perfect, and for whom he has reverence as for a holy being.

Although Mr. Mason carries the burden of the play on his staunch shoulders, he has the artistic co operation of a very fine company.

There will be matinees on Wednesday (New Year's Day) and Saturday.

THE TREMONT.

At the Tremont Treatre starting Monday night, Dec. 30, and for a brief stay of only two week, Raymond Hitchcock will again be seen as Cicero Hannibal Butts, in the sensational musical play "The Red Widow," which proved to be the most pronounced success of last season. He will be supported by a large company including his clever wife Flora Zabelle, who will be seen as The Red Widow. The story of the play is hung upon the following incident: Cicero Hannibal Butts (Raymond Hitchcock) retired millionaire corset manufacturer of Yonkers, N. Y., who with his wife is making a tour of Europe. On the eve of his departure from London he attends an opera performance at the Alcazar Theatre and meets a beautiful young woman known as The Red Widow. During the flirtation which ensues the widow learns from the rich American that he is about to depart for Russia and asks him to take her to St. Petersburg. Butts having fallen a victim to her charms consents and she crosses the frontier on the passport made out to Mr. and Mrs. Butts. Mrs Butts having been converted to the cause of woman's suffrage has decided to remain in London and work for the cause of woman's rights.

The widow and Butts are next discovered in the leading hotel in St. Petersburg. The young woman informs Mr. Butts that she is a Nihilist and her mission back to Russia is for the purpose of killing the Czar. When Butts tries to make his escape he finds himself surrounded by the widow's band of Nihilists, who informs him that he has been duly elected a member of their sacred order. The secret police suspect him and accuse him of plotting against the life of the Czar. They are about to send him to prison when the real Mrs. Butts arrives on the scene and all ends happily. The Red Widow's plotting in the play is as sincere as any that has been hatched in real earnest.

The stage will be thronged with girls who know how to sing as well as look pretty. The engagement will include the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular **Year Book** ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c. for his 1913 Almanac, or only **one dollar** for his **splendid Magazine and Almanac** one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to **Word and Works Publishing Company** 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

WINCHESTER.

Miss Evelyn Ayer left yesterday for California where she will spend the winter and possibly remain permanently.

The next meeting of the Fortnightly Club will be on Dec. 30 and will be a stereopticon lecture on "English Cathedrals" by Rev. Charles T. Billings.

The Christmas Concert which was to have been given last Sunday at the Congregational Church was postponed to next Sunday, Dec 29, at 4.30 o'clock, on account of the illness of the director, Miss Margaret L. Webber.

SAVED THE COLORS.

A Hero Who Was Buried Wrapped In His Flag by the Enemy.

During the Austro-Prussian war a body of Prussian soldiers came upon a ditch half full of wounded and dying Austrians. Among those who were badly wounded was a young officer. They found him lying on his back in the wet ditch. Touched with pity for him, some of the Prussians went to him and wished to remove him so that he might be attended to by the surgeon. But he besought them to leave him alone, telling them that he felt quite comfortable. Soon after this he died. Then when they lifted his body they found why he had begged them to leave him alone. He had been the standard bearer for his regiment.

In the terrible battle of the day the flag had been torn into tatters, and when he was sore wounded so that he soon must die his soldier spirit was still strong within him, and rather than let the "bit of rag" fall into the enemy's hand he folded it up and placed it beneath him so that none might see it. This was why he would not let himself be moved by the kindly Prussian soldiers. He would die protecting the precious flag.

His foes were so touched by his noble action that they would not take away the trophy, but wrapped it around him that it might be buried with him.

LANDS OF FIRE.

Yet Iceland and Tierra del Fuego Are Glacier Bound Regions.

It is rather singular that both of the "lands of fire" are near the cold extremities of the globe—Iceland, far to the northward, and Tierra del Fuego, remotely south.

Iceland, to the eye, seems at first glance to be better named by the cold appellation. Its glacial fields are not only numerous, but in some cases these and the connected snow stretches are hundreds of square miles in extent.

But only a little travel into the interior, say to the site of the ancient Icelandic parliament at Thingvallavatn, discloses miles upon miles of such desolation as is possible only in a "land of fire." It is a very island of volcanoes, and, while they have been exceedingly well behaved for a hundred years or so, the great hot springs in the neighborhood of Reykjavik, the capital, indicate that the subterranean heat, if passive, is still very much alive.

Huge glaciers also mark the "cold land of fire" at the other end of the earth. Thus each of the two parts of the universe is properly named, whether the name be warm or cold.—New York Press.

How Frostbite Comes.

The first effect of cold on the skin is to contract the tiny vessels that connect arteries and veins. Arteries are vessels that take blood from the heart. Veins are those that bring blood back to the heart, and the connecting vessels are called capillaries. While these little vessels are contracting the skin itself becomes tenser. In a few moments or minutes the effects change. The tiny nerves whose stimulation caused contraction of the capillaries are more or less paralyzed, and the vessels dilate so the skin gets red. Soon the veins are dilated, and the skin becomes bluish. Then the nutrient fluid in the skin (the lymph) is coagulated and the stretched skin ruptures or "chaps." If the cold is more severe its action is deeper, and the blood itself may be coagulated. This is frostbite.

Oppressive Politeness.

M. Ernest Lavisse has turned aside from his historical labors to relate a bonmot by his friend Massenet. It was at a time when the musician was changing apartments and the historian inquired the motive of the change. "I was too well known there," Massenet replied. "Everybody was too oppressively polite. Only the other day I happened to buy a penny stamp in a tobacconist's shop. 'Pray do not trouble to carry it,' said the tobacconist. 'It will give us the greatest pleasure to send it round to you.'"—Westminster Gazette.

Irate Patient.

"You understand me well, doctor—if you amputate my legs I shall never set foot inside your door again!"—Paris Sourire.

New Goods For New Year's

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VARIETY OF THE BIBLE.

Vivid Descriptions, History and Stories of Adventure.

One of the striking things about the Bible as a single piece of literature is the variety of its literary forms, sufficient, indeed, to appeal to the most widely different tastes. There are excellent examples of the short story all through the historical books, such as the absorbingly interesting account of Joseph sold into slavery and afterward elevated to a position next to Pharaoh himself and the intensely realistic story of Paul's shipwreck, which, were it not too well written, might be an extract from some book of adventure.

The books of which many of these short stories form a part constitute a body of most intimate and fascinating tribal and national history. Wedged in between two of the historical books we find the story of Ruth, a "prose idyll," as delightful as any of which profane literature can boast. The Book of Esther, though not in form a drama, has a plot of dramatic power, in which Haman, who is raised to triumphant satisfaction at the thought of hanging Mordecai upon the gallows, becomes himself the victim of his own vengeance.

At the end stands that wonderful Apocalypse, which is at once an inspiration and a mystery, full of beauty and rich cadences. Interspersed among all the narratives are delightfully suggestive descriptions, sometimes presenting to us the simple life of the shepherd, again the luxurious surroundings of Ahasuerus' court. It is not strange, therefore, that the Bible makes a strong intellectual appeal to lovers of literature and to men of untrained tastes.—Edgar F. Shannon in Sewanee Review.

Sea Gypsies.

In the archipelago of Mergui, off the coast of lower Burma, live the "sea gypsies." Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dogs, cats, chickens and pets, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtles or dive for pearl oysters, and at night they seek the shelter of the land. Only in very bad weather do they seek employment on shore. They seem to have solved the housing problem in a manner perfectly satisfactory to themselves and pay no rent or rates to any man.—New York Press.

Sarcastic.

Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack? Jack (who has just settled a dressmaker's bill)—Yes, but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—London Opinion.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Who Are You?"
Sunday School at 12 M.
Vespers at 5 P. M. Subject: "The Passing Year."

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. F. M. Estes, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10.45.
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday from 2.30 to 4.30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 20, John G. Connolly, aged 64 years, 7 months, 9 days.
In this city, Dec. 21, Peter Holland, aged 66 years, 6 months, 2 days.
In this city, D. 22, Susan T. Wentworth, aged 62 years, 4 months, 6 days.
In this city, Dec. 22, Louisa Green, aged 81 years, 5 months, 1 day.

NOTICE

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.
Woburn, Mass.

I, Roderick Foss of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereby give notice that deposit book number 35,557 issued to me has been lost or destroyed; and pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount represented by said book.

RODERICK FOSS.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treas.

Dec. 11, 1912. 13-20-27

NOTICE.

LOST—Savings Bank Book.

To the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank:
Woburn, Mass.

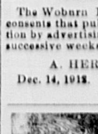
The A. O. H. Div. 3, Woburn, Mass., Contingent Fund hereby gives notice that Deposit Book number 29,990 issued to them has been lost or destroyed; and, pursuant to the provisions of Section 40, Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908 and amendments thereto, I hereby make application to your Corporation for the payment of the amount of the deposit represented by said book.

JAMES H. CONNOLLY, Treasurer.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank hereby consents that public notice be given of this application by advertising the same once a week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Dec. 14, 1912. 20-27-3



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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Susan Henshaw, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Henry A. Henshaw, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of January, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of James N. Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Curtis, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twelfth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusets.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Frances A. Hurd late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil of said deceased havebeen presented to said Court for Probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex on the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

6-13-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the State Board of Insanity, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John C. Nichols of Woburn, in said County, an insane person.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the offer named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjudged best certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward for his maintenance.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy of this citation to the State Board of Insanity seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

13-20-27 W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Bethia Whitford, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament—and one codicil—of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Alfred H. Whitford and Mary E. Fowle who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of January, A. D. 1913, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

20-27-3 F. M. ESTY, Asst. Register.

Woburn National Bank,

WOBURN, MASS.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at its Banking Rooms, 397 Main Street, Woburn, on Tuesday, January 14, 1913, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 13, 1912.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Emma Owen, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

MABEL O. BLODGETT, Admx.

(Address)
14 Mishawum Road, Woburn, Mass.
Dec. 17, 1912. 20-27-3

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TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENRTE for MALDEN SQ. at 5.45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 8.15 A. M., then every 60 min. to 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, 11.15, 11.37 P.M., SUNDAY at 8.15 A. M., and every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, *11.15 P. M. RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN at 6.45, 7.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 3.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45, †11.15, †11.45, P. M. SUNDAY at 9.15 A. M., then every 60 minutes to 1.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.15, †10.45, †11.15, †11.45 P. M.

Leave STONEHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes to 10.30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose, for Saugus Cenrre at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. SUNDAY at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10 30 P. M. Leave corner Main and Franklin Streets, Melrose for Saugus Centre at 8.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10.45 P. M. RETURN leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Square at 6 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M. SUNDAY at 9 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 11 P. M.

J. O. ELLIS, Supt.

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WE WILL MAIL YOU $1
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MONEY SENT BY RETURN MAIL.
PHILA. SMELTING & REFINING COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.
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"For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies I used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful
DR. KING'S
New Life Pills
Adolph Schingeck, Buffalo, N.Y.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

COMFORTED THE LADIES.

A Marshal of France Who Was a Hero, a Gallant and a Dandy.

Blaise de Montluc was a soldier and a marshal of France who fought through half the sixteenth century. Like a true Gascon, as he was, he added to his great physical qualities courage, high spirits and unquenchable gayety.

In the Italian wars Blaise de Montluc commanded the defense of Sienna during a prolonged siege. When the town was reduced to a few ounces of bread daily Blaise was overcome with sickness and had himself carried about in a chair muffled up in furs.

But perceiving that the inhabitants, especially the women, were "thus rendered apprehensive of their fate should he die"—so runs an excerpt from De Montluc's "Commentaries"—"he called for a pair of crimson velvet breeches laid over with gold lace, very finely cut, for they were made at a time when he was forsooth in love. He put on a doublet of the same and a shirt of crimson silk and gold twist, then a buff collar over which he put his arms, very finely gilt."

He was at that time wearing gray and white "in honor of a fair lady to whom he was a servant when he had leisure." So he put on a hat of gray silk with a gray silver hatband and a plume of heron's feathers set with silver spangles.

He also put on a short cassock of gray velvet garnished with "little plates of silver at two fingers' distance from one another and lined with cloth of silver, all open between the plates."

Then he "rubbed his face with Greek wine till he brought a little color into his cheeks and drank a small draught with a little bit of bread.

"He then looked at himself in the glass, strutted before his officers though he had not the strength to kill a chicken, and rode through the town to the great comfort of all beholders."

Two Poor Ones.

During one of Edwin Forrest's engagements in Boston a poor artist called several times to see the great actor at the old Winthrop House. Each time he brought a picture which he had painted. He finally left it with a note stating that he was in needy circumstances. Forrest read the note and took the wrapping from the picture. It proved to be a painting of himself as Spartacus. Forrest gazed upon it a moment and then ejaculated to the clerk: "Give him $10. If he is as poor as his picture he must be on the point of starvation."

The Two Garricks.

George Garrick, brother of the celebrated David, was the latter's most devoted slave and laborious pack horse. On coming behind the scene he usually inquired, "Has David wanted me?" It being asked once how George came to die so soon after the demise of his famous brother, a wag replied, "David wanted him."

Diplomatic.

"Am I all the world to you, Jack, dear?" she cooed.

"You are certainly a fair portion of it," he told her and so made the classy double play of pleasing her and keeping to the exact truth.—Boston Transcript.

Resigned.

"Mrs. Dibble wears a resigned look."

"Yes. After she married Dibble she realized that nothing worse could ever happen to her."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Ends Hunt For Rich Girl.

Often the hunt for a rich wife ends when the man meets a woman that uses Electric Bitters. Her strong nerves tell in a bright brain and even temper. Her peach-bloom complexion and ruby lips result from her pure blood; her bright eyes from restful sleep; her elastic step from firm, free muscles, all telling of the health and strength Electric Bitters give a woman, and the freedom from indigestion, backache, headache, fainting and dizzy spells they premote. Everywhere they are woman's favorite remedy. If weak or ailing try them. 50c at All Druggists. *Advertisement.*

BABY WOOD DUCKS.

The Journey to the Water When They Leave Their Lofty Nests.

Somebody, Burroughs, I believe, said "the notion that the mother duck takes the young birds one by one in her beak and carries them to the creek is doubtless erroneous." I could not see how else it could be done, writes a contributor to the Youth's Companion, and I spent several valuable days of several different years in trying to find out how it was done.

The thing that puzzled me was how the mother wood duck (Aix sponsa) managed to get her numerous progeny down from their lofty cradle and upon the water without injuring them. I was not alone in my ignorance; some very eminent ornithologists have wondered about the matter as well.

After a five mile pull one hot June day I let my boat lie in the shade of some lofty cottonwoods that grew on the lake shore, while I lay back and watched the play of shadows on the calm water.

A splash near by attracted my attention, and I looked round to see a mother wood duck just alighting. There was a little one by her side, but I did not see how it got there. In a moment the old duck rose, circled a few times to gain altitude, and made direct for a hole in a large dead tree a few rods away. The hole was at least sixty feet from the ground. The duck squeezed her body through the opening and disappeared. She came back in a few moments with a duckling in her mouth. After resting for a moment she came sailing down and placed this baby beside the first. One after another she carried down the entire brood of eleven little yellow and black fluffy balls. They flapped their tiny wings and fluttered in the water as if that were not the first time they had ever been in swimming.

The mother duck returned once more to the tree to make sure that she had not overlooked one, came back, placed herself at the head of the procession, called softly to her babies and swam away, followed by the entire family in single file.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 22 years. *They never fail.* At all Druggists 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

S. FRANK SHERMAN,

118 High Street, Reading, Mass., twenty years' experience Making and Tuning Pianos. All orders will receive prompt attention.

BRAILE'S BIG WELL.

It Would Have Worked Wonders Only It Was Never Dug.

Perhaps the most idiotic of all the many idiotic schemes with which Britons have been enamored in days gone by was that which was known at the time as Braile's big well. M. Braile was a Belgian engineer, residing temporarily in England, who, in 1848, approached the then prime minister (Lord John Russell) with a scheme for sinking a huge shaft, a mile in diameter and twenty miles in depth, that should tap the earth's internal heat and thereby render England independent of her coal supply when this gave out.

Lord Russell, always rather attracted by visionary projects, attentively considered the scheme and caused plans and estimates to be drawn up. The first difficulty was the inrush of water, which would have been certain to occur sooner or later. This it was proposed to keep under by pumping, caissons being used for the purpose of further excavation, while the finished portion of the shaft was to be rendered watertight by a "jacket" of granite set in Portland cement.

Mad as the scheme was, it found plenty of advocates, and a provisional bill had been, it was said, actually drafted, when the overthrow of the government on the franchise question was announced, and the whole business was thenceforth consigned to a well merited oblivion.—Pearson's Weekly.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

The Naval Court Was Polite With the Pushing Boston Attorney.

Courts martial are not infrequently held on battleships in the Charlestown navy yard. Sometimes a sailor will send for a Boston attorney to defend him, although this tendency is discouraged by the officers. Most attorneys know they have no absolute right to practice in a naval court and can do so only by permission of the court, but occasionally a lawyer goes aboard who does not realize this fact.

A sailor who was charged with gambling had retained an attorney to get him off. This attorney, who had never had such a case before, went briskly into the officers' wardrobe, where the court was sitting and without waiting on ceremony began to address the court in a blustering manner.

"Just a minute," interrupted the presiding officer. "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Rudolph Smithers," the attorney replied, "and I am a member of the Massachusetts bar."

"Oh, you are Mr. Smithers, are you?" continued the officer. "Then you are the man whom the orderly wants to see." He called the orderly.

"What does the orderly want of me?" asked the attorney in a superior tone.

"Nothing very much," replied the chief justice. "He merely wants to show you off the ship."—New York Herald.

The Womanly Touch.

Adam was showing Eve through the cave.

"This is the living room," he said. "It is furnished as luxuriously as possible in these prehistoric days. I have spared no expense on it, and yet it lacks something or other, some final touch that I cannot name."

Eve took a swift look around. Then she pulled the magazine table out a little from the wall, gave the morris chair a twist, laid a book on the window sill and kicked the tiger skin rug back a foot from the door.

"Wonderful!" cried Adam and gazed open mouthed at the magical transformation.

The cave was more than a cave now. It was a home.

There's no place like home.—Newark News.

Sinister.

A nonconformist clergyman in Manchester is chuckling over a letter he recently received from the vicar of a certain parish church. He had written to the vicar asking for permission to conduct a funeral in the churchyard.

"He immediately sent me a most courteous note," the nonconformist clergyman said, "but I could not help noticing that it would be possible to give to his words a sinister meaning. The note ran: 'You will, both tomorrow and at any other time, be most welcome in our churchyard.'"—London Answers.

Getting Even.

"Oh, George, dear," she whispered when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others was ever so thoughtful."

George was staggered, but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You overrate me. This is the one I've always used."—London Stray Stories.

Eccentric.

"Snaggs is a most eccentric chap."

"Yes?"

"Sure! He has named his place Pine Terrace."

"Well, what of it?"

"Well, he has pine trees and a terrace."—Judge's Library.

The Human Hog.

Crawford—Don't you believe that a man should be the architect of his own fortune? Crabshaw—That's all right, but he shouldn't build on the other fellow's lot.—Judge's Library.

Knew Her Hubby.

Mother—Is your letter to your husband ready to mail?

Married Daughter—It's all done excepting the postscript telling him to send me some more money. I'm looking for another sheet of paper.

"Write it across the lines."

"No, indeed. He'll pretend he couldn't read it."—New York Weekly.

It Was Dangerous.

"So you think that kissing is dangerous?"

"Indeed, I do."

"You must have kissed the wrong girl."

"I know I did."

"Her brother handed you a wallop?"

"No; she married me."—Houston Post.

Sign of Popular Affection.

Weren't you indignant when people you didn't know called you by your first name?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum, "but I've worried a great deal since they've shown a disposition to stop it."—Washington Star.

Power is a fretful thing and hath its wings always spread for flight.—Wallace.

BABY WOOD DUCKS.

The Journey to the Water When They Leave Their Lofty Nests.

Somebody, Burroughs, I believe, said "the notion that the mother duck takes the young birds one by one in her beak and carries them to the creek is doubtless erroneous." I could not see how else it could be done, writes a contributor to the Youth's Companion, and I spent several valuable days of several different years in trying to find out how it was done.

The thing that puzzled me was how the mother wood duck (Aix sponsa) managed to get her numerous progeny down from their lofty cradle and upon the water without injuring them. I was not alone in my ignorance; some very eminent ornithologists have wondered about the matter as well.

After a five mile pull one hot June day I let my boat lie in the shade of some lofty cottonwoods that grew on the lake shore, while I lay back and watched the play of shadows on the calm water.

A splash near by attracted my attention, and I looked round to see a mother wood duck just alighting. There was a little one by her side, but I did not see how it got there. In a moment the old duck rose, circled a few times to gain altitude, and made direct for a hole in a large dead tree a few rods away. The hole was at least sixty feet from the ground. The duck squeezed her body through the opening and disappeared. She came back in a few moments with a duckling in her mouth. After resting for a moment she came sailing down and placed this baby beside the first. One after another she carried down the entire brood of eleven little yellow and black fluffy balls. They flapped their tiny wings and fluttered in the water as if that were not the first time they had ever been in swimming.

The mother duck returned once more to the tree to make sure that she had not overlooked one, came back, placed herself at the head of the procession, called softly to her babies and swam away, followed by the entire family in single file.

A QUAINT PHILOSOPHER.

He Deftly Turned His Little Faults Into Real Virtues.

In August Strindberg's "Easter (a play) and Stories," translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard, is a quaint bit of conscience easing reasoning by a matter of fact philosophical photographer. He had a partner, who posed as a real, a faultless, philosopher. But this matter of fact chap was "full of little eccentricities. For instance, he smoked tobacco all day long; he could never learn to close a door after him; he stuck the knife into his mouth instead of the fork; he went about in the house with his hat on; he manicured his nails in the middle of the atelier, and at night he had to have three mugs of ale. He was full of faults."

To his faultless partner the matter of fact one thus justified his shortcomings: "Just consider! I do not drink to excess, therefore I attend to the business. I don't steal, I never speak ill of you, I never complain, I never turn white into black, I'm never uncivil to customers, I rise early in the morning, I trim my nails to keep the developer clean, I keep my hat on my head so as not to shed hairs on the plate, I smoke tobacco to clear the atmosphere of poisonous fumes, I leave the doors ajar to avoid making a noise in the atelier, I drink ale at night so as not to fall into the whisky habit, and I shove my knife into my mouth to avoid sticking myself with the fork."

"Verily, thou art a great philosopher," said the partner. "Now we shall be friends, and thus we'll make headway."

To Cheer Him.

The wife of his bosom was going to leave him for a fortnight, and Fitz-Tomkins was trying his very best to look sad.

"My dear," he said, choking back a chuckle with his handkerchief and wiping his eyes, "I hardly like to think how I shall miss you. The evenings will be so long and lonely without you I shall have no one to talk to."

"George," said Mrs. Fitz, surveying him with a marble eye, "I have provided for your comfort in this as in every other way. When you return home you will find dear mother there. She will remain till I come back and keep you company in the evenings, George."

And as the train slowly glided out of the station the guard wondered why Fitz-Tomkins nearly bit him when he insinuated a tip.—London Telegraph.

Ireland's Coast Cliffs.

The finest cliff scenery in the United Kingdom is on the coast of the county of Donegal, at the northwest of Ireland, facing the Atlantic, where the variety and grandeur of the cliffs are most thrilling and impressive. Slieve League, south of Glen Columbkille, is a superb introduction to Donegal's coast splendors. In less than half a mile from the sea the mountain rears its height of nearly 2,000 feet. In the island of Achill, off the west coast of Ireland, the cliffs of Croghan, at Achill Head, rise sheer from the water's edge to the dizzy height of 3,000 feet.—London Standard.

Defrauding the Waiter.

In a Parisian cafe an American ordered a hors d'oeuvre, sole, agneau pre sale, artichoke salad, peche Melba, and so on, and when the waiter brought him a bill of 30 francs he paid it like a man. After his change was brought he counted it and pushed a franc toward the waiter for a tip. But the man, pushing back the franc, said in gentle reproach:

"Pardon, monsieur, but that is the counterfeit franc."

Comforting.

Old Croakybo—I think we'd better have the passage and staircase repapered while I'm laid up, Mrs. Grimoge. Mrs. G. (his housekeeper)—Lor', sir, 'adn't yer better wait and see 'ow ye goes on fust? Them coffins do make such work with staircase wall papers. —London Telegraph.

Hard to Please.

"Why did she divorce her first husband?"

"He couldn't keep his money."

"And why is she suing her present husband for divorce?"

"He's such a tightwad."—Houston Post.

Two Good Ideas.

Scott—It's a good idea when angry to count ten before you speak. Mott—True; also when "touched" to count a thousand before you lend.—Boston Transcript.

BRITISH AMAZONS

Women Who Could Pull an Oar With the Best of Men.

WON FAME ALL OVER EUROPE.

Ann Glanville and Her Champions Not Only Beat Their Own Countrymen, but Went to Havre and Outrowed Half a Dozen Crack French Crews.

In the boat races that have from time immemorial been rowed on the Hamoaze, the estuar[illegible] the Tamar and the Tavy that f[illegible]art of the harbor of Plymouth, [illegible] women of Saltash have often distinguished themselves. In "Around and About Saltash" P. E. B. Porter writes of Ann Glanville, whose amazonian feats of oarsmanship made her famous all over Europe:

"Some sixty or seventy years ago the crew of Saltash women was often seen not only on the Hamoaze, but wherever aquatic sports were held. It was not often that Ann and the crew that she stroked were beaten in a match—never by other women.

"They competed for prizes at Hull, Liverpool, Portsmouth and Dartmouth, and it must not be supposed that a crew of men ever yielded the palm out of masculine courtesy, for, as a matter of fact, the men did not at all relish being beaten by a 'parcel of females.'

"In some of these contests Mrs. Harriet Screech, a daughter of Ann Glanville, who had fourteen children, rowed with her mother. As she was the youngest member of the crew she pulled bow oar, the least arduous post in the boat.

"Once this crew, rowing a match at Fleetwood in the presence of Queen Victoria, gave the men so sound a beating that her majesty asked to have Ann presented to her.

"However, the most famous event of Ann's life took place in 1850, when Captain Russell of H. M. S. Brunswick suggested to her that she and her crew should go to Havre to the regatta there and challenge the Frenchmen, a proposal to which she readily assented.

"When the Frenchmen heard of the challenge from les Anglaises de Saltashe they shrugged their shoulders, for they scarcely regarded it as serious. And when the women appeared in their white frilled caps prinked out with blue ribbons, in their short petticoats and white dresses, with blue neckerchiefs tied over the shoulders and crossed behind the back, they looked puzzled.

"The challenge of the Englishwomen created a stir not only in Havre, but for miles along the French coast and for many leagues inland too. And in England the greatest interest was aroused.

"When the day of the regatta came there was a vast concourse of people to witness the contest. Every quay, hilltop and housetop from which a view of the course could be had was crowded. Every one was on tiptoe of expectation. Before the start the Saltash crew had a pull round 'to show themselves.' Their steady stroke, the way in which they bent their backs to their work and the perfect ease and grace with which they pulled made the French open their eyes.

"Ann and her crew had not the best start possible, nor at first did they have the advantage. Five minutes after the start six boats were ahead of them. But they soon tested their opponents' nerve. Ann, who had the stroke oar, gave the word:

"'Bend your backs to it, maidens, and hurrah for old England!'

"One by one, with a cheer from old Ann, they passed the six boats. At last they drove their boat, with the British color flying gayly at the fore, into the lead. It was a long course and a hard pull, but they soundly thrashed the Frenchmen. Ann and her 'maidens' beat them by 100 yards. The members of this famous crew were Ann Glanville, Harriet Hosking, Jane House and Amelia Lee. A man acted as coxswain.

"Mrs. House was so elated at the victory that on reaching the committee boat she plunged into the water, dived under the vessel and came up with a dripping and drooping cap on the opposite side.

"Ann Glanville died in 1880, at the age of eighty-five, dignified, vigorous and handsome to the last. Her character was summed up by a neighbor in these words:

"'Her was honest to a farthing, clean as a smelt and kind hearted as a queen.'"

Rose to the Occasion.

"Do you know, Miss Doofles," asks the earnest young man, "that if one were on Sirius the orbit of the earth would look just about the size of a finger ring?"

"I beg your pardon, Harold," she flutters. "I was musing for the moment and did not catch everything you said, but I heard you say something about 'serious' and a ring."—Chicago Post.

The Steering Committee.

Registry Clerk—It is necessary for me to ask the mother of the bride if she has nothing to say before I proceed with the ceremony. Voice of Mother (in background)—All I have to say is that if I hadn't had a good deal to say already they never would have landed here.

POISON IN ITS AIR.

Java's Valley of Death, Where Life Cannot Exist.

The Valley of Death is on the island of Java. It is the most remarkable natural example of an atmosphere loaded with carbonic acid gas in existence. It has never been fully explored because of the danger of remaining more than a few moments in its poisonous atmosphere.

Approached through an opening between the hills, it is seen to be an oval shaped valley about half a mile across. It is about thirty-five feet deep. The bottom is hard and sandy, without vegetation and strewn with large stones. The surface is covered with the bones of animals, birds and human beings.

Explorers seldom venture beyond the borders, though the deadly air does not immediately affect human beings. This is because the carbonic acid gas, being heavier than the atmosphere, settles to the bottom of the valley. Dogs and fowls thrown into it fall senseless instantly and die in a few minutes. No craters or fissures are visible on the floor of this valley, and it is thought that the openings are near the base of the hills.—Exchange.

MEREDITH AS A CHILD.

When Only Two Years of Age He Had an Air of Superiority.

As is generally the case with an only child, brought up entirely in the society of his elders, George Meredith developed early and always had something of contempt for juveniles of his own age. He was a reserved and acutely sensitive boy, afraid of ghosts and being left alone in the dark, and was perhaps a trifle spoiled by his mother, a refined woman, whose love and care he lost before he reached his sixth birthday. There is still living a gentleman who well remembers George Meredith at the age of two years. This was about 1830-1, and Mr. James Price relates of his visit:

"I went up to the large front drawing room, where I found the boy and a lady who must have been his mother. The boy did not seem to care much about playing with me, and I was rather shy. He brought me his toys and picture books to see, and I was mightily pleased, I remember, with a horse and cart (not like the many cheap ones that I had seen), a beautiful, lifelike white horse, and the cart of superior make, and as George drew it along it made music as the wheels went round. What I remember of the child's appearance is somewhat hazy—a boy in white frock and blue ribbons tied up his sleeves, but he was certainly a pretty child. I spent the afternoon with him, but we did not get on much together, as he assumed a sort of superiority."—Fortnightly Review.

MAKING WATCHES.

Wonderful Feats That Are Performed by Modern Machinery.

The rapidity with which watches are nowadays manufactured has been made possible by the ingenious machinery designed within recent years for the making of all parts of a watch. The speed with which these various parts are turned out is little short of marvelous. Great sheets of brass and steel are cut and rolled into ribbons and punched out into wheels at the rate of 10,000 a day from each punching machine. Workers drill the thirty-one holes in the roof of the watch as fast as they can count.

Brass wire glides into a machine that measures off the length of a part, turns it, puts a screw thread on each end and actually screws it in at the rate of 2,000 a day.

The screws are of such tiny size that fifty gross of them may be put in a woman's thimble, while of others there are a thousand gross to the pound.

Balances are cut from the solid steel, ground down, worked up and drilled with their twenty-five screw holes apiece at the rate of 100 wheels a day from each machine.

Wheels have their teeth cut, a couple of dozen at a time, some with from sixty to eighty teeth, at the rate of 1,200 wheels a day from each machine. —Harper's Weekly.

The Physiotype.

This is an English invention for making pictures by impression of leaves, ferns, lace, feathers and various other objects. It depends upon the chemical action of a fine powder. The object of which a representation is to be made is placed upon white paper and pressed either by the hand or by other means. When the object is removed no impression is visible on the paper, but upon sprinkling the powder over the paper the picture at once appears, sharply defined, and remains permanent. Sections of wood and designs of coins and medals can thus be represented, and the prints can be transferred to lithographic stone, zinc or aluminium, thus producing records from which any number of copies can be taken.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Economy and Consolation.

Her discovery in its way was not less than epochal.

"It is so easy to save when you know how!" she exclaimed. "Oh, so easy! Do I wish to save $25? Very well. I go down town and find something I would like that costs $25, and then I don't buy it. Nothing could be simpler."

She did not deny, however, that her method involved a sacrifice.

"But if the sacrifice is too painful," she went on to explain, "I go and find something my husband would like that costs $35 and don't buy that!"—Puck.

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POWER OF THE SEA.

Fearful Force of Ocean Waves When They Run Wild.

The average inland American who has never seen the ocean has no real idea of the force of its waves. He reads about the storm, of boats being carried away and bulwarks stove. But he does not realize the steam hammer blows that may be struck by mere water.

A recent storm on the British coasts received the official designation of a storm of "extreme force." A picture taken in Hastings harbor shows the concussion with which the waves struck the sea wall, sending the spray apparently higher than the buildings along the street. Blocks of concrete and iron railing were torn from the new parade extension at Caroline place and tossed back into the roadway as if they had been bits of plank. Timber work that had withstood the stress of years was torn apart and carried away. Basements were flooded along all the seaward face of the town.

Such a storm when it sweeps over a ship will sometimes carry away almost everything on deck. Deck houses are often smashed, and the lifeboats are often stove in and ruined.

Various attempts have been made to devise motors to develop power from the force of the waves. The amount of energy wasted through their lack of success is beyond estimate. If the power of the sea could be used it would drive the machinery of an unlimited number of plants.—Chicago Tribune.

READING THE FUTURE.

Foresight or Good Guessing In a Parisian Robbery Case.

One day in October, 1883, Lady A., living in Rue du Bel-Respiro, Paris, found that she had been robbed of a sum of 3,500 francs. She notified the commissary of police on Rue Berryer, who instituted a search and questioned the servants, but discovered nothing.

Lady A., when enumerating her servants, begged the commissary to exclude from his suspicions her second valet de chambre, a youth of nineteen, very good looking, very respectful and very well qualified for his duties, who had been nicknamed "le Petit," not on account of his stature, for he was rather tall, but from a feeling of delicate, protecting familiarity which his good qualities had won for him.

Meanwhile among the friends of Lady A. there had been a good deal of talk about a certain Demoiselle E., who, they said, could see the most surprising things in a bowl of coffee grounds. M. L. d'Ervieux had the curiosity to accompany his governess to the house of this person and was quite surprised to hear her describe exactly each piece of furniture in Lady A.'s apartment, pass in review her seven servants and say that, though she could not name the thief, he would be guillotined within two years.

Some weeks later "le Petit" left the service of his mistress without giving any reason, and two years later he mounted the scaffold. This servant, so highly esteemed, was none other than Marchandon, the assassin.—London Notes and Queries.

The Crested Rat.

The crested rat of East Africa is remarkable, first, because of the great length of the black and white hairs down the ridge of the back, which are rendered the more conspicuous because the hairs along the sides of the body are so short and so differently colored, being brownish gray and looking for all the world as if some one had taken a pair of scissors and maliciously shorn off the decorative hair, leaving only a dull underfur; secondly, it is remarkable because the skull has a roofing of bones exactly resembling that of some turtles, while, furthermore, this roof has a granulated appearance recalling that presented by the skulls of certain fishes. In its habits it appears to be arboreal, while from the structure of its teeth it would appear to be at least partly insectivorous.

LONG HAIRED MEN.

They Caused a Vigorous Protest In Massachusetts In 1649.

The following protest signed by Joseph Endicott, governor; Thomas Dudley, deputy governor; Richard Bellingham, Richard Saltonstall, Increase Nowell, William Hibbins, Thomas Flint, Robert Bridges and Simon Bradstreet was published in Massachusetts in 1649:

"Protest, against wearing long hair, of the governor, etc., of Massachusetts:

"Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of Russians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally of all the godly of all our nation, until within these few years:

"We, the magistrates, who have signed this paper, for the shewing of our own innocency in this behalf, do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men doe deforme themselves and offend sober and modest men and doe corrupt good manners. We doe therefore earnestly intreat all the elders of this jurisdiction, as often as they shall see cause, to manifest their zeal against it in their public administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith; that so, such as prove obstinate, and will not reforme themselves, may have God and man to witness against them. The third month 10th day, 1649."

The Stranger.

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"Um!" said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger; "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days!"

"Um!" said the man. "And who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Um!" said the man. "You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like hard work to me."

And he slammed the door.—Pittsburgh Post.

Frenzied Arithmetic.

Three-year-old Amy, who had a very lively little brother, was being put through a lesson in arithmetic by her uncle. She had successfully added one and one, but stuck at two and one.

"Your mamma," said her uncle, "has two children. If she had one more what would that make?"

"Oh," cried Amy, "that would make my mamma cwazy!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Her Confession

And Yet There Was Nothing to Confess

By F. A. MITCHEL

Two middle aged ladies sat over a cup of tea. One was forty-two, the other forty-one. They had been intimate friends some fifteen years before, had been separated, having gone to live in different places, and now had come together again and were summing up, so to speak, that portion of their lives which lay behind them.

"How different have been our experiences!" said the younger of the two. "You, Margaret, have known the joys of being a bride, the companionship of married life and the sorrows of widowhood, while I have looked upon the promised land of matrimony always from a distance. And now we are both alone, without husband or children. We have come at last to the same position, but not the same condition. You as a widow are a very different person from me, an old maid."

"In what do you consider this difference to consist, Helen?" asked the

THE MOMENT THE WORDS WERE SPOKEN HELEN REGRETTED THEM.

other, looking up at her friend with a pair of expressive, inquiring eyes.

"It consists in so many things that it would be impossible to find a word under which to group them. If you ask me the principal difference it has produced between you and me I will say that it lies in this—you know what it is to be loved by a good man. I do not."

The widow leaned back in her chair and looked at vacancy. She seemed to be absorbed in thought—thought on what her friend had enunciated. At last she said:

"What we look at from without is usually very different from what we find it when we come to experience it. Love before marriage is not what it is after marriage. The first is an absorbing passion, the second is companionship. One is violent and may easily be turned to hate; the other is quiescent and, so long as it is not interrupted, may be strong and enduring."

"Interrupted by death you mean, I suppose."

"Not that alone; there are many other causes which may throw one who loves back into the passionate condition that exists before marriage—I mean a condition of suffering, not of pleasure."

"Do you believe in divorce, Margeret?"

"Not if there are children interested—that is, if the father and mother can live together on friendly terms."

"But you had no children." The moment the words were spoken Helen regretted them. "I was thinking of your feelings in a case that might be your own," she continued. "What would you have done, supposing your husband ceased to love you and loved another woman?"

"In that case I should consider whether a marriage between them would be for the best. If I thought so I would consent to a divorce, that he might marry his new love."

Helen sipped her tea in silence. The subject seemed of more interest to her than to her friend. Indeed, she seemed to be moved by some deep feeling connected with it. One looking at her would have thought that she instead of Margaret had the experiences of a married woman. Presently Helen spoke again.

"I am glad, Margaret, that during your married life nothing occurred to break it. I can not conceive of any greater trouble to come to a woman than a separation from the man she has loved and married, and I thank heaven that there is one sin I have not upon my conscience. I have never done anything to turn a man from his wife to me, nor have I permitted any man to turn from his wife to me."

"No one who knows you, Helen, would doubt that. Indeed, it is quite likely that a married man who would yield to his inclination for you would be unworthy of you."

Helen started. It was evident from her words as well as her friend's rejoinder that she had some such experience as the one referred to on her mind. But it was also plain that she had not considered the man in the case unworthy of her. She entered upon a hypothetical defense of him.

"I can understand a man's momentarily yielding to a temptation, and yet love his wife truly," she said. Then, pausing, she seemed moved by a sudden resolution and continued in a tone that indicated deep feeling: "Margaret, I am going to make a confession to you. And yet it is not a confession, for that indicates an injury, a wrong, and there was no wrong on my part nor on the part of the one who was implicated with me in what I am about to relate.

"You remember that John and I were both of artistic temperament. We were fond of the fine arts, music, sculpture, painting, literature. He was the only real poet I ever knew personally. His appreciation for music was of the keenest. Do you remember that period when your mother was taken ill, you were called away to attend her, and she finally died? You left John in my charge, and I recall your exact words when you did so. 'John and I have not been long married,' you said, 'but long enough to have come upon that period when a newly married pair begins to suffer from their incongruities. Leaving him at such a time is dangerous, for he is liable to seek solace with another woman. Help him to stand by his better instincts, so that when I return nothing shall have occurred to make a breach between him and me.'

"This is all you said, but it was enough. I knew you meant that in case I should see your husband about to fall under a bad influence to have a care of him and draw him away from temptation. I was sure that so great was your confidence in me that you would not ask anything of me on a matter between him and me.

"I kept John with me during nearly all his idle time in the period that you were absent. We visited what galleries there were, went where we could listen to music and read together from the works of our favorite poets. One evening he took me to the opera. 'Faust' was given and given beautifully. John sat entranced by the music and seemed also under the spell of that legend which contains in condensed form the story of humanity. After the opera we rode to my home and during the ride John did not speak a word to me. I invited him to come in and led him to the drawing room. Suddenly he began to talk strangely.

"'I feel,' he said, 'that I am Faust and that a mephistopheles is dragging me to hell.'

"'And by the same passion he secured Faust's soul?' I asked.

"'Yes.'

"'And who,' I asked, 'is Marguerite?' I was trembling and spoke the words so low as only to be heard by one intent on hearing.

"His hand was near mine, and he took it in his. I arose and stood apart from him.

"'John,' I said, 'stand firm. This is a passing madness occasioned by that weird drama acting upon an impressible nature. Your wife will return soon, and by her presence banish what is but an evanescent emotion.'

"He stood looking at me as one in a dream for a time, then said:

"'Helen, from the bottom of my heart I thank you for having saved my self respect.' And, turning, he left me. Your mother died that same evening and within another week you were at home.

"You know the rest so far as John is concerned—that he was saved from a momentary temptation, and that yours and his happiness were not marred by the incident. What I have to confess is this: From that moment I was a changed woman. The word of love that had been spoken entered into my being and I could not eradicate it. But no more than this, Margaret, did I wrong you. John never sought me, and that I might not meet him I left him and you for another place of residence. I never saw him again."

The woman who listened to this confession gave no other evidence of its effect upon her than to reach for the confessor's hand and press it. Helen continued:

"From that moment I took on a lifelong suffering. But not from your displeasure, for I am sure even now since you know my secret that you are too strong, too just, too generous to blame me for what I could not help."

Margaret, who had retained the hand she held, bent forward and kissed her friend. Then she said:

"I do not blame you now, nor have I ever blamed you, for I have known of this from the moment of my return, when I heard it from John, though a different version. He told me that he loved y[illegible] and would always love you."

Helen's head dropped on her friend's breast. There was a long silence, which was broken by Margaret.

"You would hear?" she said. "Why, knowing what I did, I remained John's wife, keeping you two apart. Perhaps my conduct to you seems that I grudged you what I could not myself possess."

"I have no such thought. I am sure you had a reason, and that reason was a noble one."

"Had I believed that you would have been happy with John," she said, "I would have given him to you. But you would not have been happy with him. He was too volatile, too intense in his feelings, too unsteady in every way. You would have been the blind leading the blind. You would have suffered under perpetual misunderstandings. He needed a different hand from yours to manage him. A time came when he recognized this himself."

"But you?" exclaimed Helen, looking up with a wonder akin to pain.

"I did my duty by him and you."

Simply a Bad Actor.

The Lady—How did you come to be thrown out of employment? The Thespian—'Tis a sad but soon told tale, madam. An ape-like audience threw ancient eggs at muh; a mangy and mercenary manger threw muh down a flight of stairs; a dull witted doorman threw muh out into the street, and a twice cursed taxicab threw muh twenty feet. Thus it was, lady.—Judge.

Evolution.

"Of course you believe in evolution?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "My own recollections of early days in the west remind me that many a sixty horsepower limousine can trace its financial ancestry back to a 'prairie schooner.'"—Washington Star.

The Main Difference.

"What is the real difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

"One is a feast and the other is a funeral."—Baltimore American.

Merely Fiction.

Minerva — Isn't it strange, mother, that all the heroines in novels marry poor men? Mater—Yes, my dear, but that is fiction.—Judge.

Every being that can live can do something. This let him do. -Carlyle.

Preaching and Practice.

"Isn't it horrid," remarked Miss Swyftly to her friend—"isn't it horrid that men will put these nasty old pipes into their mouths?"

"Yes," said her friend emphatically as she stooped and tenderly kissed the black face of her pet pug—"yes, indeed it is."—Pearson's.

A Suggestion.

"John," said Mrs. Slithers, "where can I get a set of resolutions passed by our Civic Sorority yesterday engrossed?"

"I really don't know, my dear," said Slithers. "Why don't you have them embroidered?"—Judge.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty.—Simmons.

NOISES OF PEKING.

Hideous Din Raised by the Venders That Throng the Streets.

An analysis of the street noises of Peking has been made by the correspondent of a western American newspaper and ought to be useful when the anti-noise crusade reaches the orient. The great cause of confusion he finds is the various street venders, each of whom is armed with a noise producing instrument by which he proclaims his trade.

The barber has two prongs of steel through which he draws a spike and thus makes a loud whir. The seller of sweetmeats holds in his right hand two brass cups which he jangles together. The buy[illegible] clothes taps a small drum with [illegible] of tarred bamboo, getting by th[illegible]bination a plunk, plunk that attracts [illegible]ade. The man who has wicker baskets to sell beats half a gourd with a drumstick, the clothes seller swings a drum which has two bits of metal attached to it by strings, the toy dealer strikes a brass gong of a peculiarly penetrating tone, the knife grinder claps three blocks of iron together, and the seller of charcoal announces his coming by a repeated tap, tap on a block of wood.

The watchman manages to introduce a little variety. He is armed with a wooden drum, which he taps in different measures to mark the different hours of the night. The sound of his drum, however, carries no certain assurance. On the night when Peking was looted you would not have known from him that anything was wrong. In the intervals of the rifle fire the sound of his drum rose undismayed, signaling in superb nonchalance the exciting hours.

The fact is that he is not on duty to catch thieves or even to scare them off, as are some of the Japanese watchmen. His function is nobler. The sound of his drum frightens away the spirits of evil, without whose presence no self respecting thief can hope to pull of a successful job.

COMFORTED THE LADIES.

A Marshal of France Who Was a Hero, a Gallant and a Dandy.

Blaise de Montluc was a soldier and a marshal of France who fought through half the sixteenth century. Like a true Gascon, as he was, he added to his great physical qualities courage, high spirits and unquenchable gayety.

In the Italian wars Blaise de Montluc commanded the defense of Sienna during a prolonged siege. When the town was reduced to a few ounces of bread daily Blaise was overcome with sickness and had himself carried about in a chair muffled up in furs.

But perceiving that the inhabitants, especially the women, were "thus rendered apprehensive of their fate should he die"—so runs an excerpt from De Montluc's "Commentaries"—"he called for a pair of crimson velvet breeches laid over with gold lace, very finely cut, for they were made at a time when he was forsooth in love. He put on a doublet of the same and a shirt of crimson silk and gold twist, then a buff collar over which he put his arms, very finely gilt."

He was at that time wearing gray and white "in honor of a fair lady to whom he was a servant when he had leisure." So he put on a hat of gray silk with a gray silver hatband and a plume of heron's feathers set with silver spangles.

He also put on a short cassock of gray velvet garnished with "little plates of silver at two fingers' distance from one another and lined with cloth of silver, all open between the plates."

Then he "rubbed his face with Greek wine till he brought a little color into his cheeks and drank a small draught with a little bit of bread.

"He then looked at himself in the glass, strutted before his officers, though he had not the strength to kill a chicken, and rode through the town to the great comfort of all beholders."

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

Dramatic Climax to a Trial In a French Court.

Coincidence—chance—plays a tremendous part in human history. Fate is another name for the same thing; so is luck. All these words are merely our puny euphemisms for X, the unknown quantity.

Not a day passes but the story of a remarkable coincidence is brought to public notice. A stranger incident never occurred, however, than this one, the account of which is in an old copy of the Chronique de Paris.

A youth of about nineteen was brought to trial for having broken the window of a baker's shop and stolen a two pound loaf.

The Judge—Why did you steal the loaf?

Prisoner—I was driven by hunger.

"Why did you not buy it?"

"Because I had no money."

"But you have a gold ring on your finger. Why didn't you sell it?"

"I am a foundling. When I was taken from the bank of a ditch this ring was suspended from my neck by a silken cord, and I kept it in the hope of thereby discovering at least who were my parents. I cannot dispose of it."

The procurer du roi (king's attorney) made a violent speech against the prisoner, who was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for five years. Immediately upon this a woman more worn down by poverty than age came forward and made the following declaration:

"Gentlemen of the jury, twenty years ago a young woman was married to a young man of the same town, who afterward abandoned her. Poor and distressed, she was obliged to leave her child to the care of Providence. The child has since grown up, and the woman and the husband have grown older, the child in poverty, the woman in misery and her husband in prosperity. They are all three now in court. The child is the unfortunate prisoner whom you have just pronounced guilty, the mother is myself, and there sits the father," pointing to the king's attorney.

Generous Soul.

"Now, Jim," said the old lady to her son, who was about to leave the countryside to try his luck in London, "there's plenty of money in that big city, for the streets are said to be even paved with gold."

Jim "had his doots," but these were quickly removed, for he had barely got out of Euston station when, to his surprise, he espied slyly reposing on the kerb a bright, glittering sovereign. Eagerly he picked it up and walked a little farther on, when he came across a blind man who was begging.

At once his sympathetic heart went out to the unfortunate man, and as he put the sovereign into his hand he said:

"Take this, my friend. I can see 'em, tha' can't!"—London Globe.

A MEETING WITH TURNER.

The Artist Simply Enraged the Man Who Longed to See Him.

A printshop in London, kept by a man who thoroughly understood and appreciated the wares in which he dealt, once displayed in its window a fine but much stained and damaged engraving—one of a set from Turner's pictures. Turner chanced to pass and notice it and promptly bounced into the shop and began to abuse the dealer.

"It's a confounded shame to treat an engraving like that!" he blustered. "What can you be thinking about to go and destroy a good thing? For it is a good thing, mind you!"

"I destroy it!" responded the dealer hotly. "What do you mean by saying I destroyed it? And who the mischief are you, I should like to know? You don't look as if you could understand a good print when you see one. I destroy it! Bless my heart, I bought it just as it is, and I would rather keep it till doomsday than sell it to you! And why you should put yourself out about it I can't think!"

"Why, I did it!" said Turner.

"Did what? Did you spoil it? If you did you deserve"—

"No, no, man; my name's Turner, and I did the drawing and engraved the plate from it."

"Bless my heart!" ejaculated the print seller in a changed tone. "Is it possible you are the great Turner?" Then his temper rose again. "Well, sir," he added, "I have long desired to see you, and now that I have seen you I hope I shall never see you again, for a more disagreeable person I have seldom met."

ODD USES OF WHALEBONE.

Wigs Are Made of It, and It Stiffens High Grade Silks.

The notion is popularly held that whalebone is derived from whales' ribs, although many persons believe that it comes from the tail of the big mammal. Both notions are incorrect.

The function of whalebone in the life of the whale is of the utmost importance. The inner edges of the whalebone plates are frayed into innumerable hairlike processes, and the whole forms a sort of sieve whereby the whale may sift out its food from the sea water. It must be remembered that the food of this gigantic creature consists chiefly of minute organisms, crustacea, mollusca, etc., floating near the surface.

When the whale opens its mouth and moves along a great multitude of these minute forms of life find their way in. Then the whale closes its mouth, and the water is strained out through the whalebone sieve, and the food is retained.

The common uses of whalebone are known to everybody. It is, however, put to two uses not generally known even in England, where the fine internal fringes mentioned are employed in nal making of barristers' wigs. By reason of their lightness they retain the curl better than does ordinary hair. Fine whalebone threads are also sometimes employed to stiffen the tissue in high grade silks.—Harper's Weekly.

EASY TO GUESS IT.

What Do You Think Is the Answer to This Puzzle Question?

With the rent six weeks in arrears Scribbler sat trembling lest the landlady should hear the beating of his heart and call for a reckoning. Presently there reached his ears the sound of fierce words, as of two striving together in deadly argument. Scribbler became aware that Mr. and Mrs. Slumpkins were engaged in unraveling one of their domestic tangles.

At length there came a light tap on the door.

Scribbler looked toward the window as a possible avenue of escape. However, before he could make up his mind to try the rainspout route the door opened cautiously, and first Slumpkins' bald head appeared and then the rest of him crept slowly in.

In a whisper he advised Scribbler not to pay Mrs. Slumpkins, insomuch as she was not the head of the house.

Scribbler acquiesced and Slumpkins disappeared.

A little later another rap on the door, this time more insistent, caused Scribbler to look up. It was Mrs. Slumpkins.

"Say, don't pay my old man any money, Mr. Scribbler. He won't do nothing but drink it up. This morning I had to let him know who runs this house. We ain't speaking to each other now."

Again Scribbler acquiesced.

That was six months ago. They haven't spoken to each other yet, and Scribbler goes on his way rejoicing.

Puzzle question: What will be the first question they ask when they start speaking again?—Satire.

TINY ELECTRIC IONS.

Science Says They Are the Smallest Units In the World.

We used to think that about the smallest thing in the world was an atom of hydrogen. In fact, it was taken as the unit by which the atomic weight of all metals was expressed. For instance, the smallest possible division of the metal lead was found to be 206 times that of hydrogen, gold 196 times, etc.

Hand in hand, however, with the modern conception of the nature of the electric current, has come a new conception of infinitude in small things. Now, they say, the smallest thing in the world divisable by the hand of man is the electric ion. This is the individual unit of electricity, the moving part of a current when it passes through a wire. It is so small that it can run through a copper bar at a speed of 186,000 miles a second without turning corners. Electric ions trickle through a copper wire in much the same way as grains of sand through a sieve.

Scientists, armed with instruments considerably finer than grocery store scales, have isolated and measured them and found that their relation to that lightest of all gases, hydrogen, is as one to the seventeenth power of ten, or, in other words, the fraction representing their relation to an atom of hydrogen is expressed by a million-million-millionth. — Chicago Record-Herald.

Realistic.

"How did the moving pictures of the wedding turn out?"

"Oh, splendidly. They caught the bride when she was knocked senseless by being hit with an old shoe, so that it is just as natural as life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

All who have meant good work with their whole heart have done good work, although they may die before they have signed it.—R. L. Stevenson.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 29, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, John vii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

LESSON I.—Jesus walking on the sea, Mark vi, 45-56. Golden Text, Matt. xiv, 27, "Straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." He often sends or leads His own into trouble that He may reveal Himself more fully to them. He is always in prayer for us and always sees our toil and is never unmindful of us. If we had ears to hear we might often hear Him say the words of the Golden Text.

LESSON II.—Clean and unclean, Mark vii, 1-13. Golden Text, Rom. xiv, 17, "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." It is not the outward that counts before God if the heart is not right. There must be that which men can see, but it must proceed from a new heart and a clean heart, a new birth from God by the Spirit and the word, Christ our righteousness in the heart.

LESSON III.—Mission to the gentiles Mark vii, 24-30; Matt. viii, 5-13. Golden Text, John vi, 37, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." The stories of the Roman centurion and the Syrophoenician woman take us outside of Israel and carry us back to the queen of Sheba and all kings who came to Solomon because of the Lord to hear His wisdom and to bring Him gifts, for the Lord was heard and worshiped through Solomon.

LESSON IV.—Wanderings in Decapolis, Mark vii, 31 to viii, 10. Golden Text, Mark vii, 37, "He hath done all things well. He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Whenever mouth and ears are yielded to Him He can give power to speak and hear. He said to a prophet at one time, "When I speak with thee I will open thy mouth" (Ezek. iii, 27). As to the hungry, them He filleth with good things (Luke i, 53; vi, 21).

LESSON V.—The sign and the leaven, Mark viii, 11-26. Golden Text, John viii, 12 (R. V.), "Jesus spake unto them, saying, I am the light of the world." * * * Bread for the body seemed more real to them than food for the soul. They were unbelieving and therefore more or less blind. Their eyes and ears did not profit them as they should. False doctrine abounded then, as now, and we must take heed what we hear and how.

LESSON VI. — World's temperance Sunday, Hos. vii. Golden Text, Isa. v, 11 (R. V.), "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that tarry late into the night till wine inflame them!" Hosea was contemporary with Isaiah (Hos. i, 1; Isa. i, 1), and both were faithful messengers of the Lord against the sin of drunkenness. But we must not forget the drunkenness without wine (Isa. xxix, 9).

LESSON VII. — The great question, Mark viii, 27 to ix, 1. Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 16, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Simon Peter, speaking at one time from God and at another from the devil (verse 33 and Matt. xvi, 17), should make us consider who it is that is using us. While eternal life is the free gift of God, the cost of discipleship is the whole hearted renunciation of self.

LESSON VIII.—The transfiguration, Mark ix, 1-13. Golden Text, Luke ix, 35 (R. V.), "A voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is My Son, My chosen; hear ye Him." * * * This scene set forth the kingdom in miniature. The Son of Man glorified; the risen and translated saints represented by Moses and Elijah; a righteous Israel represented by Peter, James and John, and at the foot of the mount the devil about to be cast out.

LESSON IX.—The lunatic boy, Mark ix, 14-29. Golden Text, Mark ix, 23 (R. V.), "And Jesus said unto him: If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth." The whole church is as powerless to bind the devil and cast him out of the earth as were these disciples to deal with that demon possessed boy. But when Jesus shall come in His glory He will cast him into the pit for 1,000 years.

LESSON X.—The child in the midst, Matt. xviii, 1-14. Golden Text, Matt. xviii, 10, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." To enter the kingdom which is yet to be set up and fill the whole earth one must come as empty and helpless as a babe and trusting fully Him who calls us. Then we can never perish and may ever have the guardianship of the angels who behold the face of God.

LESSON XI.—Forgiveness, Matt. xviii, 15-35. Golden Text, Eph. iv, 32 (R. V.), "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." Having become children of God and having in Him eternal redemption, the forgiveness of sins by His precious blood, it is our privilege to enjoy continually the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

LESSON XII.—Christmas lesson, Isa. ix, 1-7. Golden Text, Isa. ix, 6, "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given." Encourage all to believe all that is said of Him, and that as truly as He was born of a virgin in Bethlehem so truly shall He sit on David's throne and rule Israel and all nations and establish on earth a kingdom of peace and righteousness.

Nero and Big Noses.

Nero never liked a person with a large nose. He flippantly told the sorrowing relatives of Plautus—whom, it is alleged, he killed—that it was only on inspecting the corpse that he discovered that Plautus had so large a nose and if it had been pointed out before he would have certainly spared his life. "Life with such a nose," coolly added Nero, "would have been ample penance for any crime."

Her Opportunity.

Wife—I had better take that hat for 45 shillings. Husband—But I've only got £2 with me now. I'll have to owe them the odd 5 shillings. Wife—Oh, then, I'll take this one for 3 guineas. Five shillings is too insignificant a sum to owe.—London Telegraph.

The Settlement Worker.

Hoax—I thought you said he was a settlement worker? Joax — He is. Hoax—Why, he tells me he's a bill collector. Joax—Well? — Philadelphia Record.

They Would Fight "Awful"

A Daughter Objects to Her Mother's Second Marriage

By ELLEN OGILVIE

I was twelve years old when paw died—old enough to know that his death was a double calamity to me. I had lost him, and I stood in danger of a stepfather. I could not recall him, but I vowed that if any man came into the house to take his place he would have to walk in over my dead body. I drew mental pictures of puttin' a fork into his vitals, scaldin' him or servin' him as Jack served the giant—by diggin' a pit for him.

When the danger really came I was seventeen years old. Josiah Shadwell, owner of the adjoinin' farm, lost his wife. He and maw had always been very friendly, and I no sooner heard that Mrs. Shadwell was dead than I began to tremble. Maw, she just took charge of the Shodwell home till after the funeral. The Shadwells had only one child, a son, Jim, twenty years old, and he wasn't home when his mother died. When he came his father persuaded him to stay and relieve him of some of the responsibility of workin' the farm.

Jim consented, partly because I persuaded him to stay, for we had played together as children, and I liked Jim first rate. But as to assumin' the responsibility of the farm, my experience is that when an elderly man talks about throwin' off his responsibilities it means he's bent on takin' a tighter grip on 'em; just as a woman in housekeepin'—the older she grows the less willin' she is to let any one else do anything.

It wasn't three months after Mrs. Shadwell's death that I began to observe indications that the widower had intentions on maw. Nobody but me noticed any change in his bearin' toward her, and there didn't seem to be.

"MANDY 'D BETTER MOVE IT BACK AGAIN."

But there was—that is, I knew it by that womanly intuition that knows things that ain't so which nevertheless are so. Not very long after this Jim and his paw got to comin' over evenin's to sit by the open fireplace with me and maw.

Then I knew somep'n else that Jim didn't see at all. How could he, bein' a man with a man's stupidity about such things? Mr. Shadwell saw through me as I saw through him. But it wasn't any credit for him to see through me, for I made it as plain as a barn with the doors wide open. He knew that in his designs on maw he had to down me and I wouldn't be easy to down.

Well, do you know the old feller went about to circumvent me. To think of a man's tryin' to circumvent a woman! I guess not! And he didn't suspect that I'd see through his designs. What he was after was to come over to our house with Jim, intendin' Jim to distract my attention from him and maw. When we was settin' around the fire, eatin' doughnuts and drinkin' cider, after we was through with the eatin' and drinkin' Mr. Shadwell would make some excuse to git maw into the settin' room, lookin' at Jim and me as much as to say: "Young folks haven't any use for old folks. Let's give 'em a chance."

If I hadn't been so riled I'd 'a' laughed, and if I hadn't been as bent on circumventin' him as he was on circumventin' me I'd said: "You old fool! You're speakin' one word for me to two for yourself."

One Sunday evenin' Jim he come over alone. Maw got out some nuts and things for him and me and left us, sayin' she'd got a headache and was goin' to bed early. Jim wasn't long doin' somep'n he had never done before. He sidled up to me and put his arm around my waist.

"What you doin' that for, Jim?" I asked.

"Because I like you."

"That's not the only reason, Jim."

"What's the other one?" he asked.

"Your paw is anglin' for my maw. He sent you over here to make up to me, hopin' to put me where I wouldn't have any objection."

Jim just drew off a bit and looked at me kind o' surprised.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

"'Cause it's as plain as a yellar pumpkin," I answered.

"I didn't know it myself till you told me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, dad, t'other day he said to me, 'Jim, Mandy Barnes is a nice girl, isn't she?' 'You bet,' I says. 'Why don't you try to git her?' says he. 'I been thinkin' that for some time,' says I. That was a week ago Monday. This evenin' dad said he thort he'd stay home and read his farmer's journals. I wonder if he didn't do it to give me a chance to do some sparkin'?"

"That's plain enough," said I. "And I wonder whether maw and he understand each other? I can see through a man, but when one woman sets herself to hoodwink another it's a different matter."

I give Jim just enough encouragement to keep him where I wanted him, and no more. If I couldn't have him for a husband without his paw for a stepfather I wouldn't have either of 'em. Before I listened to Jim I had a-mind to settle matters between Mr Shadwell and maw. We kept a few pigs just to eat up the leavin's from our table and to sell when they got big enough. First thing I did was to complain to mother that the sty was too near our house. It smelt bad. And I kept dingin' at her to let me move it till she give in. Then one day when she went to the county fair I stayed home and had the sty moved close up to Mr. Shadwell's fence.

Nobody made any objection till one night I got out of bed, went to the sty, let out the pigs, scraped a hole under the fence between our yard and the Shadwells' potato patch big enough for the pigs to git through and put 'em all in the patch.

The next mornin' I looked out of my window and saw Mr. Shadwell standin' over his potatoes—those that the pigs hadn't eaten—swearin' like a pirate. Maw, she happened to take the swill to the sty at that time, which was mighty lucky for me and unlucky for them.

"What's the matter, Mr. Shadwell?" she asked, kind o' soothin'.

"Matter, ma'am! Why, the movin' o' your sty up here has cost me most o' my potatoes!"

"I'm sorry."

"What did you move it for?"

"Mandy did it."

"All I've got to say is Mandy better move it back again. Mandy seems to be boss in your house anyway!"

This made maw mad, and without answerin' she dumped the swill into the trough and come back into the house.

Jim come over that night and told me his father was mighty sorry he'd lost his temper. I said to Jim that his father better come the next Sunday night and not say anything about any unpleasantness and all would go smooth again. He said he'd give his father my recommend and went away early to make the old man feel more comfortable.

I'd been lookin' for a weak spot in the fence between the two farms and had one in mind. That night I pulled away enough of it to let our cows into the Shadwell cornfield. You ought to seen that cornfield the next mornin'. I almost felt ashamed of myself. When maw saw the damage that had been done she went over to pacify Mr. Shadwell, and it ended in their gittin' into a regular fight. He said some one must 'a' done it a-purpose. This riled maw a little, but she kept steady. She said she'd been wonderin' for some time why he didn't mend the weak spots in his fence, and he said there wasn't any weak spots, except what had been made a-purpose. Maw asked if he was referrin' to her, but she wouldn't give him time to answer. She just let out on him.

Mr. Shadwell he didn't come over the next Sunday night; no more did Jim. I thought mebbe Jim had begun to see through a milestone, and he had. The next day, after the cow destroyed the corn, he and his father was hammerin' at the fence all day. I didn't go near 'em. I just waited. Next day when I was goin' to the store I met Jim in the road. He hardly spoke to me. I asked him what was the matter, and he said I'd spoiled everything between us. His father had taken a great dislike to me and had forbid his comin' over to our house evenin's any more.

"What's he got against me?" I asked in a voice smooth, like peaches and cream.

"He'd have more against you than he has," said Jim, "if he'd seen you the other night, as I did, turnin' the cow into our cornfield."

I knew his paw and my maw had done too much fightin' to be likely to make it up, so I said to Jim: "There's nothin' mean about me. If the old folks love each other as we do I wouldn't stand in their way to bein' happy." Jim said that was just like me—always givin' way for other people's benefit.

When the trouble had blown over Jim and I was married, his paw makin' no objections after Jim told him my "noble words," as Jim called 'em, about not standin' in the old folks' way. But the spell between 'em wasn't so thick as if they'd been younger, and it was broke clean through. Mr. Shadwell treats me fairly well, but he hasn't the confidence in me Jim has or had when we was married. I expect the father's nearer right than the son. I do think a man in love can make the biggest fool of himself. He always seems to me to have taken leave of his senses.

Maw and Mr. Shadwell are pretty good friends; but, laws, they don't want to get hitched! They'd fight awful!

A. GRANT

The Popular Tailor

Announces the Spring Styles on exhibition at his TAILORING CHAMBERS Nos. 1 to 2 Mechanics Building at 415 Main St., Woburn, where he carries the largest line of samples of the latest designs in both Foreign and Domestic Woolens of any tailoring establishment in the County. "All fresh from the Looms," and is prepared to take orders for Suits, Overcoats and Trousers at popular prices. Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing done at short notice and best workmanship. Don't forget the name and number, as it guarantees the best results for your money.

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POISON IN ITS AIR.

Java's Valley of Death, Where Life Cannot Exist.

The Valley of Death is on the island of Java. It is the most remarkable natural example of an atmosphere loaded with carbonic acid gas in existence. It has never been fully explored because of the danger of remaining more than a few moments in its poisonous atmosphere.

Approached through an opening between the hills, it is seen to be an oval shaped valley about half a mile across. It is about thirty-five feet deep. The bottom is hard and sandy, without vegetation and strewn with large stones. The surface is covered with the bones of animals, birds and human beings.

Explorers seldom venture beyond the borders, though the deadly air does not immediately affect human beings. This is because the carbonic acid gas, being heavier than the atmosphere, settles to the bottom of the valley. Dogs and fowls thrown into it fall senseless instantly and die in a few minutes. No craters or fissures are visible on the floor of this valley, and it is thought that the openings are near the base of the hills.—Exchange.

Must Be Elastic.

John—There is a stiff breeze coming round the corner. Sim—It can't be so very stiff if it can turn the corner.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Any time is the proper time for saying what is just.—Greek Proverb.

Business Cards.

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